MARVEL

SLOTT
GUGGENHEIM
WELLS
KELLY
REED
WAID
BACHALO
JIMENEZ
ROMITA JR.
KITSON
RIVERA
SANTUCCI
McKONE
OLLIFFE

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

BRAND NEW DAY

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BRAND NEW DAY

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BRAND NEW DAY

SPIDER-MAN: BRAND NEW DAY — EXTRA!!

"DEATH OF A WISE GUY"
Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Penciler: **CHRIS BACHALO**
Inkers: **TIM TOWNSEND**
Colorists: **ANTONIO FABELA** & **CHRIS BACHALO**

"BIRTHDAY BOY"
Writer: **ZEB WELLS**
Penciler: **PAT OLLIFFE**
Inker: **SERGE LAPOINTE**
Colorist: **RAIN BEREDO**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #565 & #567

Writer: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**
Penciler: **PHIL JIMENEZ**
Inker: **ANDY LANNING**
Colorist: **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #566

Writer: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**
Breakdowns: **PHIL JIMENEZ**
Finishes: **MARK PENNINGTON**
Colorists: **CHRIS CHUCKRY** & **JEROMY COX**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568-573

Writer: **DAN SLOTT**
Penciler: **JOHN ROMITA JR.**
Inkers: **KLAUS JANSON**
Colorist: **DEAN WHITE**

"FIFTH STAGE"
Writer: **MARK WAID**
Artist: **ADI GRANOV**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #574

Writer: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**
Penciler: **BARRY KITSON**
Inker: **MARK FARMER**
Colorist: **ANTONIO FABELA**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #575-576

Writer: **ZEB WELLS**
Penciler: **CHRIS BACHALO**
Inkers: **TIM TOWNSEND**
with **CHRIS BACHALO** (#576), **JAIME MENDOZA** (#576) & **AL VEY** (#576)
Colorists: **ANTONIO FABELA** & **CHRIS BACHALO**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #577

"OLD HUNTIN' BUDDIES"
Writer: **ZEB WELLS**
Artist: **PAOLO RIVERA**
Color Artists: **JAVIER RODRIGUEZ** & **DEAN WHITE**

"A BOOKIE MINUTE MYSTERY"
Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Penciler: **BARRY KITSON**
Inker: **MARK FARMER**
Colorist: **DEAN WHITE**

SECRET INVASION: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #1-3

Writer: **BRIAN REED**
Penciler: **MARCO SANTUCCI**
Inkers: **MARK PENNINGTON**
with **DAVE MEIKIS** (#3) & **VICTOR OLAZABA** (#3)
Colorists: **JEROMY COX**
with **CHRIS SOTOMAYOR** (#3) & **JOHN KALISZ** (#3)

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #1

Writer: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**
Penciler: **MIKE MCKONE**
Inker: **ANDY LANNING**
Colorists: **JEROMY COX**
with **SOTOCOLOR'S C. GARCIA**

Spider-Man created by **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

Letterers: **VC'S CORY PETIT** (#565-577, ANNUAL 2008 & BRAND NEW DAY — EXTRA!) & **JARED K. FLETCHER** (SECRET INVASION: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #1-3)

Spidey's Braintrust: **BOB GALE, MARC GUGGENHEIM, DAN SLOTT** & **ZEB WELLS**

Assistant Editor: **TOM BRENNAN**
Editor: **STEPHEN WACKER**
Executive Editor: **TOM BREVOORT**

Collection Editor: **JENNIFER GRÜNWALD**
Associate Editor: **SARAH BRUNSTAD**
Associate Managing Editor: **ALEX STARBUCK**
Editor, Special Projects: **MARK D. BEAZLEY**
VP, Production & Special Projects: **JEFF YOUNGQUIST**
SVP Print, Sales & Marketing: **DAVID GABRIEL**
Research: **JEPH YORK**
Digital Manager/Production: **TIM SMITH 3**
Digital Production: **KOU CHEN**

Editor in Chief: **C.B. CEBULSKI**
Chief Creative Officer: **JOE QUESADA**
President: **DAN BUCKLEY**
Executive Producer: **ALAN FINE**

© 2019 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

EXTRA!

NEW YORK CITY WEATHER – HOT!

"ALL THE SPIDEY STORIES WE CAN FIT"

SPIDER-MAN: BRAND NEW DAY — EXTRA!! #1

COVER BY **GREG LAND, JAY LEISTEN & FRANK D'ARMATA**

THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF SPIDER-MAN

THE

ANTI-GREEN HOLLISTER–MACHINE? CROWNE OUTS BILL'S ENVIRONMENTAL RECORD AT BRONX DEBATE AS VOTE TO CUT FUNDING ON DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION LEAVES CITY SEWERS FULL OF VERMIN! MORE ON PAGE J26

JULY 30, 2008 • WENDESDAY

ND PREY

VISIT THE SPIDEY-BLOG!
www.marvel.com/blogs/spider-office

Brant--

I don't know where this rag of a paper used to keep its files, but move 'em somewhere else and while you're there, get everything you've got on that superhuman mob goon, Hammerhead. Rumor had him iced during that "civil war" but he's back on the streets.

Also, keep your eyes on Lily Hollister and Harry Osborn. We're a Crowne paper – if the other mags think they can trash our friend Randall then it's fair to take on Hollister. Osborn's got a rough history. Check in on his friends, even that snake I fired Parker.

Just his name gets me mad!

PARKER!!

And then look in on that guy suing Spider-Man. And NOT 'cause Jameson made loot on the web-head, that guy used to work on our building. I'm not losing a cent on him. No calls! I'm working from the yacht all day.

--Dexter

P.S. – if you need research, call that Spidey Braintrust: Gale, Guggenheim, Slott & Wells

Have Anthony Dial in Production fix this.

Correct spelling? Should maybe be Kraven-Cain? Kravenette?

POLICE TIE SPIDER-MAN TO MURDERS

EXCLUSIVE

In off-the-record conversations with DB staffers, police have confirmed that Spider-Man is the key suspect in the string of recent murders that has shocked this city. Although police have been reluctant to discuss the specifics of the murders, so-called "Spider Tracers" have definitely been found on each victim, leaving no doubt as to the involvement of Spider-Man. Spider-Man is already wanted for violations of...

Haven't we run this story before?

CONTINUED ON A2

I DIE TODAY.

FUNNT FUNNT

I AIN'T BELLYACHIN'. FACT'S A FACT.

AN' THE FACT IS I MADE A RUN FOR THE KINGPIN'S THRONE AN' TRIPPED OVER MY OWN AMBITION.

SO, WHATEVER. WAY OF THE WORLD...

...BUT I GOTTA ADMIT, GETTIN' CAPPED BY A THIRD RATE PUNK IN A ***RYKERS ISLAND*** INFIRMARY BED AIN'T WHAT I PICTURED.

ALWAYS FIGURED MYSELF FOR A *"TOP A' THE WORLD MA,"* SORT OF EXIT. EXPLOSIONS AN' A HAIL OF LEAD AN' DEAD COPPERS STACKED TO YOUR HIPS...

...THE WAY ***SCARFACE*** GOT HIS TICKET PUNCHED.

THE ***REAL*** SCARFACE, YA MOOKS, ***AL CAPONE***, NOT THAT MOVIE CRAP ALL THE WANNABE *"GANGSTAS"* SHOW OFF IN THEIR *"CRIBS."*

HE'S NOT DEAD--

I NEED A CRASH CART, STAT!

HAMMERHEAD AIN'T NEVER BEEN NO WANNABE.

ALLA WAY 'TIL THE END...THE REAL DEAL. ALLA WAY 'TIL THE END.

DEATH OF A WISE GUY

JOE KELLY
WRITER

CHRIS BACHALO
PENCILS

TIM TOWNSEND
INKS

STEPHEN WACKER
NOT SO WISE

ANTONIO FABELA & CHRIS BACHALO
COLORS

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

GET EVERYONE DOWN HERE! *NOW!* KICK ON THE VENTILATOR--

VRMMMMMMMMM!

Toirrano, Italy.
FORTY YEARS AGO.

VRMMMMMMMMM!

‹IT'S LIKE *BULLITT*, POPPA!›

VRRRRRRRRRRMM!

‹RUSSIAN, BOY! YOU DON'T SPEAK *ITALIAN* IN HERE...›

‹THOSE DOGS...AN HONEST MAN CANNOT WORK WITHOUT BOWING TO ROME EVERY FIVE SECONDS...›

JUNE

‹YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME, ROBBER!!

I'M THE FASTEST COP ON THE-->

FSSSSSH

‹YOU STUPID IDIOT!›

‹I'LL FIX IT! POPPA! I'M SORRY, I'LL FIX IT!›

‹I'LL FIX YOU, YOU WORTHLESS SACK OF-->

...MY GOD... HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO WORK IN HERE--

--PRESSURE'S DROPPING--

--DAMN IT! WHERE'S THAT CHOPPER! I-- I'M OUT OF MY DEPTH--

<I'M SORRY. I'LL FIX IT-->

<YOU BROKE IT!!>

<IT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN FIX IT.>

<MY FATHER WAS AN EXPERT SCULPTOR FOR THE VATICAN. I KNOW EVERYTHING HE KNOWS.>

<REALLY?>

<HE'S FAMOUS. WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER EUROPE. THAT'S WHY I HAVE AN ACCENT-->

<I THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE FROM RUSSIA-->

<NO, I'M ITALIAN. BUT I SPENT TIME IN-->

<IF YOU'RE ITALIAN THEN I'M FROM THE MOON.>

<STOP, RICO! HEY!>

<DON'T BELIEVE A WORD, ANGELA. HE'S A LIAR. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THE BROTHERS DO TO LIARS...>

<...THEY BEAT THE LIES OUT WITH A HAMMER!>

<HAMMERHEAD! HAMMERHEAD!>

--BRAIN ACTIVITY POSITIVE. HE'S STILL KICKING UPSTAIRS. STOP THAT BLEEDING!

WITH WHAT? I CAN'T CUT THROUGH THE METAL PLATES--

HEY, YOU! ARE YOU THE DAMN TRANSPORT?

YES, BUT HARDLY THE ONE YOU ARE EXPECTING.

PREPARE MR. HAMMERHEAD FOR TRANSFER IMMEDIATELY... *PLEASE.*

‹THERE'S A PLANE WAITING TO TAKE US TO MIAMI IN AN HOUR...›

‹OH, RICO...›

‹DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL ABOUT IT.›

EEEEEEE--!

CRUNCH

CRUNCH

CRUNCH

CRUNCH

‹I KNOW IT WAS YOU, FREDO...YOU BROKE MY HEART... YOU BROKE MY HEART...›

‹AND *THAT'S* HOW YOU RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD JOB.›

‹I-I DIDN'T DO--›

‹ALWAYS GO TO THE WATER. WASHES THE BLOOD. KILLS YOUR PRINTS. WASHES AWAY SIN... LIKE CHURCH.›

‹LUCKY I WAS COLLECTING TODAY, OR THESE PEARLS OF WISDOM WOULDA BEEN LOST.›

‹I... OKAY.›

‹WHY DID YOU SIT DOWN TO WATCH THE MOVIE?›

...

‹I LIKE MOVIES.›

‹WEREN'T YOU AFRAID?›

‹NOT AFTER. AFTER...›

‹I WASN'T AFRAID OF ANYTHING.›

‹YOU GOT A NAME?›

‹I'M... HAMMERHEAD.›

‹HEH. THAT ITALIAN?›

VITALS ARE DROPPING FAST. I DON'T THINK--

THINKING ISN'T YOUR AREA. JUST GO...

AND GET ME A NAPKIN. I GOT DOCTOR ALL OVER MY HUGO BOSS.

<YOU NEVER DISAPPOINT, HAMMERHEAD. YOU'RE ALWAYS ON QUOTA-->

<AND NO BLOOD ON THE MONEY THIS TIME, EITHER. KEEP THIS UP AN' YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE TIME FOR THOSE MOVIES YOU LOVE SO MUCH.>

<WHY'S THAT, MR. MANFREDI?>

<BECAUSE WE WANT TO MOVE YOU UP IN THE ORGANIZATION. YOU'RE A GOOD EARNER. YOU KNOW HOW TO KEEP YOUR DAMN MOUTH SHUT, AND YOU'RE GOOD ITALIAN STOCK. YOU CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY MONGRELS WE GOT...>

<BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU GOTTA DO...YOU COME INTO MY BLOOD, YOU GOTTA BRING BLOOD WITH.>

<TIME TO GET YOUR CHERRY POPPED.>

CALL THE BOSS. TELL HIM WE'RE READY TO GIVE THIS A SHOT.

<@%#*, YOU PIGS! I WORK FOR MY MONEY! I PAY NO ONE!>

<THE HELL IS HE SAYING? ANYONE HERE SPEAK RUSSIAN?>

<MORE LIKE SPEAK "PEE IN HIS PANTS!">

<LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. I GOTTA SEE MY GIRL BEFORE I SEE MY WIFE.>

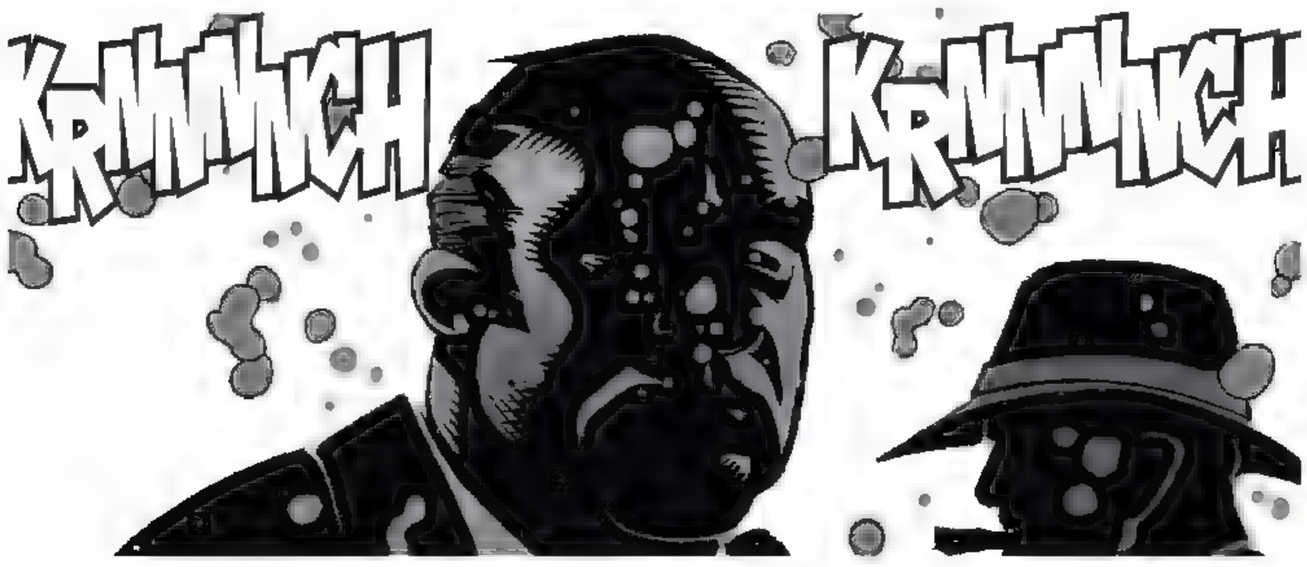
<KID, YOU'RE ON. KNOCK IT OUTTA THE PARK.>

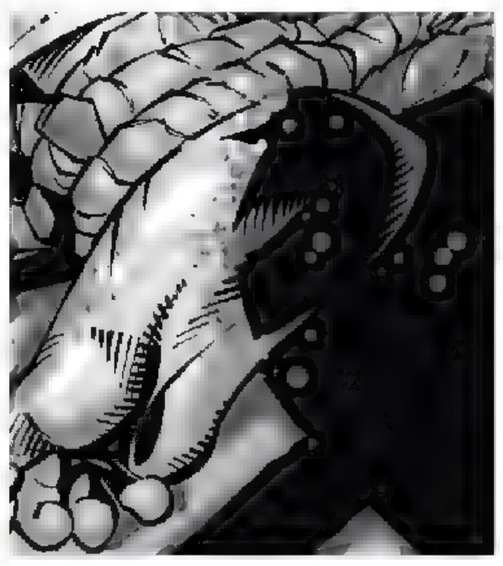
<Y-YOU...>

<I WANT YOU TO KNOW SOMETHING, FATHER...>

‹...I DON'T HATE YOU.›

KRUNNNCH


KRUNNNCH
KRUNNNCH



KRUNNNCH

‹I THINK YOU ARE A STUPID MAN WHO DRANK TOO MUCH AND HIT HIS CHILD TO MAKE HIMSELF FEEL STRONG.›
‹BUT THAT MADE *ME* STRONG... STRONGER THAN I EVER THOUGHT I COULD BE.›
‹AND I THANK YOU FOR THAT.›
‹H-HOW COULD YOU... YOU'RE MY S-SON...›
‹MY FATHER DIED WHEN I WAS YOUNG. HE WENT TO AMERICA TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE, BUT LAID DOWN HIS LIFE IN VIETNAM.›
‹A HERO...›

‹A SICILIAN.›

WARMACHINE

‹A WORK OF ART, MY SON.›
‹THANK YOU, MR. MANFREDI.›
‹DIDN'T KNOW YOU SPOKE RUSSIAN.›
‹I DON'T. SAW THAT IN A MOVIE AND MEMORIZED IT. DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I SAID.›
‹HA! YOU AND YOUR DAMN MOVIES! YOU'RE GONNA DO GREAT IN AMERICA...›

Brooklyn, New York.

YOU STUPID LOSER. WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

KRNNCH

I CALLED MANFREDI, AND HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS MEETING.

YOU'RE NOT A BOSS. YOU'RE NOT *MADE!* JUST SOME HITTER WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

B-BIG MISTAKE... MICKEY IS MY *FATHER...*

=RRRRGHFF=

HE SAID "WHOEVER IT IS, DO ME A FAVOR AN' TELL HIM PLAY-TIME'S OVER."

WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE...?

=HFFF= =HFFF= =HFFF=

ONE

MY NAME IS DOCTOR HARROW.

DON'T WORRY...I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU BETTER.

I'LL SAY ONE THING ABOUT HARROW... HE WAS A HACK, BUT HIS TRASH DOES TEND TO LAST.

HOWEVER, THE MEAT IS DYING.

THIS IS A WASTE OF MY TIME.

NOT THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE I WAS HOPING FOR.

I THOUGHT THE BULLETS DID NOT PENETRATE--

THEY DIDN'T, MISTER NEGATIVE. THE MORON USED *ADAMANTIUM BULLETS*, BUT NOT ENOUGH LOAD TO PUSH THEM *THROUGH* THOSE PLATES.

ALL KILLERS ARE SHORT-SIGHTED.

REGARDLESS, THIS ONE IS SPOILED. FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO BE YOUR--

I DO NOT WANT ANYONE ELSE, DOCTOR TRAMMA.

IF YOU WANT A WEAPONIZED VEGETABLE, I CAN SAVE US ALL THE AFTERNOON AND COOK YOU A POISONED SQUASH...

WOULD IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE...IF HE WERE LUCID?

IMPOSSIBLE. HE'S DROPPED BELOW FUNCTIONAL...

YOU KNOW A TRICK, THEN?

SKZT

...

IT'S WORTH A TRY. AND IF YOU CAN'T GIVE HIM THE WILL TO LIVE--

AT LEAST THE LEVEL OF PAIN HE'S IN WILL MAKE IT... ENTERTAINING.

KEEP YER "LITTLE FRIEND..." SAY HELLO TO MY BIG MUTHA!

"HIS NEURONS ARE IN A COMPLETE TIZZY, AND YES, THAT IS A MEDICAL TERM..."

THERE'S ONLY ONE BOSS A' DIS BERG! AN' IT AIN'T SOME EIGHT-ARMED POINDEXTER!!

NEXT TIME YOU WANNA CUT IN ON MY ACTION, FISK... TRY CUTTIN' INTA A SALAD INSTEAD, YA MOOK...

KINGPIN'S GONE, SEE? AN' THAT MEANS I'M NEXT IN LINE FER--

"MEMORIES, PROBABLY, BURNING BRIGHTLY, BEGGING TO TAKE ROOT IN HIS WITHERING CONSCIOUSNESS...

YA DIRTY RAT.

PLEASE SAY "DICTION LESSONS."

THEN SAY "HAMMERHEAD HOCKS HOT RODS HIGH ON THE HILLTOP."

...THEN FADING, AS THEY ALWAYS DO."

"BET IT'S A HELL OF A SHOW."

OKAY, SO STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE, FLAT-TOP...

A GUY RUNS INTO A BAR AND SAYS..."OUCH." GET IT? HE RAN *INTO* A--

OH, Ohhhhhhh. SORRY...THAT ONE CUT A LITTLE CLOSE TO HOME, DIDN'T IT? I'M TAKING SENSITIVITY CLASSES.

STAND STILL, YA DIRTY RAT!

HAMMY, BUDDY! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE HOSTILITY AGAINST RATS?

BAD SUMMER AS A DISNEY EMPLOYEE?

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

BY ANY CHANCE ARE YOU A TAURUS, AL CA-*BONEHEAD*?

I ASK BECAUSE MY HOROSCOPE SAID "TODAY YOU WILL KICK HAMMERHEAD'S BUTT. HE'S A TAURUS."

STAND STILL, YA PUNK!

YA KNOW... I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THE GUY.

HIGH VOLTAGE

I'M KIDDING, IT'S OPPOSITE DAY.

IT'S ALSO *"ELECTROCUTE A POWER-MAD ITALIAN DAY."* WEIRD HOW THAT WORKED OUT THIS YEAR.

FORGIVE ME FOR BEING INSENSITIVE, SPAMMER-HEAD'S GHOST...

BUT YOU'D THINK IN THE AFTERLIFE YOU COULD'VE DONE SOMETHING ABOUT THE WHOLE BIG-FAT-FLAT NOGGIN THING...

YOU KNOW, IF YOU COULD LEARN TO BALANCE A BEER ON THAT THING, YOU COULD MAKE SOME GIANT *REALLY* HAPPY.

DON'T WORRY, KIDS... YOU'LL GET IT WHEN YOU'RE OLDER.

I'M GONNA FILL YA FULLA LEAD, YA--

"HE'S STARTING TO COME AROUND, MISTER NEGATIVE."

URRRRRRRKT!

IT MAY BE DIFFICULT TO HEAR ME RIGHT NOW, AS YOUR HEART IS WORKING AT FIFTEEN TIMES ITS NORMAL CAPACITY...

BUT IF YOU CAN GET PAST IT, MR. HAMMERHEAD, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE HAVE A QUICK CONFERENCE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU-- WHAT DID YA DO TA ME, YA DIRTY RAT!

MR. HAMMERHEAD, PLEASE--

LEMME GO OR I'LL BURY MY SPATS SO FAR UP YOUR CAN, YOU--

MISTER HAMMERHEAD. WASTE ANYMORE TIME, AND YOU WILL DIE. THREATEN ME AGAIN, AND YOU WILL DIE.

TALK TO ME, AND YOU MAY STILL LIVE.

I... I KNOW YOU?

NO. BUT I KNOW YOU.

Y-YEAH? WELL WH-WHAT YOU KNOW AN' A NICKEL WILL GET YA FIVE CENTS.

‹IF YOU PREFER, I CAN SPEAK TO YOU IN RUSSIAN. PERHAPS THEN YOU'LL PAY ATTENTION.›

TO PUT IT *BLUNTLY*-- PUN INTENDED--YOUR LIFE HAS PROVEN *WORTHLESS*. A WASTE OF BOTH INITIATIVE AND TALENT...

BECAUSE YOU HAVE SPENT THE ENTIRETY OF YOUR DAYS *PRETENDING* TO BE THAT WHICH YOU ARE *NOT*. PRETENDING TO BE ITALIAN. PRETENDING TO BE AL CAPONE. A "MOB BOSS."

BUT...THE TALENT *EXISTS*. A *PURPOSE* EXISTS FOR YOU, IF YOU ARE WILLING TO ACCEPT ONE SIMPLE TRUTH...

YOU ARE A HAMMER, AND YOU BREAK THINGS.

DO YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO EMBRACE WHAT YOU ARE AND LET THE REST FALL AWAY?

OH MY GOD!

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS... I NEED BROKEN.

Y-YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME THE HIGH HAT..? D-DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM, YA DIRTY RAT? I'M...

MR. HAMMERHEAD... DO YOU KNOW HOW AL CAPONE ACTUALLY DIED? DID YOU EVEN BOTHER TO FIND OUT...?

SYPHILIS.

CAPONE DIED AT HOME OF COMPLICATIONS OF SYPHILIS AFTER THREE YEARS OF DEMENTIA, MOST LIKELY WONDERING WHAT *"DIRTY RAT"* PUT FECES IN HIS PANTS.

IS THAT HOW YOU WOULD LIKE YOUR STORY TO END?

...

THANK YOU.

EXCELLENT. DOCTOR..?

BEGIN THE ANAESTHETIC?

NO ANAESTHETIC. I...

I WANT TO FEEL IT... GET FIXED.

YOU'RE MY NEW FAVORITE, HAMMERHEAD.

KEE

INCOMING...
HARRY
OSBORN
ANSWER
IGNORE
RING! RING!
HE'S DOING IT AGAIN, ISN'T HE?
NO. PETER KNOWS THIS IS IMPORTANT...
"HE'S GOING TO PICK UP."
ANSWER
IGNORE
3def
HEY!
IGNORE
TEK
SON OF A--
WE'VE GOT TO GO...
HE PROMISED HE'D BE HERE, LILY.
DID YOU... DID YOU JUST CHECK YOUR CELLPHONE?
HOW CAN YOU EVEN ACT SURPRISED RIGHT NOW?
I'M SURE HE HAS AN EXCUSE...
OF COURSE. HE *ALWAYS* DOES.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST CHECKED YOUR CELLPHONE!!

GEE, SORRY TRAPSTER, I FORGOT I WAS FACING THE UNCONTESTED MASTER OF *ADHESIVE.*

I MEAN I WOULDN'T WANNA BE RUDE.

BIRTHDAY BOY

ZEB WELLS	PATRICK OLLIFFE	SERGE LAPOINTE	RAIN BEREDO	VC'S CORY PETIT	TOM BRENNAN	STEPHEN WACKER	TOM BREVOORT	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	COLORS	LETTERS	ASST. EDITOR	BIRTHDAY SUIT	EXECUTIVE EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

I FREELANCE FOR A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY. HOW MUCH YOU MAKE?

YEAH...I'M SURE A LOT OF CRIMINAL PLOTS HINGE ON THE ABILITY TO HANG FROM A GIRDER BY A HARD HAT.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO LOOK INTO SOME SORT OF PROTECTION FOR YOUR HEAD.

WHA--?

EXACTLY.

THWAK!

NOW, I'D USUALLY WEB YOU TO SOMETHING, BUT I CAN'T PASS THIS UP.

HEH. IT'S SIMPLE IRONY, BUT IT WORKS.

MAYBE HE'S INSIDE ALREADY.

OH, YEAH, HE'S IN THERE *HOBNOBBING.*

PETER FEELS UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND THE REST OF MY FRIENDS, THAT'S WHY I MADE SURE WE COULD SHOW UP TOGETHER...

GREAT, THERE'S HARRY. AS IF I DIDN'T FEEL BAD ENOUGH ALREADY.

I THINK HE'S JUST NOT COMING.

BUT I STILL HAVE TIME TO BE TECHNICALLY ON TIME. KIND OF. SORT OF.

SPLOOJK

OH, NO.

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

IT'S STUCK! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? THERE'S NO WAY I CAN BLOW OFF HARRY'S--

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

HEY, HE MADE--

OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HE WEARING?

PETER, YOU'RE LATE.

LOOK, HARRY, I GOT CAUGHT UP--

AT A *HARLEY-DAVIDSON* CONVENTION?

AHOY THERE! MY NAME IS JAY HUNTER. AND YOU ARE?

PETER PARKER, I'M HARRY'S--

HE'S AN OLD COLLEGE BUDDY, JAY.

THAT'S GREAT HARRY...

I HAD NO IDEA YOU WENT TO A COMMUNITY COLLEGE.

WOW, WHAT A JERK.

YEAH, HIS FATHER MIGHT INVEST IN THE *COFFEE BEAN*, SO I'VE GOT TO--

WAIT A MINUTE! JAY WAS FIVE MINUTES *EARLY* TO MY BIRTHDAY! AND HE PAID ENOUGH ATTENTION TO THE INVITATION TO KNOW IT WASN'T A *COSTUME PARTY!*

HARRY, LOOK, I'M NOT TRYING TO EMBARRASS YOU, I CAN EXPLAIN--

LATER, PETER. I DON'T HAVE THE TIME.

KNOCK YOURSELF OUT!

OKAY, THEN... I'M JUST GOING TO GRAB SOME FOOD...IF THAT'S OKAY...

WISH I COULD...

SO YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DO BUSINESS WITH OSBORN, JAY? ISN'T THAT A LITTLE RISKY?

EH. I'LL JUST WRITE A GOBLIN CLAUSE INTO THE CONTRACT. OR MAYBE I CAN GET NUT-JOB INSURANCE...

THEN, IT MIGHT EVEN *PAY* FOR HIM TO TURN INTO A BLITHERING PSYCHOPATH!

HA! HA! HA!

HEY, GUYS... TAKE IT EASY. YOU'RE AT *HIS* PARTY.

SORRY, SORRY...

ONE OF HIS "*COLLEGE BUDDIES...*"

COLLEGE MOST LIKELY BEING CODE FOR "*LOONEY BIN.*"

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON...

Five Seconds Later...

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THIS SUIT COST?!

DO I LOOK LIKE I CARE?!

GREAT FRIENDS, OSBORN.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO *DO* TO ME, PETER? DO YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT MY DEAL WITH JAY IS?

THEY...THEY WERE SAYING STUFF ABOUT YOU, HARRY... ABOUT YOUR DAD, AND...

YOU'RE RIGHT... I'M SORRY, MAN. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW.

I'M SORRY.

PETER, HEY!

YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND TO ME, PETE.

THE BEST.

YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT.

AH, WHAT THE HELL. THAT WAS A LAME PARTY ANYWAY. HOW ABOUT WE GRAB A QUICK SLICE.

THAT'D BE GREAT. I SHOVED MY STUFFED MUSHROOMS DOWN THAT GUY'S PANTS.

OF COURSE YOU DID, BUDDY, OF COURSE YOU DID.

The End.

BREAKDOWN!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #565

COVER BY **PHIL JIMENEZ, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

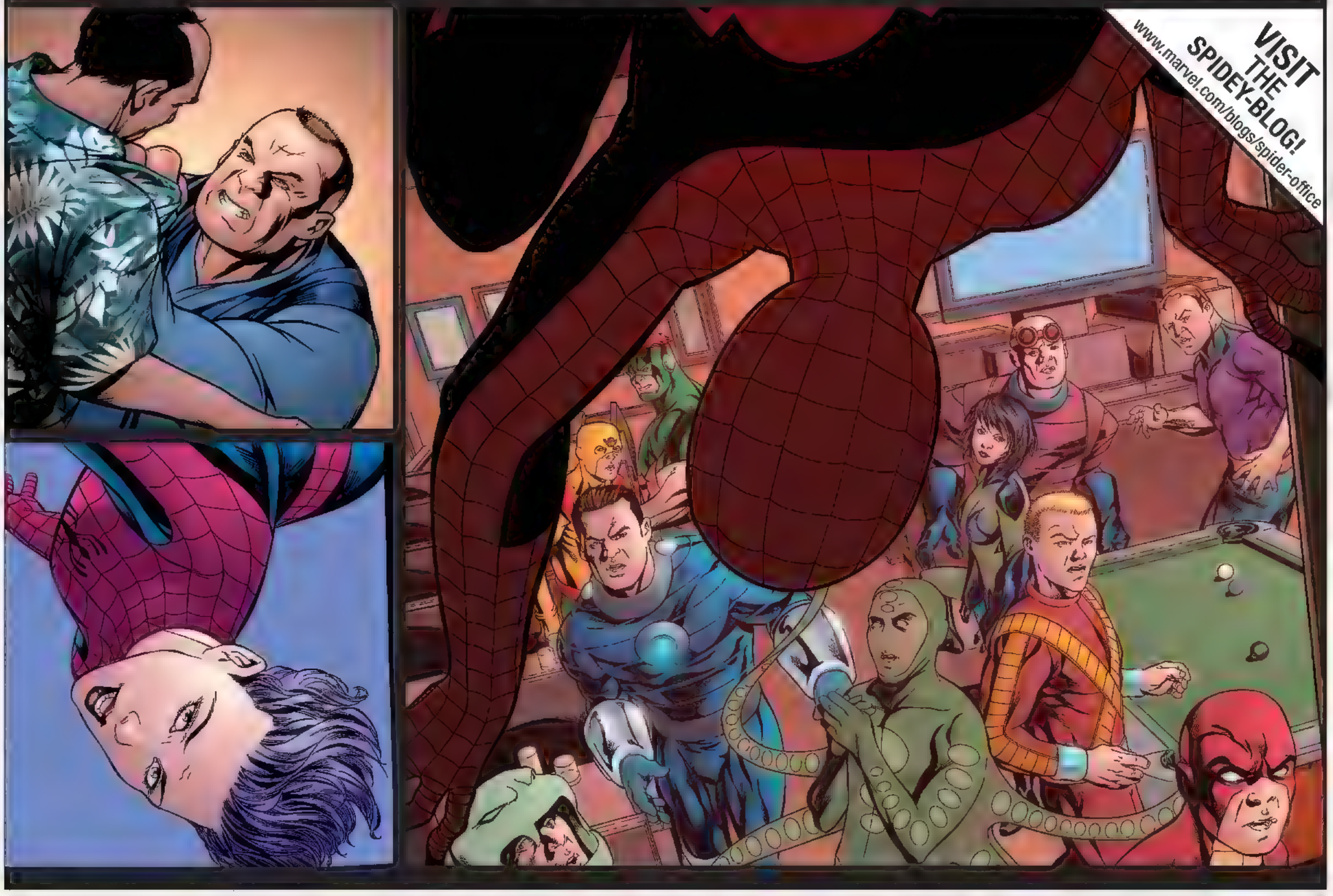
THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF SPIDER-MAN

THE DB

CROOKED COPS? POLICEMEN'S UNION ENDORSES HOLLISTER ON DAY "MASSIVE" INTERNAL AFFAIRS REPORT LEAKED TO PUBLIC REVEALS CHARGES OF ASSAULT, OTHER CORRUPTION! MORE ON PAGE H32!

JULY 9, 2008 WEDNESDAY

COPS, CROOKS AND CAPERS!



After back-to-back-to-back scrapes with new foes Screwball, The Bookie and the machinery manipulating Overdrive, Spider-Man has had little Peter Parker time – which can't be too bad, as he lost his job at the DB, so he's got nothing but time. But when his new roommate, rookie cop Vin Gonzales, discovers Pete's out of a job, Pete's feeling pretty low – and looking like a deadbeat roommate. As Pete tries to get his life on track, his friendship with Gonzales has cooled.

POLICE TIE SPIDER-MAN TO RECENT MURDERS!

EXCLUSIVE TO THE DB!

In off-the-record conversations with DB staffers, police have confirmed that Spider-Man is the key suspect in the string of recent murders that has shocked this city. Although police have been reluctant to discuss the specifics of the murders, so-called "Spider Tracers" have definitely been found on each victim, leaving no doubt as to the involvement of Spider-Man. Spider-Man is already wanted for violations of…

CONTINUED ON A2

WAKE UP.

WAKE UP. YOU ARE NOT DEAD.

NOT YET.

WH-- WHERE--?

WHO...?

WHO AM I? YOU REALLY DO NOT KNOW?

INTERESTING.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY...

...I AM THE GIRL WHO IS GOING TO KILL SPIDER-MAN.

KRAVEN'S FIRST HUNT PART ONE

TO SQUASH A SPIDER!

MARC GUGGENHEIM WRITER	PHIL JIMENEZ PENCILS	ANDY LANNING INKS	CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	TOM BRENNAN HUNTER	STEPHEN WACKER PREY	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

Two Weeks Earlier.

"NOW, THIS...*THIS* I ADMIRE."

"SPIDER-MAN--"

CALL ME "*SPIDEY.*" IT'S NOT LIKE THIS IS OUR FIRST TEAM-UP, DD.

YOU LIKE HOW I JUST CALLED YOU BY YOUR NICKNAME? "*DEE-DEE.*"

WHY COULDN'T THAT ISOTOPE HAVE MADE ME DEAF INSTEAD OF BLIND?

'SCUSE ME?

NOTHING.

NOW WHERE WAS I?

TWHIP

OH YEAH. ADMIRATION. ADMIRATION FOR PERSONAL GROWTH.

SEE, WITH FRACTURE HERE, IT'S ALWAYS, ROB THIS BANK, ROB THAT BANK.

GNG--

THWAK

WHICH IS KINDA POINTLESS WHEN YOU CONSIDER (A) HIS POWER TO BREAK THINGS BY TOUCHING THEM ISN'T REALLY COMPATIBLE WITH BANK ROBBERIES.

WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN (B) WHY I ALWAYS CATCH HIM WHEN HE TRIES.

BUT THIS? AN INSURANCE SCAM? DEMOLISHING A CONSTRUCTION SITE TO COLLECT ON THE DAMAGE?

THAT'S INITIATIVE! THAT'S THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX!

KRRK

YOU EVER STOP TALKING?

SHAK

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING. IS TELEPATHY ONE OF YOUR POWERS, TOO?

DID YOU JUST MAKE A JOKE?!

YOU DID! YOU MADE A FUNNY. YOU MADE AN ACTUAL FUNNY. YOU REALLY DO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR!

LUKE CAGE OWES ME TEN BUCKS!

"PATIENCE," YOU THINK.

IT'S YOUR ONLY THOUGHT.

"PATIENCE."

KRAK

SPIDER-MAN--

DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO CALL ME "SPIDEY"?

SPIDEY--

ALREADY ON IT.

NOW, WHILE I'M KEEPING THIS ERECTOR SET FROM FALLING ON TOP OF OUR HEADS...

PATIENCE.

...YOU WANNA SEND FRACTURE BEDDY-BYE?

"ALREADY ON IT."

CLANG

THWAK

FOOMP

TAK

I'M GETTIN' ME ONE OF THOSE. IT'S GOTTA TO BE CHEAPER THAN WEB-FLUID.

DOESN'T YOUR WEBBING DISSOLVE AFTER AN HOUR?

YEP, AND UNCONSCIOUS SUPER-VILLAINS EVENTUALLY WAKE UP.

I'M NOT SAYING WE SHOULD TAKE OUR TIME GETTING THE POLICE AND A CONSTRUCTION CREW DOWN HERE.

PATIENCE.

THE URGE TO KILL HIM IS ALMOST OVERWHELMING, AS IT HAS BEEN THE PAST THREE NIGHTS YOU'VE OBSERVED YOUR PREY.

OBSERVED... AND STUDIED.

HE'S DANGEROUS, THIS ONE. NOBODY KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN YOU.

YOU WANT TO MOVE ON HIM, TO *ATTACK*. BUT THE TIME IS STILL NOT YET RIGHT.

PATIENCE.

FOLLOW YOUR PREY.

OBSERVE. STUDY. NOTICE.

NOTICE THE WAY HE SENSES YOUR PRESENCE.

SOME INSTINCT-- PERHAPS PRIMAL OR PRETERNATURAL--

--TELLING HIM IT'S NOT SAFE TO RETURN HOME...

BUT REVEALING THE HOME NONETHELESS.

PATIENCE.

YOU KNOW WHERE HE *LIVES* NOW. THE *GENERAL AREA*.

SNZZK

NARROW IT DOWN WITH *EVIDENCE*...

...AND RETURN TO YOUR HOME.

CAREFUL RESEARCH REVEALS HIS APARTMENT.

THE APARTMENT HAS A LEASE.

THE LEASE HAS A NAME.

AND NAMES HAVE A HISTORY.

JUST LIKE YOURS.

HE HAS SUFFERED MUCH IN HIS LIFE.

JUST LIKE YOU HAVE.

AND A QUICK DEATH WOULD BE MERCIFUL.

NO, YOU HAVE TO TAKE YOUR TIME HERE.

PATIENCE.

THIS ONE IS DANGEROUS, DO NOT FORGET.

BUT MERCY NEVER CROSSES YOUR MIND. NOT FOR A SECOND. THE SPIDER DOESN'T DESERVE MERCY.

DO NOT FORGET WHAT HE IS CAPABLE OF.

SOFTEN HIM UP FIRST. WEAKEN THE PREY.

PARKER, PETER BENJAMIN

BEFORE YOU TAKE AWAY EVERYTHING HE IS, TAKE AWAY EVERYONE HE LOVES.

One Week Later.

EARLY MORNING...

IT'S SO OVER-RATED!

HEY ADULTS! COMICS!

HOA

IT IS?

C'MON, THERE'S NO WAY THEY'LL GET THAT THING OUT THREE TIMES A MONTH!

WHY'D RICH EVEN HIRE YOU IF YOU DON'T READ COMICS, PARKER?

I THINK THAT WAS A SELLING POINT WHEN I ANSWERED THE AD ON CRAIGSLIST.

IF YOU'RE GONNA INTERFACE WITH THE CLIENTELE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD... I DUNNO...READ A FEW COMICS?

SEE, THAT'S THE PROBLEM...

THEY JUST REMIND ME OF WORK.

WELL, YOU REALLY SHOULD CHECK OUT CODENAME: X-MEN. VAUGHAN AND MCNIVEN ARE ROCKING THE HOUSE ON THAT ONE.

I'M NOT REALLY AN X-MEN FAN. I DON'T REALLY GET ALONG WITH A LOT OF THEM, MIKE.

HUH?

WEIRDO.

IN THE LITERARY SENSE.

OUTSIDE. DANGER. NOW.

GET DOWN!

CRAK!

WHAT THE--?!

HOLY MOLEY...

YOU ARE AMAZING!

SPECTACULAR!

SENSAT--

QUIET.

I THINK THERE'S STILL A PROBLEM.

PATIENCE.

DO NOT GET SLOPPY. DO NOT MAKE ANOTHER MISTAKE.

WHAT THE FRAK IS HAPPENING--?

CHAK

CRAK! CRAK! CRAK!

...AND HANG ON!

CRAK!

CRAK!

MIKE, I NEED YOU TO CLOSE YOUR EYES...

IDON'T WANNADIEI DON'TWANNADIE IDON'TWANNA DIE.

NO SIGN OF THE GUNMAN, BUT MR. SPIDEY-SENSE IS GOING CRAZY.

WHICH MEANS THAT PRIORITY NUMBER ONE IS GETTING MIKE OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

HOW DID YOU? HOW DID YOU? HOW DID YOU?

EASY. TAKE A BREATH.

AND YOU WERE LEAPING AND--YOU WERE LIKE NIGHTCRAWLER OR THE BEAST OR TIGRA OR... *SPIDER-MAN!*

SAY IT A LITTLE LOUDER, WHY DON'T'CHA?

FOOMP

SHRAAM

OKAY, SO OUT IN THE OPEN, NOT A GOOD IDEA.

DOWNTOWN UNION SQUARE

HERE!

JMD'S Books and CD's

PING!

THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL US!

NO. NO, THEY WEREN'T.

THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL ME.

YOU--? WHY...?

BECAUSE I HAVE A SECRET.

I'M NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM...

I'M REALLY...

...A SKRULL.

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE-- YOU'RE KIDDING RIGHT?

YOU KNOW I COULD EAT YOUR INTESTINES WITH BÉARNAISE SAUCE IF YOU TELL ANYBODY ABOUT WHAT I DID, RIGHT?

UM... UM...

YOUR SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME.

FIRST, HE LOSES HIS JOB.

THEN HE LOSES HIS FRIENDS.

STARTING WITH HIS ROOMMATE.

THIS...THIS IS SOME KINDA MISTAKE.

POLICE DISTRICT

LICE

Fifth Precinct.

ONE WEEK LATER

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING, VIN.

BUT?

BUT BALLISTICS IS BALLISTICS. ACCORDING TO THIS--

IT'S *WRONG*, PALONE.

ACCORDING TO THIS, THAT DRUG DEALER THAT GOT CAPPED LAST NIGHT WAS CAPPED WITH *YOUR* GUN.

I WASN'T EVEN *ON* PATROL LAST NIGHT.

IT WAS YOUR OFF-DUTY PIECE. A .38 S&W?

IT'S IN MY LOCKER.

YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN AND GET IT FOR YOU?

NO NEED.

WHAT--? THAT'S--

FOUND AT THE SCENE.

--WHILE IT'S PENDING, YOU'RE ON SUSPENSION.

SORRY. THAT'S JUST POLICY.

MY ADVICE, GONZALES...GET OUT IN FRONT OF THIS. THE GUY WAS A DEALER, HE WAS A BAD DUDE, HE WAS PACKING...IT COULD BE A *GOOD* SHOOT.

BUT I DIDN'T SHOOT ANYONE--

MAYBE YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT IT, TALK TO YOUR UNION DELEGATE.

I NEED MY UNION DELEGATE?

I.A.B.'S OPENING AN INVESTIGATION. AND WHILE IT'S PENDING--

SARGE...

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO DESTROY A LIFE?

YOU PETER PARKER?

YEAH. CAN I HELP YOU?

SURE. JUST DO WHAT THE SUBPOENA SAYS.

SUBPOENA?

MAXWELL VERSUS...SPIDER-MAN?! SOMEONE'S SUING SPIDER-MAN?

LOOKS LIKE.

AND, UM, WHY AM I GETTING, ER, SUBPOENAED?

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, A LAWYER?

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF
is not a party hereto, is over 18 years of age and resides at
That on at M
deponent served the within subpoena on
INDIVIDUAL 1. ☐ by delivering a true copy to said witness personally; deponent knew the person so served to be the person described in said subpoena.
CORPORATION 2. ☐ a
SUITABLE AGE PERSON 3. ☐ personally deponent knew said corporation so served to be the corporate witness and knew said individual to be thereof.
AFFIXING TO DOOR, ETC. 4. ☐ by delivering thereat a true copy to a person of suitable age and discretion. Said premises is witness' -actual place of business---dwelling place---usual place of abode---within the state.
by affixing a true copy to the door of said premises, which is witness' actual place of business---dwelling place---usual place of abode---within the state. Deponent was unable, with due diligence to find witness or a person of suitable age and discretion thereat, having called there
Within 20 days of such delivery or affixing, deponent enclosed a copy of same in a postpaid envelope properly addressed to witness at witness' last known residence, at
and deposited said envelope in an official depository under the exclusive care and custody of the U.S. Postal Service within New York State.
Within 20 days of such delivery or affixing, deponent enclosed a copy of same in a first class postpaid envelope properly addressed to witness at witness' actual place of business, at
in an official depository under the exclusive care and custody of the U.S. Postal Service within New York State. The envelope bore the legend "Personal and Confidential" and did not indicate on the outside thereof, by return address or otherwise, that the communication was from an attorney or concerned an action against the witness.
MAILING TO RESIDENCE WITH 2 OR 4 ☐
MAILING TO BUSINESS WITH 3 OR 4 ☐
DESCRIPTION (USE WITH 1,2 or 3) ☐
Male ☐ Female ☐ White Skin ☐ Black Skin ☐ White Hair ☐ Under 5 ☐ Under 100 Lbs. ☐ 14-20 Yrs. ☐ Under 5' ☐ 100- 130 Lbs.
☐ Blond Skin ☐ Brown Hair ☐ Balding ☐ 5'-5'3" ☐ 131- 160 Lbs. ☐ 21-35 Yrs. ☐ 5'4"-5'8" ☐ 161- 200 Lbs.
☐ Yellow Skin ☐ Blonde Hair ☐ Moustache ☐ 36-50 Yrs. ☐ 5'9"-6'0" ☐ Over 200 Lbs.
☐ Brown Skin ☐ Grey Hair ☐ Beard ☐ 51-65 Yrs. ☐ Over 6'
☐ Red Skin ☐ Red Hair ☐ Glasses ☐ Over 65 Yrs.
Other identifying features:
the statutory witness fee and mileage actually traveled to and from witness at the time of service and one day's witness fee
At the time of said service, deponent paid (tendered) to said witness $
Print name beneath signature
Sworn to before me on
LICENSE NO.
COUNTY OF
COURT
Judicial Subpoena Duces Tecum
LAW OFFICES OF
Plaintiff
Attorney(s) for
Office and Post Office Address
against
Defendant
It is stipulated that the undersigned witness is excused from attending at the time herein provided or at any adjourned date but agrees to remain subject on said attend upon the call of the undersigned attorney
Dated:
Witness
Attorney(s) for

MORE OF A LAWYER THAN ME.

MY GUESS, SOMEBODY TOLD THE PLAINTIFF YOU TAKE A LOT OF PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN...

IT DOES NOT TAKE MUCH TO DESTROY A LIFE.

IN THE JUNGLE, IT IS A BULLET.

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING. IT IS *NOT* HAPPENING.

SMALL. COMPACT. DEVASTATING.

JUST THE LATEST IN A RUN OF LOUSY LUCK--

AND IN THIS MODERN WORLD...

WHAM

...ANYTHING CAN BE A BULLET.

KWAROOOM

OH MY GOD!

HE'S MOVIN'!

GNF--

SOMEBODY CALL 911!

HOLY CRAP! YOU OKAY, BUDDY?

YEAH... JUST...KNOCKED THE WIND OUTTA ME...

"SO, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

The Next Day...

ZECK'S BILLIARDS AND BAR. AMSTERDAM AVENUE.

WAY

SOMEHOW I'LL LIVE. MANAGED TO ROLL WITH THE IMPACT.

MAYORAL RACE IS ON

AT LEAST POLICE TRAINING'S GOOD FOR SOMETHING, RIGHT?

SOMETHING. I'M ON SUSPENSION. INDEFINITELY.

DAMMIT!

VIN. TAKE IT EASY--

LET HIM BE, PETE. NOT EVERYBODY HAS YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH THEIR LIFE TURNING TO CRAP.

THANKS FOR THAT, HARRY.

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT? WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU, PARKER?

NOTHING. HARRY'S RIGHT. JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFE OF PETER PARKER, BAD LUCK MAGNET.

MAYBE IT'S STARTING TO RUB OFF ON ME.

YOU'LL GET YOUR BADGE BACK, VIN. IT'S JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING.

IT'S NOT JUST THE BADGE...

THE BADGE, THE BALLISTICS FOUL-UP, THE HIT AND RUN...THEY'RE JUST CAPPING A RUN OF REALLY BAD LUCK I'VE BEEN HAVING LATELY.

TURNS OUT, I ALSO FIND OUT I'M THE GAJILLIONTH VICTIM OF IDENTITY THEFT. SOMEONE STOLE MY ATM NUMBER, WIPED OUT MY SAVINGS.

WHICH IS SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM 'CAUSE THE BANK'S THREATENING TO FORECLOSE ON MY STUDENT LOANS.

AND I JUST LOST FIFTY BUCKS I DON'T HAVE TO POOL HUSTLER HARRY HERE.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I'VE HAD IT BAD LATELY, TOO. THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT'S PRACTICALLY BEEN *LIVING* AT THE COFFEE BEAN.

I'VE HAD THREE MARGIN CALLS IN TWO WEEKS AND MY BUSINESS MANAGER HAD A STROKE.

YEAH MONEY BAGS, YOUR LIFE'S A *REAL* TRAGEDY.

I'M SORRY, VIN. I'M NOT SURE EVEN MY KARMA'S QUITE *THIS* BAD.

YEAH... WELL...

Y'KNOW WHAT? I JUST--I THINK I NEED SOME TIME TO MYSELF...

VIN--

LET HIM BE, PETE. GUY'S GOT A LOT ON HIS MIND.

YEAH... I KNOW HOW THAT FEELS...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT VIN.

I'M USED TO MY LIFE TURNING INTO TEN KINDS OF DOG-POO.

BUT *VIN*... HE COULD SNAP.

I JUST HOPE THINGS DON'T GET ANY WORSE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

A FAMILY FRIEND. PUT THIS ON.

THE HELL--?

PUT. ON. YOUR. UNIFORM.

WHY? HALLOWEEN'S NOT FOR ANOTHER FIVE *Mnph*

DO NOT GIVE IN TO HIM.

HE JOKES SO THAT HIS OPPONENTS UNDERESTIMATE HIM.

DO NOT ENGAGE.

DO NOT FALL INTO THE SAME OLD TRAPS.

BE SMARTER THAN HIM.

BE SMARTER THAN THE OTHERS.

OKAY. SO NOW WHAT?

TURN AROUND.

LOOK, LADY YOU'RE MAKING A BIG--

RAISE YOUR HANDS UP.

CHACK

NYC SEW

WAKE UP. YOU ARE NOT DEAD.

NOT YET.

WH-- WHERE--? WHO?

WHO AM I? YOU REALLY DO NOT KNOW?

INTERESTING.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I AM THE GIRL WHO IS GOING TO KILL SPIDER-MAN.

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE...

WAKE UP.

DO NOT BEG. AS SATISFYING AS THAT MIGHT BE IN THE MOMENT, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN HUNTING A SPINELESS *LÂCHE*.

LISTEN-- JUST *LISTEN* TO ME. THIS IS--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'RE DOING HERE.

OH, BUT I DO. I HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I HAVE SPENT *ENTIRE* WEEKS DOING NOTHING BUT THINKING ABOUT IT.

OBVIOUSLY, THIS IS BAD.

AND NOBODY KNOWS BETTER THAN ME THAT WHEN THINGS GET BAD, THEY CAN ALWAYS GET WORSE.

ABOUT HOW I WOULD RUIN YOUR LIFE. SO I COULD *END* IT...

...SPIDER-MAN.

AND I JUST HOPE THINGS DON'T GET WORSE FOR VIN.

TO BE CONTINUED!!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #566

COVER BY **PHIL JIMENEZ, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

KRAVEN'S FIRST HUNT PART TWO

IDENTITY CRISIS!

I ALWAYS FIGURED...I'D DIE YOUNG.

PROBABLY GO OUT IN THE LINE OF DUTY... BLAZE OF GLORY OR SOMESUCH.

HELL, MAYBE EVEN CONTRACT LUNG CANCER FROM ALL THE SECONDHAND SMOKE I'M SUCKING IN WHILE ON THE JOB.

I'D IMAGINED ALMOST EVERY KIND OF DEATH.

BUT I NEVER IMAGINED THIS.

MARC GUGGENHEIM WRITER	PHIL JIMENEZ BREAKDOWNS	MARK PENNINGTON FINISHES	CHRIS CHUCKRY & JEROMY COX COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR	STEPHEN WACKER MELTZER	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

WAY--
WAAAY--
WAIT.

WAIT.

YOU'RE MAKE--

-GASP-

YOU'RE MAKING A MIS--
A *MISTAKE.*
I'M--

-GASP-

I'M *NOT* SPIDER-MAN.

OF COURSE YOU ARE NOT, VIN GONZALES.

NO, THE SPIDER-MAN I KNOW WOULD *NEVER* BEG FOR HIS LIFE.

HAVE SOME HONOR, SPIDER-MAN.

DIE WITH THAT AT LEAST.

OKAYOKAYOKAY. WAIT. JUST *WAIT.* BEFORE YOU DO THIS, JUST--JUST *CONSIDER* THE POSSIBILITY I'M NOT--

STOP.

I SAW YOU ENTER YOUR APARTMENT.

I FOUND YOUR RIDICULOUS COSTUME INSIDE.

IT FITS PERFECTLY.

DO NOT INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE-- OR *YOUR* LEGACY-- WITH PATHETIC LIES TO SPARE YOUR LIFE.

AND DO NOT DIE ON ME.

NOT UNTIL I AM READY FOR YOU TO.

That Moment...

THE APARTMENT OF PETER PARKER AND VIN GONZALES

SOMETHING'S WRONG.

NOTHING'S WRONG. EVERYTHING'S FINE. HE'S JUST OUT LATE.

DON'T BE SUCH A WORRYWART. JEEZ, PARKER, YOU'RE WORSE THAN AUNT MAY.

AND STOP TALKING TO YOURSELF.

EVEN IN YOUR HEAD.

NOPE.

NOT WORKING.

I CAN'T NOT WORRY. I *HAVE TO* WORRY. VIN'S LIFE HAS BEEN TURNED INTO FIVE KINDS OF HELL RECENTLY AND I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT...

DON'T SAY IT. DON'T *THINK* IT.

OKAY.

THIS IS GETTING ME NOWHERE.

(AT LEAST I DIDN'T SAY "US.")

OKAY, DO SOMETHING *PRODUCTIVE.*

GO OUT, TAKE A SWING OR TEN AROUND THE CITY, SEE IF YOU CAN'T FIND HIM.

A CITY OF EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE. YEAH, *THAT* WON'T TAKE FOREVER.

WELL, DO YOU HAVE ANY *BETTER* IDEA--OH NO--SPIDEY COSTUME, IT'S--

OKAY, SO THIS IS BAD.

OKAY, CALM DOWN. THINK: WHY WOULD VIN NOSE AROUND MY STUFF?

DOESN'T MATTER. THERE'S NOBODY ELSE WHO WOULD--OH GOD.

OKAY. OKAY. THINK THIS THROUGH. WORK THE PROBLEM. DEEP BREATHS.

THIS'LL TEACH ME TO ROOM WITH A *COP.*

OH GOD, A *COP.* AND SPIDEY'S A WANTED *FUGITIVE* THESE DAYS...

VIN'S PROBABLY ROUNDING UP A POSSE RIGHT NOW.

OKAY. OKAY. THINK...

FIRST...YOU CAN'T STAY HERE. IF VIN IS ROUNDING UP A POSSE, THEY'LL BE STEAMROLLING THROUGH THE DOOR ANY SECOND.

WHICH MEANS YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

WHICH MEANS YOU'VE GOTTA FIND SOMETHING TO *WEAR.*

"THIS IS HARDLY AN ORIGINAL IDEA..."

Hell's Kitchen.

THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON, BLAKE & MURDOCK.

I'M SURE YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING CLEVER, BUT I GET NO FEWER THAN SIX CRANK CALLS FROM SPIDER-MAN *PER WEEK*...

...ANOTHER FOUR FROM IRON MAN AND, OCCASIONALLY, EVEN ONE OR TWO FROM *SUPERMAN*--WHICH IS KIND OF IMPRESSIVE CONSIDERING HE'S FICTIONAL.

YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I HAPPENED TO ANSWER MY PHONE. BUT NOW I REALLY HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK--

WAIT! DON'T HANG UP! IT'S REALLY SPIDER-MAN! C'MON, DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE FOUGHT THE MASKED MARAUDER TOGETHER?

OH, YEAH. THAT WAS GREAT FUN. 'NIGHT.

WAIT! YOU CAN TELL IF I'M LYING OR NOT, RIGHT? YOU CAN HEAR IT IN MY VOICE OR SOMETHING.

I'M NOT HAVING THIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU.

LOOK, JUST-- JUST LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW...

HEY.

...
HI.
I NEED A LITTLE FAVOR. I NEED TO BORROW YOUR COSTUME.
ASKING ME TO HELP OUT WITH THE LAWSUIT AGAINST YOU IS A **LITTLE** FAVOR.
WHY? CAN YOU MAKE IT GO AWAY?
STAY ON TOPIC. WHY DO YOU NEED THE SUIT?
I NEED TO WALK INTO THE MIDDLE OF A POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE.
SPIDEY IS BEING SUED BY THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER WHO HE SAVED BACK IN ISSUE #549. --SAMARITAN STEVE
WHAT'S WRONG WITH *YOUR* COSTUME?
WELL, THE ANSWER TO *THAT* QUESTION'S KINDA RELATED TO WHY I'VE GOTTA TALK TO THE POLICE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WHICH IS A PROBLEM SINCE THEY KINDA THINK I'M A SERIAL KILLER THESE DAYS.
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...
WITH ME RUNNING AROUND IN THE DAREDEVIL SUIT AND YOU, SAY, AT A CROWDED RESTAURANT AT THE SAME TIME...
THAT *CAN'T* BE BAD FOR YOUR WHOLE SECRET IDENTITY THING, RIGHT?
SO *OTHER* COSTUME-LESS HEROES WON'T COME BY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT ASKING TO BORROW A COSTUME?
YEAH. SURE. AND...ONE OTHER THING...YOU BEING, Y'KNOW, BLIND AND ALL...DOES THE MASK HAVE...
THERE'S ONE WITH EYEHOLES, YES.
YOUR THE *BEST*, DOUBLE-D! I TOTALLY GOTTA GET YOU IN THE AVENGERS.

MMM...

SLAP!

WAKE UP!

THAT IS BETTER.

I REALIZED I MADE A *MISTAKE.*

THAN-- THANK GOD...

I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOUR POWERS, HOW THEY WORK. YOU MIGHT NEED TO DRINK SPIDER SERUM EVERY 24 HOURS FOR ALL I KNOW.

UNFORTUNATELY, I OBVIOUSLY DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO A MAGIC SPIDER POTION OR THE LIKE.

BUT I *DID* MANAGE TO PROCURE FOR YOU THE NEXT BEST THING.

MORPHINE/MGH* COCKTAIL.

*MGH IS MUTANT GROWTH HORMONE. IT TEMPORARILY GIVES NORMAL PEOPLE POWERS AND GIVES POWERED PEOPLE EVEN GREATER POWER --SMILIN' STEVE

IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO GET YOU BACK IN FIGHTING CONDITION.

BECAUSE I DO NOT WANT THIS TO BE TOO EASY. I WANT YOU AT YOUR FIGHTING WEIGHT.

FOR THE *HUNT*.

YAAHH!

Intruder!

INTERLOPER! DEFILER!

THISSSSSSSS ISSSSSS MY HOME! YOU'RE NOT SSSSUPPOSSSSSSED TO BE HERE!

ACTUALLY, VERMIN, I AM RIGHT WHERE I AM SUPPOSED TO BE.

BUT I AM GLAD YOU ARE HERE, TOO. IT IS APPROPRIATE SOMEHOW.

SLSSH

DO NOT GO ANYWHERE, VIN GONZALES.

...OUT OF... MY HOME... SSSS

I CAN PROMISE THIS WILL NOT TAKE LONG.

DEVIL MAN, DEVIL MAN. DARES WHATEVER A DEVIL CAN.

IS HE BRAVE? LISTEN HERE, JUST CALL 'IM THE MANS sans FEAR.

HEY THERE! THERE GOES THE DEVIL MAN!

...AND HERE COMES THE POLICE PRECINCT, STRAIGHT AHEAD.

ALL RIGHT.

NO REASON TO PANIC.

SURE, YOUR SPIDEY-COSTUME IS MISSING. SURE, VIN'S GONE MISSING WITH IT. SURE, VIN'S A *COP* AND SURE, YOU'RE CURRENTLY WANTED BY THE *POLICE*.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY *ZERO* REASON TO PANIC.

SAYS THE SUPER HERO TOOLING AROUND IN *BORROWED* TIGHTS.

OKAY, FIRST THINGS FIRST. FIND VIN AND GO INTO MAJOR DAMAGE CONTROL MODE.

I.E., COME UP WITH A CONVINCING LIE EXPLAINING WHY HE FOUND A SPIDEY COSTUME IN MY ROOM.

"I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN, BUT I HAVE A SPIDER-MAN *FETISH*. I'M SO EMBARRASSED."

...

ACTUALLY, THAT JUST MIGHT WORK...

...SO YOU'RE SAYING THE GOVERNOR, THOUGH INTOXICATED, COULDN'T EXPLAIN HIS PARTIAL NUDITY...

FORM ONE OF THOSE TASK THINGIES.

AND WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT THE NYPD TO DO ABOUT IT?

YEAH, WE DON'T GENERALLY PUT TOGETHER A *TASKFORCE* TO LOCATE LOST PETS MA'AM--

...AND LOOK AT THIS, CARMINE, THREE MORE OF THESE HOMELESS GUYS REPORT GETTIN' CLEAN BILLS O' HEALTH AFTER GOIN' TO THIS F.E.A.S.T. CENTER.

EXCUSE ME...

HELLO, CITIZEN, I AM OF COURSE DAREDEVIL AND I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY--

AREN'T WE ALL. GOTTA WAIT IN LINE, PAL.

BUT... BUT I'M *DAREDEVIL.* DON'T YOU GUYS HAVE, LIKE, A SUPER HERO EXPRESS LINE OR SOMETHING?

SURE WE DO.

REALLY? OKAY, WHERE IS IT?

BELLEVUE. ASK FOR THE FELLAHS IN THE WHITE COATS.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE I'M DAREDEVIL?

NO, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO HUMOR GUYS LIKE YOU UNTIL YOU GET TO BELLEVUE.

I REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS...

...

WHO WAS THAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR AGAIN?

"VIN GONZALES?"

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH GONZALES?

IT'S KIND OF A LONG STORY. A *PERSONAL* ONE, Y'KNOW?

THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BAD SHOOT HE'S ON SUSPENSION FOR?

I'M NOT SURE YET.

LOOK, DAREDEVIL... I LIKE YOU. I LIKE WHAT YOU DO FOR THE CITY. THAT'S HOW YOU MANAGED TO WALK IN HERE WITHOUT GETTING *ARRESTED*, IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED.

AND I WANNA HELP YOU, BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOTTA HELP *ME* BY BEING A LITTLE MORE STRAIGHTFORWARD: WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

VIN'S ROOMMATE BEING SPIDER-MAN.

UHHH... SPIDER-MAN.

WHAT, YOU THINK GONZALES IS MIXED UP IN ALL THAT?

MIXED UP IN ALL WHAT?

WORD ON THE STREET'S SPIDER-MAN'S BEEN TAKEN HOSTAGE.

HE'S BEEN--? WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

ONE OF MY GUYS BUSTED AN M.G.H. DEALER TONIGHT DOWN ON THE SOUTH STREET SEAPORT. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT--

MUTANT GROWTH HORMONE.

EXACTLY, HE GOT BUSTED AND IS LOOKING TO TRADE.

SAYS EARLIER TONIGHT HE SOLD SOME TO A *GIRL*. SHE ASKED FOR SOMETHING THAT'D BOOST *SPIDER-MAN'S* POWERS.

SAYS SHE BRAGGED ABOUT HOW SHE HAD HIM TRUSSED UP SOMEWHERE.

QUITE FRANKLY, I THOUGHT IT WAS A PILE OF BULL.

YEAH...

I DON'T THINK IT IS...

GNNNG... VEINS FEEL LIKE THEY'RE ON FIRE.

NNAAAARRRR!

ALL RIGHT, VIN. DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA GET A BETTER CHANCE THAN THIS. LIKE DAD SAYS, TIMES LIKE THIS YOU HAVE TO "MAN UP."

C'MON...

C'MON... C'MON...

AUGHH!

COME...

...ON!

NEXT TIME IF YOU WANT TO SHOOT A GUY UP WITH M.G.H., DON'T USE SUCH WEAK RESTRAINTS...

S'COOL. I'LL JUST LET MYSELF OUT...

MOVE...

TWIRP IPIP IPIP IPIP IPIP

AGGH--

I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT...

...BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'RE READY TO BE BACK ON YOUR FEET JUST YET.

AND YOU MADE ME LOSE MY DINNER, TOO.

AND I CAN BE *TRÈS FURIEUX* WHEN I AM HUNGRY.

Pier 17.
SOUTH STREET SEAPORT

I CAN DO THE MATH AND I DON'T LIKE HOW THIS IS ADDING UP.

VIN'S DISAPPEARED. SO HAS MY COSTUME.

AND NOW SOME BAD GIRL IS CLAIMING SHE'S GOT "SPIDER-MAN" HOSTAGE.

I *HATE* MATH.

OKAY. PALONE SAYS THIS IS THE DEALER'S AREA.

WITH ANY LUCK, IT WON'T BE TOO FAR FROM WHERE "SPIDER-MAN" IS BEING HELD.

NOT THAT *LUCK* HAS BEEN IN OVERLY ABUNDANT SUPPLY FOR ME LATELY. THOUGH MAYBE THAT MEANS I'M DUE FOR A *CHANGE.*

NNAAARRGHH!

WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?

ANOTHER COSSSSSSSSTUME. ALWAYS COSSSSTUMES, TRYING TO HURTmeHITme...

DUDE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...BUT I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH HERE.

VERMIN.

THIS GUY NEARLY KILLED ME ONCE. RIGHT AFTER MARY JANE AND I MOVED IN TOGETHER...

AND I REALLY *DON'T* HAVE TIME TO NEARLY GET KILLED TONIGHT.

LEAVE ME ALONE...

YES, THAT'S THE GENERAL POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE.

GNN. ARRR. GNN.

GOTTA MAKE THIS QUICK...

SHRAK

HOPE THIS PUNCH DOESN'T DISLODGE YOUR BREATH MINT...

I MEAN, "MAKE THIS *QUIP*."

GNF--

WHOA. DID I OFFEND YOU WITH THAT BREATH MINT CRACK?

DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK YOU'VE GOT BAD ORAL HYGIENE, SENSITIVE GUY LIKE YOU...

SSSSSSSTOP TRYING TO HURT ME. ALL OF YOU COSSSSTUMESSSSS. TRYING TO HURT...

HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND. MORE THAN *USUAL.*

HE'S PURE *RAGE* NOW, LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL.

IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE THIS IS ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING AND WE'LL SIT DOWN FOR A DRINK LATER.

LEMME GUESS...YOU A COSMO KINDA GUY?

LOOKS PRETTY WOUNDED, TOO.

WHO COULD DO THAT KIND OF DAMAGE TO *HIM?*

BECAUSE *I'M* BARELY HOLDING MY OWN HERE.

MAYBE *LESS* THAN BARELY...

"THIS IS HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, SPIDER-MAN."

FROM SEWAGE STENCH? PLEASE... HAVE MERCY.

I SEE YOUR TRADEMARK WIT HAS RETURNED.

RECOGNIZE THESE TUNNELS?

MEN'S ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION?

YOU WERE HERE YEARS AGO. VERMIN'S TUNNELS. THEY SPAN *MILES.*

A PERFECT PLACE FOR THE HUNT.

HUNT?

THERE IS NO HONOR IN THE COLD-BLOODED KILL.

RUN.

WHAT IF I DON'T?

I KNOW YOU. I KNOW THE PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE.

YOU *THINK* YOU DO, BUT--

I WILL START BRINGING THEM DOWN HERE, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK *THEY* WILL LAST?

I'M GONNA MAKE YOU A PROMISE HERE.

YOU HURT ANYBODY ELSE, THEY EVEN GET A *PAPER CUT* ON ACCOUNT OF YOU, YOU'RE GONNA *WISH* I *REALLY* WAS SPIDER-MAN...

...CAUSE I'M GONNA DO THINGS TO YOU, HE'D NEVER EVEN *DREAM* OF DOING.

ARE YOU FINISHED?

NOT EVEN CLOSE, SWEETHEART.

THAT'S RIGHT VIN. TOUGH TALK. MAN UP.

MAYBE SHE WON'T NOTICE HOW SCARED OUTTA YOUR SKULL YOU ARE

That Moment.
BACK AT PIER 17.
PIER
NoMore HitHurt!!!!
GINF--
I THINK...
...I THINK I'VE GOT A REAL PROBLEM HERE...
SHUNCH
AGGH!
VIN...
VIN, I'M SORRY I...
SORRY I LET YOU DOWN, BUDDY.
SO...
...SORRY...

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #567

COVER BY **PHIL JIMENEZ, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

MATT MURDOCK BETTER SEND ME A THANK YOU NOTE.

POSTHUMOUSLY.

'CAUSE AN HOUR OR SO FROM NOW, THE POLICE'RE GONNA FIND *DAREDEVIL'S CORPSE* AND THEY'RE GONNA TAKE OFF THE COSTUME TO FIND *PETER PARKER'S BODY.*

AND MATT MURDOCK IS NEVER GONNA HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT PEOPLE SUSPECTING *HIM* OF BEING DAREDEVIL EVER AGAIN.

YOUR SSSCENT. NOT LIKE DAREDEVIL.

SMELLSSSS LIKE *SSSSSPIDER.*

I CHANGED DEODORANTS.

WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THERE'S A POETIC JUSTICE TO ME BEING FOUND DEAD IN A DAREDEVIL COSTUME.

'CAUSE I'M PRETTY SURE *SOMEBODY* THINKS MY FRIEND AND ROOMMATE VIN GONZALES IS *SPIDER-MAN.*

AND THAT MAKES ME MORE THAN A LITTLE MAD.

AAARRRRR--!

MAKES ME *CRAZY.*

KRAVEN'S FIRST HUNT PART THREE

LEGACY

MARC GUGGENHEIM WRITER	PHIL JIMENEZ BREAKDOWNS	ANDY LANNING FINISHES	CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR	STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

I'M COO-COO FOR COCOA PUFFS, LASHING OUT ON RAW INSTINCT.

AND I REALIZE...

...*THIS* IS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE *VERMIN*.

HE USED TO BE HUMAN ONCE. AND I'VE SEEN FIRST-HAND THAT THERE'S A SHRED OF THAT HUMANITY STILL LEFT IN HIM.

SOMEWHERE.

AND I'VE ALWAYS HAD SOME *COMPASSION* FOR THAT LOST PERSON.

VERMIN NEARLY KILLED ME ONCE.

HE'S AS *DANGEROUS* AS THEY COME.

WHO COULD HURT *HIM* THIS BAD?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

THE POOR GUY'S UNDERSTANDABLY *CONFUSED...*

IMPOSSSSSSSIBLE! IMPOSSSSSSSSSIBLE!

POSSSSIBLE.

NNONO nononononono NONONO!

SSSSSSSPIDER-MAN MAKESSSSSSSS THE WEBS! HE MAKESSSSSSS THEM.

THWIP

AND HE'SSSSS UNDER! HE'SSSSSS UNDER!

MY BLOOD CHILLS.

DOES VERMIN MEAN UNDER GROUND? AS IN *"SIX FEET UNDER"?*

AM I TOO LATE?

WHERE IS HE?

TELL ME WHERE HE IS. WHERE IS SPIDER-MAN?

Under. Underground.

OH, GOD...

WHERE?!

IN THE TUNNELSSSSSS. IN MY TUNNELS. MY TUNNELS.

DID HE DO THIS TO YOU?

She did.

SHE?

THE *GIRL*.

SAYS EARLIER TONIGHT HE SOLD SOME TO A *GIRL*. SHE ASKED FOR SOMETHING THAT'D BOOST *SPIDER-MAN'S* POWERS.

SAYS SHE BRAGGED ABOUT HOW SHE HAD HIM TRUSSED UP SOMEWHERE.

VERMIN... *EDWARD*...

I NEED YOU TO SHOW ME.

AAAA!

GNF--

SMAK

WHAT, YOU FIGURED I'D JUST TRY TO GET AWAY, MANIAC?

I BOOKED AHEAD TO GIVE YOU A TRAIL TO FOLLOW THEN DOUBLED BACK.

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO CHECK "*HUNTING FOR DUMMIES*" OUT OF THE LIBRARY AGAIN.

CRACK

+HRRR+

GNGAH--

THWAK

GNF--

PERHAPS WE SHOULD START BY SEVERING SOME NERVES.

RAAR-!

CRAK

COME ON!

SHRRRRAAAP

YOU WILL BEG FOR MERCY THAT WILL NOT BE COMING.

I HATE TO CORRECT YOU, BUT...

...*MERCY* JUST ARRIVED.

OR AT LEAST, THE CAVALRY.

SORRY ABOUT THE "*MERCY*" JOKE. THAT'S NOT REALLY ALL THAT FUNNY. BUT, Y'KNOW, ***SPIDER-MAN*** IS THE WITTY ONE.

NOT TO MENTION MORE HANDSOME AND LOVABLE. I'M ACTUALLY QUITE JEALOUS OF HIM, TRULY.

SPIDEY! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A BREATHER, PAL? I'VE GOT THIS!

YOU FALL GOOD! WHAT IS THAT, KUNG FU?

KRAV MAGA.

GESUNDHEIT.

SPIDEY, GET OUT OF HERE!

DONE.

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING?

HK--

GNF--

VI--SPIDEY!!! GET DOWN!

I AM NOWHERE NEAR DONE WITH YOU YET.

JUST STAY RIGHT THERE.

YOUR FRIEND WILL NOT TAKE A MINUTE.

YEAH, I FIGURE IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS.

TO DIE?

OOO--OO! GOOD ONE.

BUT BEFORE I DIE I GOT ONE MORE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE.

HEY, SPIDEY!

YOU FORGOT THIS!

THE HELL--?

YOUR WEB-SHOOTER, *REMEMBER?!*

AS IN, THE THING THAT *SHOOTS WEBS?!*

JUST PRESS THE DAMN BUTTON!

NO! THE BIG ONE!!!

TEK

THWIP

THWAP

SEE? JUST LIKE RIDING A BIKE.

GRRARR--

DON'T BOTHER. THOSE WEBS ARE UNBREAKABLE, UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME KINDA SUPER-STRENGTH I DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

YOU HANDLE THAT THING LIKE A PRO.

I MEAN, 'CAUSE YOU *ARE* A PRO.

AT THAT.

THE WEB-SHOOTING THING...

NOW, LET'S FIND A WAY OUT OF--

WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID? "SUPER-STRENGTH"?

SOMETHING YOU "*DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT*," APPARENTLY.

CARE TO REPEAT THAT?

I BELIEVE HE SAID...

"DAREDEVIL IS GONNA KICK YOUR TAIL."

THOUGH HE USED A *MUCH* DIRTIER WORD.

OR IF HE DIDN'T SAY THAT, HE REALLY SHOULD'VE, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

KI-YAH!

GNF--

CHOK

CHOK

RAK

CHAK

HEF--
GGG--

ARAARRR!!

TOO--

--FAST.

SHE'S TOO FAST...

COULD USE THE *OTHER WEB-SHOOTER*...TAKE HER BY SURPRISE...BUT...

NNNF--

CHAK

C'MON, PETE, WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT: SECRET IDENTITY OR STAYING AL--

GAH--

HEH. HEH.

WHAT COULD *POSSIBLY* BE SO AMUSING?

NOTHING. JUST...WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS...

"PLEASE DO NOT KILL ME"?

NO...

FWAK

...SPIDER-MAN'S GONNA SAVE ME!

YOU OKAY?

SHE'S FAST.

I NOTICED. NOT SURE WE CAN BOTH TAKE HER, THE SHAPE WE'RE IN.

FWIP

WHICH IS WHY WE'RE GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN.

AND ONE HANDY DANDY TRACER WILL HELP ME TRACK THIS CRAZY LADY LATER.

TEK

OÙ ALLEZ-VOUS? JE NE SUIS PAS MASSACRE FAIT VOUS ENCORE.

WE AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT...

UH- ACTUALLY...

GRRUARRGHH!!!

...I THINK THE SECOND CAVALRY JUST ARRIVED.

Defiler! Invader! Hurter!

GNF--!

WHAT THE HOLY HELL IS THAT?

LONG STORY.

FOR A SECOND, I ACTUALLY THINK I SHOULD HELP THAT GIRL--WHOEVER SHE IS--OUT.

BUT VIN'S ON HIS LAST LEGS HERE AND I'M NOT EXACTLY IN ANY KINDA SHAPE TO GO ANOTHER FIFTEEN ROUNDS WITH SHORT, DARK AND SMELLY AGAIN.

C'MON SPIDEY...LET'S GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL...

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

Three Days Later.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER

DEFINITELY, HARRY.

IF BY "ALL RIGHT" YOU MEAN HAVING A CONCUSSION, THREE CRACKED RIBS AND MASSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDING.

WHAT DID THE DOCTORS SAY?

THAT I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, LIL.

I'D HAVE TO AGREE WITH THAT.

SAYS THE GUY WHO CAN'T SHAVE WITHOUT SLICING UP HIS FACE.

DAREDEVIL'S A STAND-UP GUY. IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM, I'D HAVE EVEN MORE REASONS TO HATE SPIDER-MAN.

DID THE COPS HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

OR WHY?

NOPE. EVEN DAREDEVIL COULDN'T OFFER ANY EXPLANATIONS. AT LEAST MY SUSPENSION WAS LIFTED. I'M BACK ON DUTY AS SOON AS I GET OUT OF HERE.

ALL ANYONE IS SURE OF IS THAT I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN. SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDEY NEVER BEING ABLE TO GET HIS BUTT KICKED THIS BAD.

THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW. MY FEELINGS WERE KIND OF HURT THAT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOUR SECRET.

THAT'S NOT FUNNY. I'D RATHER GO BACK TO BEING THOUGHT OF AS A *MURDERER* THAN THAT SPIDER-JERK.

OKAY, FOLKS, CONVENTION'S OVER. MR. GONZALES NEEDS HIS REST.

HOW ARE WE A CONVENTION?

PETER...

ALL RIGHT...

WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW. HANG TOUGH.

TAKE IT EASY, VIN. DON'T GO FIGHTING ANY MORE SUPER-VILLAINS.

LATER...

TAP TAP TAP

TAP
TAP
TAP

HI.

THANKS. IT'S NEW. MIND IF I COME IN?

NICE COSTUME.

I KIND OF OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION.

KIND OF?

THIS IS, WELL, IT'S KIND OF A LONG STORY.

WELL, I'M SUPPOSED TO STAY IN HERE ANOTHER *THREE DAYS*, SO I'VE GOT TIME.

IT'S PROBABLY NO SURPRISE TO YOU THAT I'VE GOT...WELL, IN MY LINE OF WORK, WE CALL IT A "*SECRET IDENTITY.*"

I GOT THAT. FOR SOME REASON, FOLKS SEEM TO THINK THAT *I'M* IT.

YEAH, THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR THAT...

TO PROTECT MY SECRET IDENTITY, I'VE PEGGED SOME PEOPLE AS, WELL, *DECOYS.*

Y'KNOW, IN CASE ANYBODY GETS TOO CLOSE TO FIGURING OUT WHO I REALLY AM, I PUT THEM ON THE TRAIL OF, WELL...SOMEBODY ELSE.

SOMEBODY LIKE YOU.

YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT BUILD...YOU LIVE IN MANHATTAN...THE *COP* THING IS REAL HELPFUL...

FWAK

OKAY... CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T DESERVE THAT.

SHUT UP!

Y'KNOW, I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A BOTTOM-FEEDING LOWLIFE DIRTBAG, BUT NOW I *KNOW* IT.

GET WELL

OFFICER GONZALES--

GET OUTTA HERE. AND BE GLAD I'M IN NO SHAPE TO COLLAR YOU.

YEAH, YEAH.

SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE.

Epilogue.

PARDONNEZ-MOI...

I DID NOT THINK...DID NOT...

...EXPECT...

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T.

SO BRASH. SO OVERCONFIDENT.

SO MUCH LIKE *HIM*. EVEN BRINGING ME YOUR TROPHY.

BUT YOUR LITTLE TRICKS HAVE ALMOST LED THE ENEMY TO US.

YOU ARE MORE LIKE HIM THAN I COULD EVER IMAGINE...

MY LITTLE ANA, YOU ARE EVERY BIT...

SNIK

...DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL.

Princess Aleksandra of Montenegro 1871-1937 deceased

Grand Duke Mikhail Alekse 1868 -1929 deceased

Sasha Aleksandra Nikolaevich b. 1924

Sergei Kravinoff 1918-2003

Ana Tatiana Kravinoff b. 1996

Vladamir Kravinoff 1961-2005 De

NOT THE END.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

SO, WHAT'S MY STORY?

IT GOES A LITTLE SOMETHING LIKE THIS: BOY MEETS RADIOACTIVE SPIDER. SPIDER BITES BOY.

BOY GETS AMAZING SPIDER-LIKE POWERS.

AND WHAT DID LI'L *PETER PARKER*, YOURS TRULY, *DO* WITH THIS GIFT?

RIGHT WRONGS? FIGHT CRIME? PROTECT THE INNOCENT? NAHHH...

I USED IT TO BECOME *SPIDER-MAN*, TV'S OVERNIGHT SENSATION!

SO I WAS LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE. BIG DEAL. THEY WERE *MY* POWERS.

THAT THIEF! YOU LET HIM GET AWAY! WHY DIDN'T YOU--?

NOT MY PROBLEM, OLD-TIMER.

THAT MADE ME *BETTER* THAN EVERYBODY, RIGHT?

WRONG. NOT LONG AFTER...

...MY UNCLE BEN, A MAN WHO WAS LIKE A FATHER TO ME, WAS SHOT AND KILLED--BY THAT SAME THIEF!

THE SAME ONE I COULD'VE TRIPPED, HELD ONTO, OR STOPPED A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS...

...LIKE AN EVENTUAL SPIDER-POWERED PUNCH TO THE JAW. BUT THAT WAS TOO LITTLE TOO LATE.

I'LL *NEVER* MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.

I'VE BEEN GIVEN *GREAT POWER*, BUT WITH IT THERE MUST ALSO COME *GREAT RESPONSIBILITY*.

THAT MEANS WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, MY LIFE AS PETER *ALWAYS* HAS TO TAKE A BACKSEAT...

...TO MY SPIDER-SIDE. AND WITH ALL OF THE BAD GUYS I'VE PICKED UP OVER THE YEARS...

...THAT CAN BE A FULL-TIME JOB!

NOT THAT I GET PAID FOR IT.

WELL, NOT *ALL* THE TIME.

SEE, I FIGURED OUT THAT IF I SET UP AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA...

...I COULD SNAP SHOTS OF MY SPIDEY-FIGHTS...

...AND SELL 'EM TO JOLLY *J. JONAH JAMESON*, OWNER OF THE *DAILY BUGLE*.

HA! WORTH EVERY PENNY!

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN &ELECTRO IN CAHOOT

DID IT BUG ME THAT HE USED MY *OWN* PHOTOS TO MAKE SPIDEY LOOK BAD? WELL, DUH.

BUT IT PAID THE BILLS, KEPT ME IN WEB-FLUID, AND I WAS A BIG BOY. I COULD TAKE IT.

THAT WAS *THEN*...

NOW'S A DIFFERENT STORY.

YOU'RE FIRED!

'CAUSE WHEN THE NEW OWNER, DEXTER BENNETT, TURNED THE PAPER INTO THE DB, NEW YORK'S TRASHIEST TABLOID...

...HE WANTED ME TO TAKE PICS THAT MADE OTHER PEOPLE LOOK BAD. AND, EVENTUALLY, THAT'S WHERE I DREW THE LINE.

SO HERE I AM, OUT OF WORK, BLACKLISTED BY EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO STAY ON BENNETT'S GOOD SIDE...

C'MON, PARKER. FIRST OF THE MONTH'S COMING. GET OFF YOUR BUTT.

...AND MY NEW ROOMIE, OFFICER VIN "BY THE BOOK" GONZALES, ISN'T ABOUT TO LET ME SLIDE ON MY HALF OF THE RENT.

WHAT'S A 24/7 HERO TO DO?

CROWNE FOR MAYOR

HERE'S A LISTING, PETE. A PLACE DOWNTOWN NEEDS A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER.

I DUNNO, CARLIE. I'VE GOT BAD MOJO WHEN IT COMES TO WEDDINGS.

SOME OF THESE "WORK FROM HOME" ADS SOUND PROMISING, THOUGH...

HEY, HARRY, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GIVE PETE A JOB HERE AT THE COFFEE BEAN?

LILY, MY LOVE...

PETE'S LIKE A BROTHER TO ME.

AND EVEN I WOULDN'T HIRE HIM FOR A NINE-TO-FIVE.

HARRY'S GOT A POINT. SERIOUSLY, HOW COULD I KEEP A REGULAR GIG...

...WHEN I'VE BEEN FACING DOWN ONE NEW THREAT AFTER ANOTHER? GUYS LIKE:

OVERDRIVE, MR. NEGATIVE, FREAK, PAPER DOLL, SCREWBALL, THE BOOKIE, AND...

...OH, YEAH, CAN'T FORGET CHUCKLES HERE.

OR, AS HE LIKES TO CALL HIMSELF...

MENACE IS BACK, MANHATTAN!

BACK WITH A NEW *CAMPAIGN OF TERROR!*

POOM

POOM

CONSIDER THIS A *WARNING!* CAST YOUR VOTES FOR HOLLISTER...

FWEEE

THE F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT SUPPORTS HOLLISTER FOR MAYOR

HOPE FOR TOMORROW

...AND *SEAL YOUR FATE!*

THE F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT SUPPORTS HOLLISTER

BRAKOWW

THWIP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP-IPP

LOOK OUT!

OH MY GOD!

AHHH!

WHAT?!! WHO *DARES* INTERFERE WITH MY--

UM. HULLO...?

GIANT SPIDER-WEB? WHO DO YOU THINK, EINSTEIN?!

SEE? THIS'S WHY THEY KEEP TALKING ABOUT A "NO VILLAIN LEFT BEHIND" PROGRAM.

KTAM

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

NEW WAYS TO DIE

PART ONE: BACK WITH VENGEANCE

GO ON AND ACT THE FOOL, SPIDER-MAN. THAT'S ALL YOU ARE TO ME, ANOTHER FOOL...

...WHO WILL FALL BEFORE MENACE!

DAN SLOTT	JOHN ROMITA JR.	KLAUS JANSON	DEAN WHITE	VC'S CORY PETIT	TOM BRENNAN	STEPHEN WACKER	TOM BREVOORT	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	PENCILS	INKS	COLORS	LETTERS	ASST. EDITOR	EDITOR	EXECUTIVE EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

AGAIN WITH THE NAME. "*MENACE*"? LET'S BE HONEST HERE.

THWIP

THWIP

YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER *GOBLIN*, AREN'T YOU? AND THAT'S GETTING KINDA OLD.

I MEAN, C'MON. I'VE ALREADY *FOUGHT* FOUR GREEN GOBLINS.

AGH!

THWAK

THWAK

TWO HOBGOBLINS, THREE FEMBOT GOBLINS...

...GRAY GOBLIN, DEMOGOBLIN, FUTURE GOBLIN...

...FRIED GOBLIN, SHRIMP GOBLIN, GOBLIN ON TOAST...

KA-BOOM

SHUT UP!!

CHUNK

AWW! A LITTLE "M"!

YOU'VE PERSONALIZED YOUR STUFF. HOW CUTE.

CH-

CH-

CH-

AHHH!

CHOOM

WAIT! I'VE GOT IT. FROM NOW ON, YOU CAN BE "MOCK-GOBLIN."

I'LL MOCK YOU.

AND YOU CAN EVEN KEEP YOUR LITTLE MONOGRAMMED BALLS.

CHUNK

CHUNK

CHUNK

HA! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

NOT WHEN YOU'RE SO *CLOSE* TO THEM.

KLIK

BEEP
SPIDER-SENSE TING--
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
JUMPED AS FAR AS I COULD.
BLAST RANGE TOO GREAT.
CAN FEEL THE WHOLE WALL COMING DOWN.
HOPE EVERYONE BELOW IS CLEAR OF THE--
RUMBLE

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

TENK

HYAAAHH!

OW! OW! OW! I THINK I PULLED SOMETHING.

THAT'S IT. THAT'S EVERYTHING I GOT. EVER WONDER WHAT "PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER" MEANS?

TODAY IT MEANS THE SIDE OF A BUILDING. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? THAT'S ***MYTHIC.*** THAT'S THE STUFF OF LEGENDS. THAT'S--

KEEP AWAY FROM HIM!

BUT HE LOOKS HURT--

DON'T YOU READ THE PAPER? HE'S A SERIAL KILLER!

--PAR FOR THE COURSE. HAVE TO REMIND MYSELF IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR CHEERS AND CURTAIN CALLS.

I DO THIS BECAUSE I ***HAVE*** TO. BECAUSE THAT'S THE MAN I CHOOSE TO BE. THE GUY WHO LOOKS OUT FOR--

LOOK! OVER THERE!

WHAT? WAVE AFTER WAVE OF PEOPLE POURING OUT...

<RUN!>

<HURRY!>

...AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THEY'RE MORE WORRIED ABOUT BEING *SEEN*...

...THAN THEY ARE OF THE REST OF THAT BUILDING COMING DOWN.

<PLEASE, MEI-LI. WE MUST STAY TOGETHER!>

DON'T NEED SPIDER-SENSE TO TELL ME...

...THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

KLIK

AFTER A QUICK CHECK TO MAKE SURE NO ONE'S TRAPPED INSIDE...

...I SEE ENOUGH TO KNOW *WHY* THEY ALL TOOK OFF LIKE THAT.

IT'S THE SAME SCAMPER I'VE BEEN DOING FOR YEARS: THE "*BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS SHOW UP*" DASH.

BREEP BREEP

PARKER? HEY, PETE. WHAT'S UP?

COULD USE SOME ADVICE--AND MAYBE A FAVOR--FROM MY BUSINESS-SAVVY BEST FRIEND...

AND, HARRY, THE CLOCK'S TICKING.

OKAY. SHOOT.

I STUMBLED ONTO A NEWS STORY TODAY. A BIG ONE. AND I TOOK SOME PICS OF IT. PULITZER-WORTHY STUFF.

SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

DEXTER BENNETT. HE'S GOT ME BLACKLISTED AT EVERY PAPER IN TOWN. SO I WAS WONDERING...

IF ANY OF THE KIDS YOU HAVE WORKING AT THE COFFEE BEAN COULD USE SOME EXTRA CASH...

...MAYBE THEY COULD *FRONT* FOR ME, SELL THE PICTURES, AND I COULD GIVE 'EM A CUT...

WHY, PETER PARKER! I'M SHOCKED...

...THAT MY STRAIGHT-LACED PAL WOULD SUGGEST SOMETHING SO...DEVIOUS.

REALLY, NOW? A '*SECRET IDENTITY*'? YOU'RE NOT THINKING THIS THROUGH.

ALL RIGHT, MR. O. ENLIGHTEN ME.

IF BENNETT'S YOUR ENEMY...

...USE *HIS* ENEMIES TO YOUR ADVANTAGE.

PLAY THEM OFF OF EACH OTHER.

SURELY THERE'S SOME PAPER OUT THERE THAT'D RUN YOUR PICTURES JUST TO SPITE HIM.

HAROLD THEOPOLIS OSBORN, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN.

BEN! THE SERVER'S DOWN!

NO, NO, NO! RUN IT AS IS!

CHIEF, WHAT'S OUR LEAD? NURSES' STRIKE OR SANITATION KICKBACKS?

KILL THE FIRST ONE. GO WITH THE SECOND ONE. WHAT?! NO, I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU!

The Offices Of Front Line.

BEN URICH'S "LITTLE PAPER THAT COULD."

YEAH?! WELL IF *YOU* THINK YOU COULD DO BETTER, THEN...

...YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.

AHH! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?! I'M A REPORTER! I SHOULD BE OUT IN THE FIELD!

I AGREE. SO WHY DON'T YOU MOVE ASIDE...

...AND LET ME DO THE JOB YOU HIRED ME FOR.

ROBBIE, I SWEAR, THE DAY YOU QUIT *THE DB* WAS ONE OF THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE.

AT THE RATE BENNETT'S GOING THROUGH US, IT WON'T BE LONG TILL THE ENTIRE BUGLE STAFF IS OVER HERE.

WELL *THERE'S* A CUE IF EVER I HEARD ONE.

PETER PARKER! WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND, KID?

LET ME GUESS. YOU'VE GOT SOME OF YOUR WORLD-CLASS PICTURES WITH YOU?

YEP. EXCLUSIVE SHOTS.

THESE ARE FROM THE DISASTER DOWNTOWN.

WE'VE ALREADY SENT A PHOTOGRAPHER DOWN THERE.

BUT THESE ARE FROM *BEFORE* THE REST OF THE BUILDING COLLAPSED.

THERE WERE *HUNDREDS* OF PEOPLE CRAMMED IN THERE, BEN. AND ROW AFTER ROW OF HAND-OPERATED MACHINES.

A SWEATSHOP? AN ILLEGAL SWEATSHOP IN THE HEART OF THE CITY?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU'RE GONNA *LOVE* THIS!

WHAT IS IT, SALLY?

ONE OF MY SOURCES GAVE ME A TIP ABOUT THAT ADDRESS.

I HAD TO GO THROUGH A FEW DUMMY CORPORATIONS, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO *ACTUALLY* OWNS IT...

...NONE OTHER THAN MAYORAL CANDIDATE *RANDALL CROWNE!*

THEY'RE KILLING ME!

WHAP

FRONT LINE

CROWNE LINKED TO SWEATSHOP!

INDUSTRIAL DISASTER SCANDAL!

MAYORAL CANDIDATE'S FINANCIAL RECORDS TIED TO THE SITE OF YESTERDAY'S DISASTER.

MY GOOD NAME. MY STANDING IN THE POLLS. MY COMPANY'S PROFITS.

THIS DOWNWARD TREND? IT HAS TO STOP. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU, OLD FRIEND.

REALLY? AND WHAT CAN I DO?

WHAT *CAN'T* YOU DO? RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE MR. LAW-AND-ORDER. AMERICA CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU. AND YOUR...OUTFIT.

IF YOU WERE TO COME OUT AND BACK ME, IT COULD SEW UP THE ELECTION.

I'D NEED SOME QUID PRO QUO FIRST.

WHAT? WHAT MORE CAN I...? YOU ALREADY HAVE ACCESS TO MY "*SECRET RESOURCES.*"

THAT WAS YESTERDAY. LET'S TALK TODAY.

YOU STILL HAVE PULL WITH THE CURRENT ADMINISTRATION. IN ORDER TO BRING MY "*OUTFIT*" IN, I NEED A VERY ***SPECIAL*** HUNTING PERMIT.

AND PROPER ZONING.

ZONING? WHAT FOR?

FOR THE VICTORY PARADE, OF COURSE. DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

YES. SO YOU'RE IN?

IN? OH, I'M *MORE* THAN IN.

THAT'S GREAT! JUST THINK, *NORMAN OSBORN*, A CROWNE-MAN.

MORE LIKE...

...THE POWER BEHIND THE CROWNE.

Thunderbolts Mountain, Colorado. HOME TO AMERICA'S TOP TEAM OF "HERO HUNTERS."

REMEMBER THE PURPOSE OF THIS DRILL.

TAKE OUT AS MANY *UNLICENSED* HEROES AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN, STARTING...

...NOW!

SO MANY CHOICES...

SKREEEEE

THE THUNDER GOD IS MINE!

KRRKKZ

WHATEVER, CHEN. GO CRAZY.

BUT ONE GUY AT A TIME JUST DOESN'T DO IT FOR ME.

FWIP

NOT WHILE I'M PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK...

THUK

CHEK

SLIK

...OF THESE T-BOLTS MOST WANTED CARDS.

WITH BULLSEYE, THAT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY FULL DECK HE'S EVER--

GWARRR!!

CRASH

POINT OF THIS [illegible] ONLY GO AFTER [illegible] HEROES?

RADIOACTIVE MAN! BULLSEYE! STOP HIM BEFORE HE DESTROYS ALL OF OUR TRAINING DUMMIES.

EASY, MEL. MY BOY VENOM'S ON A ROLL.

THE EXERCISE IS TERMINATED, MS. GOLD. WE'VE RECEIVED THE CALL FROM DIRECTOR OSBORN.

SADDLE UP. WE'RE GOING TO NEW YORK.

WHAT'S IN NEW YORK?

HEH! WHAT DO YA THINK?!

THE SPIDER-MAN: SERIAL KILLER STORY, YES. ON THE FRONT PAGE WHERE IT ALWAYS IS.

OF COURSE, RANDALL. TRUST ME, WE'LL HAVE THIS CITY SO TERRIFIED THAT THEY'LL BE GRATEFUL WHEN YOU-- ONE SECOND.

WHAT IS IT, MS. BRANT? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ON THE PHONE?

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, BOSS?

AH, YES. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU LATER, R.C.

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, MS. BRANT? WE WERE ***SCOOPED.*** BY SOME RINKY DINK RAG CALLED ***FRONT LINE.***

THAT ***CANNOT*** HAPPEN AGAIN. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

GOTCHA. SO YOU WANT ME TO LOOK INTO THE CROWNE/SWEATSHOP SCANDAL AS WELL.

MS. BRANT, ***WHICH*** CANDIDATE DO I SUPPORT IN THIS ELECTION?

CROWNE.

SO ***WHAT*** DOES THAT MAKE US HERE AT ***THE DB?***

A CROWNE PAPER, SIR.

SO, FOR THE SAKE OF ***FAIR*** AND ***BALANCED*** REPORTING...

...WE ARE GOING TO COUNTER WITH A SCANDAL ABOUT ***THIS*** MAN, BILLIONAIRE ***MARTIN LI...***

...WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF BILL HOLLISTER'S BIGGEST SUPPORTERS.

YOU'RE SERIOUS? YOU WANT ME TO DIG UP DIRT ON MARTIN "*THE MARTYR*" LI?

FOUNDER OF THE F.E.A.S.T. HOMELESS SHELTERS? PHILANTHROPIST OF THE YEAR? *THAT* MARTIN LI?

PRE-CISELY.

NO ONE IS THAT SQUEAKY CLEAN. AND NOW...?

NOW IT'S BORDERING ON THE ABSURD. THERE ARE REPORTS THAT ALL THE TERMINALLY ILL IN HIS SHELTERS...

...ARE *MIRACULOUSLY* GETTING HEALED! WOOO-OOO!

WHAT A LOAD OF *BUNK!* TRUST ME...

"...EVERYONE HAS A *DARK SIDE*, MS. BRANT.

"AND I'M MAKING IT YOUR JOB TO FIND HIS."

ALL RIGHT, HERE GOES. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SO NERVOUS ABOUT.

THE MAN RUNS A HOMELESS OUTREACH PROGRAM. WHAT'S THE WORST HE CAN THROW AT ME?

HELP

HELP

BETTY BRANT, I HAVE *NEVER* BEEN MORE DISAPPOINTED IN YOU!

MRS. PARKER, PLEASE...

A STORY ON MARTIN FOR *THE DB?!* THAT PAPER IS PURE FILTH.

JUST LOOK AT ALL THE HORRIBLE PICTURES THEY RUN OF THAT NICE BILL HOLLISTER.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAY.

PUBLICITY FOR THE SHELTER IS ALWAYS A GOOD THING. AND BESIDES...

...I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.

AS OUR NAME SAYS, HERE AT F.E.A.S.T. WE PROVIDE THE LESS FORTUNATE WITH FOOD, EMERGENCY AID, SHELTER, AND TRAINING.

ALL THE TOOLS THEY NEED TO GET BACK ON THEIR FEET.

IT'S THE "EMERGENCY AID" PART THAT INTERESTS ME, MR. LI...

DO YOU HAVE PHYSICIANS ON STAFF? IF SO, WHAT KINDS OF DRUGS ARE THEY PRESCRIBING?

ONLY OVER THE COUNTER ITEMS: ASPIRIN, BANDAGES, ANTISEPTIC OINTMENTS--

THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE RUMORS OF THESE SO-CALLED MIRACLES?

PERHAPS GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES? MS. BRANT, ARE YOU--?

THAT-THAT'S EDDIE BROCK! THAT'S VENOM! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!

HE WAS DYING OF CANCER! HOW IS HE STILL *ALIVE?*

MR. LI?

IT'S OKAY, EDDIE. TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, MS. BRANT, HE'S HERE BECAUSE HE ASKED FOR HELP.

HE'S STILL ALIVE BECAUSE INSTEAD OF A CANCER *VICTIM*, HE CHOOSES TO BE A CANCER *SURVIVOR.*

AND AS FOR VENOM? *THAT'S* WHAT MADE ME SICK, BETTY, INSIDE AND OUT.

BUT I GOT RID OF IT. I CAST IT OUT. AND I FILLED THAT EMPTINESS, THAT VOID, WITH *FAITH.*

IT'S TRUE.

THAT WAS HOW I MET MR. BROCK, PRAYING FOR FORGIVENESS...

"...IN THE SAME CHURCH WHERE HE HAD ONCE PRAYED FOR VENGEANCE.

"I OFFERED A PATH TO MR. BROCK, A JOB AT THE F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT...

"...AND A CHANCE TO USE HIS REMAINING DAYS HELPING THOSE WHO WERE EVEN LESS FORTUNATE.

"AS EDDIE SOUGHT TO FIND A NEW FUTURE FOR HIMSELF...

"...I ASKED A FRIEND OF MINE, A LAWYER WHO'S BEEN VERY GENEROUS TO OUR HELL'S KITCHEN BRANCH...

"...TO HELP EDDIE FIND A WAY TO RESTORE HIS PAST.

"IN AN EXONERATION, HEARING HE PROVED TO THE COURT THAT EDDIE BROCK WAS NOT IN CONTROL OF HIS ACTIONS WHILE VENOM WAS BONDED TO BOTH HIS BODY AND MIND."

EDDIE'S A NEW MAN, MS. BRANT

BUT HIS CANCER...IT WAS IN ITS LATER STAGES. IS THIS...YOU KNOW...

...ONE OF THOSE "SO-CALLED MIRACLES"?

IF THAT'S WHAT EDDIE WISHES TO BELIEVE...

...WHO ARE WE TO QUESTION THAT?

"WHAT MATTERS IS IT GIVES HIM STRENGTH...

"...A REASON TO KEEP FIGHTING...

"AND WHERE'S THE HARM IN THAT?"

Alphabet City.
LOWER EAST SIDE.
WELL, THIS IS MY STOP. YOU SURE WE'RE DONE, BEN?
FOR TODAY. WE GET ANY MORE LEADS ON THIS ONE, OR I NEED A GOOD SHUTTERBUG, I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL.
SO? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A "FRONT LINER" INSTEAD OF A "DEEB'ER"? I KNOW WE CAN'T PAY YOU AS WELL, BUT--
BUT NOTHING. SURE, THE RATES WERE HIGH AT THE DB....
AVE A
E 3rd
INTERNET BUBBLE
LAUNDRY AND INTER
...BUT SO WAS THE PRICE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
UNDERSTOOD.
GOOD TO BE WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN, PARKER.
THANKS.
NOT BAD. NOT BAD AT ALL.
A GOOD DAY'S WORK, A LOUSY DAY'S PAY...
5B
BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, I TOOK SOME PHOTOS...
...AND DIDN'T FEEL THE NEED TO SHOWER OFF A LAYER OF TABLOID-SLIME WHEN I GOT...
5B
...HOME?
SPIDER-SENSE? WHAT ON EARTH KICKED OFF MY--

HEY!

HE SPOTTED ME! DON'T KNOW HOW BUT--

DOESN'T MATTER! EVERYONE FALL IN!

...IT'S AN HONEST MISTAKE.

WHSHH

WAIT! GUYS, I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT...

I WALKED OUT OF THE STORE, AND THE SHIRT STILL HAD THE TAG ON IT.

WHY DON'T WE GO BACK AND RING IT UP?

YOU ARE FROM *THE GAP*, RIGHT?

SMART GUY, HUH?

YEAH. BUT HE'S SURE GOT THE MOVES.

GUY'S GOT A POINT.

PLAIN OL' PETER PARKER SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PUT UP THIS MUCH OF A FIGHT.

GOT A HOLD OF 'IM!

PUT HIM DOWN!

BETTER PLAY ALONG. FOR NOW...

WAP

OKAY, I TAKE IT BACK. YOU'RE *NOT* FROM *THE GAP.*

THE WAY YOU HIT, I'M THINKING *BABY GAP.*

POK

CUTE. TRY LAUGHING *THIS* OFF!

OKAY, SO WHAT'S THE DEAL? WHY DID THEY WANT ME INSIDE MY OWN APARTMENT SO...

...BADLY.

WELL, WELL, WELL...

NO!

PARKER...

To Be Continued...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I DIDN'T QUALIFY FOR *TREATMENT?*
I HAVE *TERMINAL CANCER!* HOW CAN I NOT *QUALIFY?*

MR. BROCK--
THESE *CLINICAL TRIALS* WERE MY *LAST HOPE!* MA'AM, YOU *HAVE* TO GET ME *IN!*
*MR. BROCK-- EDDIE--*LET'S TAKE A *BREATH--*
IT *HURTS* TO BREATHE! IT HURTS TO *TALK!* IT HURTS TO DO *ANYTHING!*
DO YOU *GET THAT?*
THESE ARE *EXPERIMENTAL TREATMENTS* AND, I'M *SORRY*, BUT OUR TESTS SHOW YOU *DO NOT QUALIFY.*
MY HANDS ARE TIED.

MINE AREN'T.

--ISTER *BROCK?* ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION? YOU *GLAZED OVER* THERE FOR A SECOND.
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE OTHER CANDIDATES TO--
--TO *INTERVIEW.*
DISAPPOINT.

I...
LISTEN, YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK IN WITH YOUR *ONCOLOGIST.* YOU LOOK A LITTLE... *ROUGH.*
I WOULDN'T KNOW.

FOR A LONG TIME, MY BODY HOSTED AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE CALLED ***VENOM.***

IT BROUGHT OUT THE ***WORST*** IN ME.

EVENTUALLY, IT ***DEPARTED***, BUT ITS POISON STILL ***LINGERS.***

NOT ***PHYSICALLY.*** I CAN'T BLAME IT FOR THE ***CANCER.*** BUT VENOM STILL RUSTLES ***INSIDE*** ME...STILL WHISPERS UGLY WORDS IN MY ***EAR***, STILL BUBBLES AND ***BOILS***...AND IT'S A CONSTANT STRUGGLE TO TAMP HIM ***DOWN.***

IT'S ***ESPECIALLY*** HARD NOT TO RESENT WHAT HE ***TOOK*** FROM ME THAT I ***NEVER*** GOT BACK:

MY ***FACE.***

I HAVEN'T SEEN MY ***OWN FACE*** IN THE ***MIRROR*** SINCE THE DAY VENOM FIRST ***POSSESSED*** ME. NOT ***ONCE.***

WHAT ***MUST*** I LOOK LIKE AFTER ALL THE CHEMO AND SICKNESS?

AM I AS UGLY ON THE ***OUTSIDE*** AS I AM ON THE INSIDE?

FIFTH STAGE

MARK WAID WRITER | ***ADI GRANOV*** ARTIST | ***VC'S CORY PETIT*** LETTERS | ***TOM BRENNAN*** ASST. EDITOR | ***STEPHEN WACKER*** EDITOR | ***TOM BREVOORT*** EXECUTIVE EDITOR | ***JOE QUESADA*** EDITOR IN CHIEF | ***DAN BUCKLEY*** PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

I'VE BEEN TRYING SO *VERY HARD* TO FIGHT BACK THE DARKNESS. HAVING THAT OSCORP STRAW TO GRASP WAS A HUGE *HELP*.

NOW ALL I HAVE LEFT IS *FAITH* THAT MAYBE...

...JUST MAYBE...

...I CAN EARN MY WAY INTO *HEAVEN* BEFORE I DIE.

F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT
FOOD, EMERGENCY AID, SHELTER AND TRAINING

MARTIN LI AND MAY PARKER LET ME SPEND MY DAYS...THE GOOD ONES, ANYWAY... SERVING THE HOMELESS AT THEIR F.E.A.S.T. CENTER.

IT'S HARD WORK, BUT IT'S REWARDING.

AND COMFORTING-- TO BE *ACCEPTED* BY THE LAST *FAMILY* I'LL EVER *HAVE*. THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT *LEFT*.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ABOUT THE JOB I DON'T CARE FOR:

MIKE. ONE OF THE SHELTERED.

NO LAST NAME. NO TALKING ABOUT WHAT BROUGHT HIM HERE, OR WHY HE'S ON THE STREETS.

JUST AN ATTITUDE.

UNLIKE EVERYONE *ELSE*, EVEN WITH ZERO IN HIS POCKETS, MIKE IS AN *INGRATE*.

DAY AFTER DAY, NOTHING I EVER OFFER SEEMS GOOD ENOUGH.

HE REMINDS ME OF MY DAD IN A WAY--HOW THERE'S ONLY *PUNISHMENT* IN TRYING TO PLEASE HIM.

IT TAKES ALL THE ENERGY I HAVE TO IGNORE HOW MUCH I *HATE* HIM.

SNFF WHAT IS *THIS* SLOP? INNIT S'POSED T' LOOK BETTER GOIN' *INTO* ME THAN IT WILL COMIN' *OUT*?

AND I'M NOT STRONG TODAY.

TAKE THIS CRAP OUTTA MY *FACE* AND BRING ME SOME *REAL* FOOD...

...*BOY*.

BOY?

WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO RELENTLESSLY UNGRATEFUL?

DO YOU THINK YOUR LIFE IS OVER NOW BECAUSE YOU'RE HOMELESS?

HAS POOR MIKE CONVINCED HIMSELF THE FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK?

IS THAT IT?

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT BLEAK IS?

DO YOU GET TO LIVE, MIKE?

DO YOU HAVE CANCER?

ARE YOU GOING TO DIE SOON?

WELL?

EDDIE!

...

FORGIVE ME, MR. LI. I WAS... LOST IN *THOUGHT*. I'LL BE FI--

EDDIE...

...WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE...?*

OH, EDDIE...

I CAN HEAR THE OTHER MEN MUTTERING.

"MIKE THREW A *TRAY*."
"ATTACKED *EDDIE*."
"SELF-*DEFENSE*."

EDDIE, WAIT--!

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY

THE DAMAGE IS *DONE*.

THEY'VE ALL MADE THEIR JUDGMENT.

THEY KNOW.

I USED TO GET DOWN ON MY KNEES AND PRAY TO GOD AFTER A BLOW-UP LIKE THAT.

I'D BEG HIM TO GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE...JUST ONE... TO MAKE IT RIGHT.

I DON'T EVEN WANT *THAT* MUCH ANYMORE.

I JUST WANT TO BE PUT OUT OF MY MISERY ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. PLEASE, GOD, PLEASE.

I JUST WANT THIS LIFE TO BE OVER.

THAT'S THE ONLY WISH I HAVE LEFT.

MR. BROCK? THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW.

INTERESTING.

I SEE HERE THAT YOU WERE TURNED DOWN FOR A CLINICAL TRIAL AT OSCORP.

YEAH.

JUST AS WELL.

YEAH.

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I--

EDDIE, STAND UP. COME OVER HERE TO THE SINK.

I'D RATHER *NOT*.

COME ON. I'LL HELP YOU.

EDDIE, I WANT YOU TO LOOK IN THAT MIRROR AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

BECAUSE I SEE A MAN *TOTALLY WITHOUT CANCER.*

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. BROCK.

H-- HOW--?

I *CANNOT* EXPLAIN IT, EDDIE... BUT THIS IS *BEYOND* SIMPLE REMISSION. YOU ARE IN *PERFECT HEALTH.* SOMEONE UP THERE HAS GIVEN YOU A *SECOND CHANCE.*

WE RAN YOUR TESTS *REPEATEDLY* TO BE COMPLETELY *SURE,* AND, WELL...

...I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO *SAY* THIS, BUT...I THINK OUR WORK HERE IS *DONE.*

IT'S...DOCTOR, I CAN'T THANK YOU *ENOUGH...!*

I'VE NEVER WITNESSED ANYTHING *LIKE* IT. GO. LIVE A GOOD, LONG *LIFE.* HOW DO YOU PLAN TO *CELEBRATE?*

...

I'M GOING TO REFLECT.

End.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #569

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

NEW WAYS TO DIE
PART TWO
THE OSBORN SUPREMACY

DAN SLOTT
WRITER

JOHN ROMITA JR.
PENCILS

KLAUS JANSON
INKS

DEAN WHITE
COLORS

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

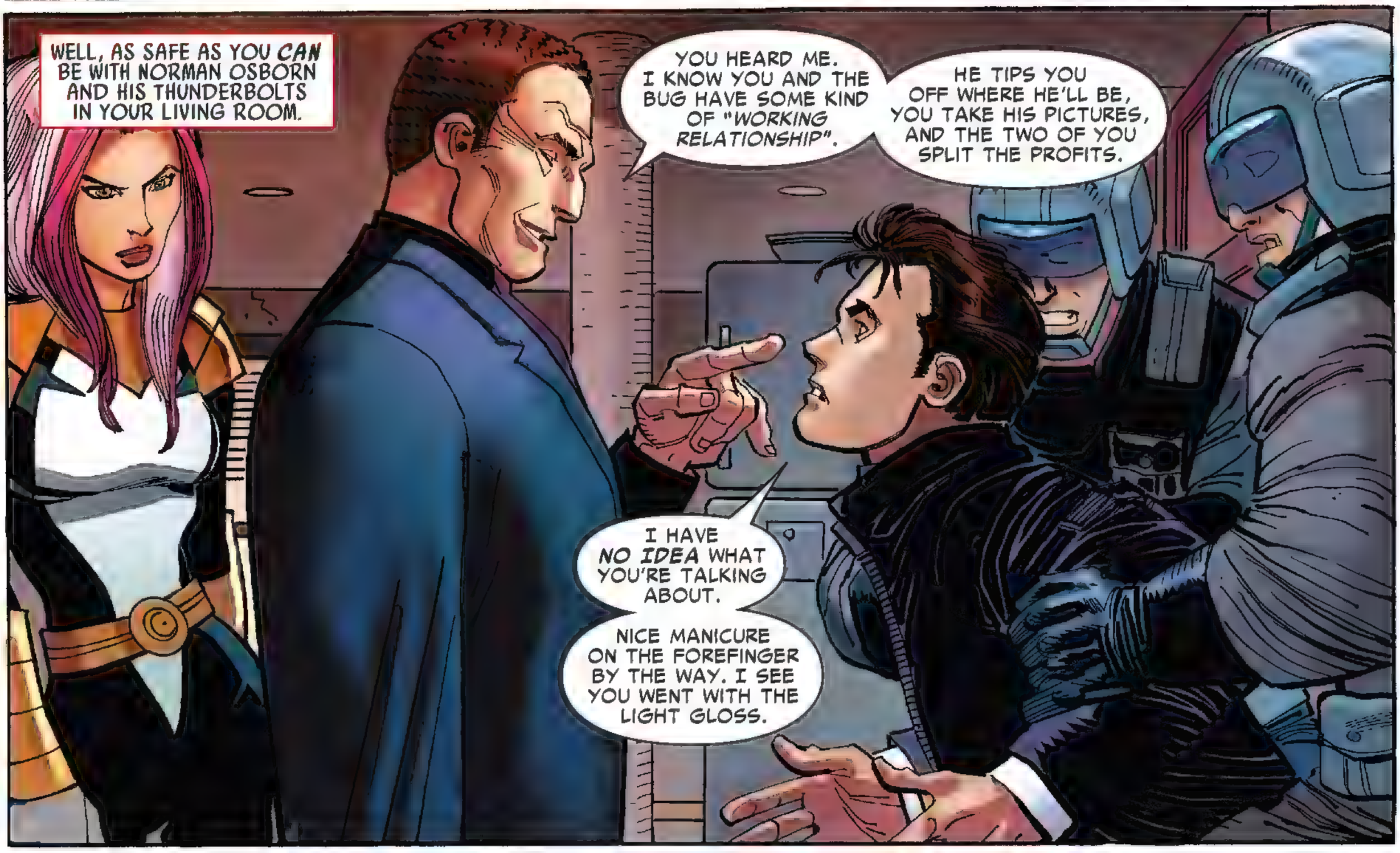
STEPHEN WACKER
EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS
SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST



ALL RIGHT. THE HARD WAY. T-BOLTS, TOSS THE ROOM.

HE MUST HAVE SOME WAY OF CONTACTING THE WALL-CRAWLER. FIND IT.

YOU GOT ME, NORMIE. THAT'S MY SPECIAL SIGNAL-COUCH. IT ALSO UNFOLDS INTO A SLEEPER.

HEY, GARGAN!

YOU MIND PUTTING THAT BACK? THAT'S A PRIVATE--

DO WE MIND? YESSS, WE DO. WHERE'SSS *OUR* CUT, PARKER? ALL THOSE YEARSSS YOU TOOK *OUR* PICTURESSS...

...WHEN I WASSS THE SCORPION. WHEN MY *OTHER* WASSS WITH BROCK...AND...AND... THE SPIDER.

IT'SSS ONLY FAIR THAT *WE* TAKE ONE OF *YOURSSS*.

KSHH

STOP IT! WHAT GIVES YOU THE--

I'M TRYING TO *HELP* YOU, SON. IF YOU'RE WITHHOLDING INFORMATION ABOUT A *DANGEROUS* FUGITIVE...

...YOU COULD BE IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

YEAH?! AND WHAT'S *THIS?*

A PRELUDE. I'VE BEEN GOING EASY ON YOU, PETER, BECAUSE...

...YOU'RE A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY. *NEXT TIME*, HOWEVER...

DIRECTOR OSBORN?

WHAT IS IT?!

THIS IS COLEMAN, SIR, ON THE ROOF.

YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT PARKER'S ROOMMATE, THE COP.

I HAVE A POSITIVE I.D. HE'S ON HIS WAY UP.

VERY WELL. WE'RE DONE HERE. MOVE OUT.

SEE YOU AROUND, PARKER. KISSS KISSS.

GARGAN, HEEL.

WHOA! WHERE ARE *YOU* GOING? YOU CAN'T JUST BARGE INTO SOMEBODY'S HOME AND THEN--

YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF, BOY. ASK YOUR FRIEND, THE BUG. HE'LL TELL YOU.

AND NEXT TIME YOU DO SEE HIM, YOU BE SURE TO LET HIM KNOW...

...THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN.

NORMAN OSBORN. HARRY'S DAD. THE *GREEN GOBLIN*. HE'S BACK.

NOT SOME TWO-BIT KNOCKOFF LIKE MENACE. THE REAL DEAL.

AND WITH THE THUNDERBOLTS, JUST *VENOM* WOULD BE BAD ENOUGH...

LAST TIME I RAN INTO 'EM IT WAS A CHANCE ENCOUNTER. THIS TIME THEY'RE GUNNING FOR ME!

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST LAY LOW AND WAIT THEM--

HEY, PETE.

UH, VIN, YOU DIDN'T PASS ANYONE IN THE HALL, HUH? LIKE, OH...

SOME STORM TROOPERS? A POINTY-TOOTHED MONSTER? GUY IN A HAZMAT SUIT? NOTHING LIKE THAT?

PARKER? WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOU--

OH, MAN!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU WHEN YOU MOVED IN, HUH?

NO PARTIES!

SLAM

BUT I DIDN'T...

YOU BETTER GET THAT ALL CLEANED UP!

BUT...

I SWEAR, MAN, I'LL KICK YOU OUT ONTO THE STREET!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

The F.E.A.S.T. Homeless Shelter. ON AVENUE A

MR. LI! MRS. PARKER!

EDDIE BROCK, JUST LOOK AT YOU. WE BETTER DRY YOU OFF BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH.

NO, I WON'T. I MEAN...I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE DOCTOR.

I'M...I'M CURED. THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE CANCER. NONE AT ALL!

ME

OH, EDWARD, THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHAT HAVE I BEEN SAYING, MARTIN?

IT'S ANOTHER MIRACLE! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE...

NOW MAY, LET'S NOT GET EVERYONE WORKED UP. BUT STILL, THAT'S GREAT NEWS, EDDIE. I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU.

IT'S BARELY BEEN AN HOUR SINCE THEY TOLD ME, AND I-I CAN'T...

DARE

...I CAN'T STOP CRYING...

EASY, MY FRIEND.

MAY, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN THINGS OUT HERE FOR A WHILE?

ALL RIGHT, BUT HURRY BACK.

EVER SINCE WE'VE BEEN BLESSED BY ALL OF THESE "YOU-KNOW-WHATS," THE CROWDS HAVE BEEN POURING IN.

DAD

HERE, WHY DON'T WE STEP INTO MY OFFICE?

THEY SAY IT'S UNHEARD OF. MY WHITE BLOOD CELL COUNT. THE ANTIBODIES IN MY SYSTEM. EVERYTHING'S NORMAL. BETTER THAN NORMAL!

AND IT'S NOT JUST THE ***SICKNESS*** THAT'S GONE, IT'S THE ***CAUSE*** OF IT, THE ***SYMBIOTE***, IT'S GONE ***TOO!*** EVERY LAST TRACE OF IT.

EVERY LAST WHISPER OF IT IN MY HEAD...GONE. SOMETHING INSIDE ME ***PURGED*** IT! I'M FREE.

AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.

THE LIFE I'VE LED. THE...THINGS I'VE DONE. I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID TO DESERVE...

EDDIE, IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT YOU DON'T QUESTION THE MIRACLES AND MAGIC IN LIFE. YOU JUST ENJOY THEM.

YOU KNOW, I RARELY BRING PEOPLE INTO THIS ROOM...

IT'S MY PRIVATE SANCTUARY. AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'VE FOUND SOME MAGIC HERE TOO. SEE THIS BOARD?

I HAVE IT SET UP FOR A GAME OF GO. EVERY DAY OR SO, I MAKE A MOVE WITH ONE OF THE WHITE PIECES...

...AND--DON'T LAUGH-- SOME MORNINGS I UNLOCK THE DOOR AND COME IN TO FIND THAT A MOVE'S BEEN MADE WITH A BLACK ONE.

I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHERE MY "*OPPONENT*" COMES FROM. MAYBE I'LL NEVER KNOW.

BUT HERE'S WHAT I'VE LEARNED: IT'S OKAY TO ENJOY THE GAME.

"OH THISSS'S GONNA BE GOOD..."

...THEY'RE GIVING HIM THE KEY TO THE CITY? PRICELESSS.

WE ARE GATHERED HERE AT THE STEPS OF CITY HALL TO HONOR NORMAN OSBORN, A GREAT MAN, AND A GREAT AMERICAN.

BUT BEFORE WE BEGIN, DEXTER BENNETT, PUBLISHER OF THE DB, WOULD LIKE TO REDRESS A GREAT WRONG.

EASY, GARGAN. ONLY THE MAYOR CAN AWARD SOMEONE THE KEY. AND CROWNE'S A LONG WAY FROM THAT.

BACK WHEN MY PAPER WAS CALLED *THE DAILY BUGLE*, IT PRINTED SOME PRETTY TALL TALES ABOUT "*STORMIN' NORMAN.*" MY ***STORM-GUY.*** MY ***STORMY.***

CALLED HIM A MENACE. SAID HE WAS THE "*GREEN GOBLIN*". WELL I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, WE'RE OFFERING A FULL RETRACTION AND OUR ***SINCEREST*** APOLOGY.

NOT JUST TO STORMY HERE, BUT TO ALL OF NEW YORK! YOU DESERVE TO KNOW WHO THE ***GOOD GUYS*** ARE, AND WHO ARE THE ***REAL MENACES!***

WELL SAID, DB. WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR HONORED GUEST. THANKS TO HIS THUNDERBOLTS PROGRAM...

...OUR GREAT NATION CAN SLEEP EASIER UNDER THE BLANKET OF SECURITY THAT HE PROVIDES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE TO YOU THE CROWNE FOUNDATION'S MAN OF THE YEAR, NORMAN OSBORN.

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

NORMAN S OSBORN

THANK YOU, RANDALL. BUT I'M NOT HERE FOR AN AWARD. I'M HERE FOR YOU. I'M HERE FOR NEW YORK. AND I'M ***NOT*** HERE ALONE. EVERYONE...

"...THE THUNDERBOLTS!"

WE LOVE YOU, SONGBIRD!

VENOM! OVER HERE

T-BOLTS! YOU ROCK!

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

AND WE'RE HERE ON A MISSION! TO DO THE JOB THAT BILL HOLLISTER'S FRIENDS IN THE NYPD HAVE FAILED TO DO...

...TO RID THE CITY OF THAT SERIAL-KILLING CRIMINAL, *SPIDER-MAN!*

MY GOD, BEN, IT'S OFFICIAL. UP IS DOWN. BLACK IS WHITE. SPIDEY'S THE BAD GUY AND OSBORN'S THE HERO?!

BELIEVE ME, PETE. I KNOW.

I'M THE REPORTER WHO FILED THAT STORY BENNETT JUST SCRAPED OFF HIS SHOE. I STOOD BY IT THEN...

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

...AND I STAND BY IT *NOW!* WHAT DOES OSBORN THINK?

THAT HE CAN JUST WAVE A MAGIC WAND AND EVERYONE WILL *FORGET* WHO HE *REALLY* IS?

RIGHT. 'CAUSE THAT'D BE...CRAZY.

PRESS

MR. OSBORN! BEN URICH OF *FRONT LINE.*

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON YOUR FRIEND RANDALL CROWNE'S INVOLVEMENT WITH ILLEGAL SWEATSHOPS IN THE CITY?

MR. OSBORN!

YES, DEAR. YOU, IN THE FRONT.

SANDY STONE FROM ENTERTAINMENT NEWS.

ARE YOU ONLY IN TOWN FOR BUSINESS? OR DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER PLANS?

WHY YES, SANDY. I'M ALSO HERE FOR *FAMILY.*

The Coffee Bean.
JUST OFF ASTOR PLACE.

HOW'S IT LOOK? EVERYTHING OKAY?

EVERYTHING LOOKS FINE, HARRY.

FINE ISN'T *GOOD* ENOUGH, CARLIE. NOT FOR HIM. IT HAS TO BE PERFECT.

SWEETIE, YOU GOTTA CALM DOWN. YOUR DAD'S COMING BY FOR A VISIT...

...AND YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE IT'S THE END OF THE--

BOSS!

HE'S HERE!

FATHER! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, SIR. AS THE PROUD PROPRIETOR, LET ME WELCOME YOU TO THE COFFEE BEAN.

AND I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY NEW GIRLFRIEND, LILY HOLLISTER.

IT'S A PLEASURE TO--

YOU'RE BILL HOLLISTER'S GIRL.

I HOPE THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WITH YOU BEING A CROWNE MAN AND ALL.

I'M IN THE HABIT OF BACKING WINNERS, MS. HOLLISTER. AND FRANKLY...

....I'M SURPRISED HARRY'S SUNK SO MUCH OF HIS POCKET CHANGE INTO A CANDIDATE THAT IS SO...UNELECTABLE.

WHY DON'T I GET US SOME COFFEE?

COLBERT (AND SO CAN YOU!)

SO? THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH YOURSELF NOW? SERVING DRINKS?

ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE THAN THAT. I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU. *THIS* STORE IS JUST THE START.

I'VE CLOSED SOME BIG DEALS AND, WELL...WE'RE *FRANCHISING.* WHEN I'M DONE...

...THERE'LL BE *COFFEE BEANS* THROUGHOUT THE EAST COAST. I SHOULD CLEAR A *BILLION* IN THE FIRST YEAR.

HARRY! THAT'S *INCREDIBLE!* WHY DIDN'T YOU--?

LIKE I SAID, I WANTED IT TO BE A SURPRISE. FOR YOU, DAD.

WHAT? YOU THINK I HAVEN'T BEEN KEEPING TABS ON YOU? AND ALL OF YOUR LITTLE... SIDE PROJECTS.

YOU WALKED AWAY FROM OSCORP, FROM THE FAMILY BUSINESS. AND FOR *WHAT?*

TO SELL GROUND BEANS TO THE EFFETE? TO BECOME A FAILED KINGMAKER?

I-I WANTED TO SHOW YOU I COULD DO SOMETHING...ON MY OWN... THAT I...

IF ONLY YOU *WERE* ON YOUR OWN. BUT YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE AN *OSBORN.*

AND I HAVE *NEVER* BEEN MORE ASHAMED OF THAT.

HARRY...DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. *I'M* PROUD OF YOU.

AND YOUR DAD? HE'LL COME AROUND. YOU'LL SEE. EVERYTHING'LL BE FINE.

STOP SAYING THAT!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA, YOU SPOILED LITTLE DADDY'S GIRL!

AH!

KASHH

I-I NEED--

--NEED SOME AIR.

LILY? ARE YOU...?

YEAH. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT HARRY? I'VE *NEVER* SEEN HIM LIKE THAT.

SO... FAR FROM PERFECT.

Osborn Manor.

ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE.

THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED RESIDENCE OF NORMAN OSBORN...

STATUS REPORT.

...AND CURRENT COMMAND POST FOR THE THUNDERBOLTS.

SOUND OFF.

SONGBIRD HERE...

...I'M IN A HOLDING PATTERN OVER HIS HIGHEST "TRAFFIC ZONE". BUT IF HE KNOWS WE'RE LOOKING FOR HIM, IT SEEMS POINTLESS TO--

IF YOU'D LIKE TO QUESTION MY TACTICS, MELISSA, WE CAN DO THAT LATER. IN PRIVATE.

UM...NO, SIR. I'M FINE.

THE D D

RADIOACTIVE MAN, ANYTHING YOU WISH TO ADD?

NEGATIVE. I AM CONTINUING MY SEARCH OF THIS "FOREST HILLS." THE SPIDER HAS BEEN SPOTTED HERE MANY TIMES.

I'M TRYING TO USE MY POWERS TO TRACK HIM. ARE YOU CERTAIN HIS BLOOD IS RADIOACTIVE?

DR. LU, I COULD TELL YOU WHAT IT TASTES LIKE.

WE CAN DO YOU ONE BETTER, OSBORN. WE'VE BEEN IN HISSS HEAD. IN HISSS SOUL.

WE KNOW THAT MEATBAG FROM THE INSIDE OUT. IF HE'SSS OUT THERE, WE'LL FIND HIM!

NOW THAT'S THE CAN-DO SPIRIT I LIKE.

DIRECTOR, VENOM'S NOT STICKING TO HIS GRID. HE'S ALL OVER THE PLACE.

GOOD. IT CAN'T HURT TO HAVE A WILD CARD IN THE MIX.

THEN WHAT ABOUT BULLSEYE, SIR?

I SAID "WILD". NOT "PSYCHOTIC". HE STAYS WHERE HE IS FOR NOW. WHAT NEWS ON PARKER?

WE...UH... LOST HIM, SIR.

WHAT?! THAT MAN HAS A LINE ON THE BUG. SOME CONNECTION. ONE I'VE...EXPLOITED IN THE PAST.

IF HE'S OUT THERE, I WANT TO KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE HE IS!

ALL RIGHT, OSBORN, YOU PAID *ME* A VISIT...

...HERE'S WHERE I GET A LITTLE TIT-FOR-TAT.

AND PAL, I PLAN ON TITTING YOUR TAT RIGHT INTO INTENSIVE CARE!

THWIP

POK

SPIDER-SENSE SAYS I'M CLEAR.

AND SU CASA ES MI CASA.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, THIS IS ALL SOME ELABORATE, WELL ORCHESTRATED TRAP.

HMM. LET'S SEE...

DEAD BODIES ARE SHOWING UP WITH MY SPIDER-TRACERS ON 'EM...

...MAKING EVERYBODY *THINK* I'M SOME KIND OF SERIAL KILLER.

THEN, MR. MAN-OF-THE-YEAR ROLLS INTO TOWN, CATCHES ME, THE MURDERS STOP.

AND, VOILA, HIS BEST PAL GETS A BUMP AND BECOMES MAYOR. I GET THE CHAIR. AND NORMAN?

HE GETS TO WALTZ ON MY GRAVE. (OR MAYBE CHA-CHA. NEVER COULD TELL THOSE APART.)

WHATEVER. THIS IS FINALLY STARTING TO MAKE SENSE!

WELL, I DON'T GET IT. WE CART 'IM ALL THE WAY FROM COLORADO...

...BUT WE KEEP HIM STRAPPED DOWN THE WHOLE TIME. WHAT'S THE POINT?

WAIT! YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING?

I DUNNO. LAST RESORT THING I GUESS. Y'KNOW, "*BREAK OPEN IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.*"

NICE TRY, BULLSEYE. BUT IT'S GONNA TAKE A LOT MORE THAN THAT TO--

KTOKK

HEY! SOMEBODY GET DOWN--

=HMPPH=

THWIP

SHHH! NO TALKING. IT'S WAY PAST YOUR BEDTIME.

IN FACT, LIGHTS OUT.

FRRR

WHAT NOW?!
WE'VE LOST POWER, SIR.
I CAN *SEE* THAT, YOU IDIOT!
COMMUNICATIONS TOO.
THEN GET ON A *LAND* LINE AND CALL IN SOME BACKUP!
I'LL GET RIGHT ON--
WAKK
FWIP
FWIP
AGENT HAWTHORN?
REYNOLDS? NAYLOR? SOUND OFF! *NOW!*
SOMEBODY SPEAK!
ACTUALLY, GOBBY, WHY DON'T *YOU* DO THE TALKING?
YOU.
WHAT? IS THIS SUPPOSED TO INTIMIDATE ME?
PLEASE. WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. AND I KNOW YOU TOO WELL.

WRONG, GOBLIN. TIMES *HAVE* CHANGED. AND *THIS* TIME, YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHO I AM.

AND I KNOW *EVERYTHING* ABOUT YOU.

EVERY CRIME. EVERY SECRET. EVERY ONE OF YOUR *VICTIMS*. EVERY SINGLE ONE.

AND I CAN GET TO YOU *WHENEVER* I WANT.

FINE. TAKE YOUR *BEST SHOT*.

WHAT?

OH, AND YOU'RE RIGHT, BUG. TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

I'M NOT *JUST* NORMAN OSBORN ANYMORE. *I'M THE LAW!*

GENTLEMEN, BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY THE CITY, STATE, AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENTS...

...BRING ME *SPIDER-MAN: DEAD OR ALIVE!*

HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE--

THE FLOOR!

HE COATED THE WHOLE THING WITH HIS WEBS!

THAT'S JUST ME, TRYING TO HELP OUT.

SEE, THIS'S THE PROBLEM WITH THESE HASTILY BUILT BASES...

KOK

KRAK

PANG

TONK

...SHODDY WORKMANSHIP, LOTS A' PIECES LYING AROUND...

...SOMEBODY COULD GET HURT.

T-BOLTS! I'M ON EMERGENCY BACKUP SYSTEMS, DO YOU COPY?!

SONGBIRD. I COPY.

THIS IS CHEN, I COPY.

THEN FALL BACK TO **BASE, NOW!** DO YOU--WAIT? WHERE'S GARGAN?!

MAC CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE NOW. **WE'RE** BUSY!

WHAT? I GAVE YOU AN ORDER, GARGAN!

NO! WE'VE FOUND HIM! OUR OLD HOST, HE'SSS NEAR! WE CAN FEEL HIM!

IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S RIGHT--

HE'SSS RIGHT IN FRONT OF USSS! THE SIGN OUTSIDE SAYSSS FEAST.

AND THAT'SSS JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! FEAST ON HISSS BRAINSSS! VENOM OUT!

THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER?! OH, NO! AUNT MAY!

GARGAN! I'M IN CHARGE!

GET BACK HERE SO WE CAN KILL--

--SPIDER-MAN?! THAT'S RIGHT. SCURRY AWAY, LITTLE SPIDER.

THE MEN YOU ATTACKED TONIGHT WEREN'T CROOKS OR SOME VILLAIN'S HENCHMEN. YOU ASSAULTED FEDERAL OFFICERS!

YOU'RE AN ENEMY OF THE STATE! I'LL SEE YOU FRY FOR IT! AND BEST OF ALL, I'LL PULL THE SWITCH MYSELF!

ANOTHER TIME, NORMAN. YOU JUST MOVED WAYYY DOWN THE LIST.

OH, GOD. I'M HALF A CITY AWAY FROM HER... AND VENOM!

PLEASE! HANG ON, AUNT MAY! I'M COMING! I'M--

KRAK

SSSSPIDER-MAN! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE. COME OUT. COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE.

OHMIGOD!

WHAT IS THAT?!

OUTTA THE WAY!

MR. LI! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?!

EVERYONE, PLEASE STAY CALM. THAT'S- THAT'S ONE OF THE THUNDERBOLTS.

HE'S A LICENSED HERO. WE'RE ALL OKAY. JUST STAND BACK. GIVE HIM ROOM.

YESSS. YOU HEARD THE MAN. I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYSSS.

WHO WANTSSS AN AUTOGRAPH? WHO WANTSSS A PICTURE? WHO WANTSSS A *HUG*?!

HOW ABOUT *YOU*, SSSPIDEY?!

I KNOW YOU'RE UNDER *THERE*! I CAN *FEEL* YOU CURLING UP LIKE A PILL BUG! SQUIRMING FOR YOUR *LIFE*!

KRAKK

QUIT HIDING YOU LITTLE--

--BROCK?!

AHH!

OOPSSS! WRONG HOST!

WELL WHADDYA KNOW? LI'L EDDIE BROCK!

NO! KEEP THAT THING AWAY FROM ME!

WHAT'SSS THE MATTER, EDDIE? NOTHING NICE TO SAY TO THE EX? HA HA HA!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!

NO! NOT AGAIN!! I'M FREE...

STOP IT! GET *OFF* OF HIM! YOU'RE *MINE* NOW!

I PURGED YOU!

I CAST YOU OUT!

I--AHH! WHAT *IS* THAT?!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!

YARGH! IT-IT BURNSSS! HOW ARE YOU HURTING USSS?!

WE ARE VENOM! YOU CAN'T-CAN'T-

KTAAM

YOU ARE THE *THING* THAT LED ME INTO *DARKNESS!*

YOU'RE A *POISON!* A *DISEASE!* AND I-I'M THE *CURE!*

EDDIE?

WHAT *ARE* YOU?

I AM ANTI-VENOM!

To Be Continued...

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #570 APES VARIANT

COVER BY **MIKE MCKONE, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #570

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

IT'S ALL ABOUT *PRIORITIES.*

EVERY COP, FED, AND HERO HUNTER IN THE CITY'S GUNNING FOR ME. AND HERE I AM, OUT IN THE OPEN.

DON'T CARE.

I'M OFF TO FIGHT ONE OF MY *BIGGEST BADS...*

...AND I'M BLOWING MY WAD GETTING THERE. SWINGING AT TOP SPEED, RIPPING MY ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS.

NOT AN ISSUE.

ONLY *TWO* THINGS MATTER: *VENOM*, THAT INSANE-O, BRAIN-EATING MONSTER IS AT THE F.E.A.S.T. SHELTER.

AND SO IS MY *AUNT MAY!* C'MON! *ALMOST THERE!*

I PRAY I CAN MAKE IT BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS. AND I DO MEAN "*PRAY*," BECAUSE *THIS* ONE...

...IS GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE.

YOU'RE A BLIGHT, VENOM! A PLAGUE ON HUMANITY! AND I SWEAR...

...I'LL RID THE WORLD OF YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!

ARGHH!

The F.E.A.S.T. Homeless Shelter. ON AVENUE A.

F.E.A.S.T.

NEW WAYS TO DIE PART THREE

THE KILLER CURE

DAN SLOTT WRITER	JOHN ROMITA JR. PENCILS	KLAUS JANSON INKS	DEAN WHITE COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR	STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

KREEEEEK

OH MY! TYLER! LOOK OUT!

I'VE GOT YOU!

AH!

MRS. PARKER! ARE YOU--

EDWARD BROCK! OF ALL THE THOUGHTLESS...

YOU'RE GOING TO GET SOMEONE *KILLED!* IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?!

I-I'M SORRY. I WASN'T...

PAYING ATTENTION? *NEVER* TURN YOUR BACK ON *USSS,* WHITEY!

WHAM

YOU DON'T SAY...

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MAC!

OH, AND B.T.W., THANKS FOR LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN.

SPIDER-MA-AKK!

FWAK

WELL, MORE LIKE LEAVING THE *WALL* OPEN.

SO NOT COOL. YOU DO UNDERSTAND THIS'S A SHELTER, RIGHT? THAT MEANS A ROOF AND *FOUR* WALLS.

THAT'S GENERALLY HOW PEOPLE LIKE IT. SPEAKING OF WHICH...

RNGH

MR. LI!

THINK YOU CAN GET EVERYONE OUTTA HERE? THESE DUSTUPS TEND TO GET A WEE BIT MESSY.

OF--OF COURSE. MAY! EVERYONE! *FOLLOW ME!*

GOOD MAN. NOW LET'S SEE WHO VENNIE HERE WAS TALKING TOOO--OH DEAR.

SPIDER-MAN, I AM--

ANOTHER ONE? JUST WHAT I NEED. WHITE THIS TIME. THAT'S GREAT. WE HAVEN'T DONE WHITE YET.

THIS WAY. PLEASE HURRY.

beep boop beep

EVERYONE IN? GOOD. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

THIS DOOR IS MADE OF PURE TRI-TANIUM. NOTHING IS GETTING IN. I PROMISE.

AND WE CAN WATCH FROM HERE, SO WE'LL KNOW WHEN IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE.

MARTIN? WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYONE NEED ALL OF THIS...

...IN A HOMELESS SHELTER?

LATER, MAY. I HAVE TO CALL OUT FOR HELP.

SKRSH

AH! GET OFF OF ME! BOTH OF YOU...

PRANG

...JUST BACK OFF OF--

NO! STOP INTERFERING!

YESSS! THISSS ISSS BETWEEN ME AND BROCK!

WHA?

EDDIE? IS THAT--

BEAT IT!

LEAVE US!

OW!

SLOPPY, PARKER. YOU'D THINK BY NOW YOU WOULD'VE LEARNED...

...SYMBIOTES DON'T SET OFF YOUR SPIDER-SE--

WAK

TUD

UNH...

HA! DID YOU--

--SEE THAT?!

RWARR!

GRAHH!!

YES, CROWNE. I'M EN ROUTE NOW.

The Zeus.

THE THUNDERBOLTS' MOBILE COMMAND SHIP

VENOM IS ON SITE. GROUND TROOPS ARE ALREADY CORDONING OFF THE AREA.

SONGBIRD AND RADIOACTIVE MAN WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH US THERE. AND, IF NECESSARY...

...I HAVE AN "ACE IN THE HOLE." IT WON'T BE LONG NOW. AND BY THE NEXT NEWS CYCLE...

=MMMPH=

...THERE'LL BE A NICE CLIP OF THE TWO OF US PUTTING THE SPIDER-TRACER KILLER BEHIND BARS.

WHAT? YES, I STILL PLAN ON DOING THAT TO HIM. NO, OUR GOVERNMENT CLEARLY SAYS IT'S NOT TORTURE.

WHATEVER. OSBORN OUT.

=MNEFFFN!=

BULLSEYE, STOP MUMBLING. YOU'VE GOT AT LEAST HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THAT WEBBING DISSOLVES.

AND ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE YOU CAN GO SWIMMING.

MYLLEFFNN KLLHMM!

OH, LIGHTEN UP. WE'RE ABOUT TO CAPTURE SPIDER-MAN.

CHRISTMAS JUST CAME EARLY.

HO. HO. HO.

The Home Of Mayoral Candidate Bill Hollister.
OFF GRAMERCY PARK.

THE ELECTION IS STILL A WAYS OFF, BILL. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG WE CAN KEEP THIS LEAD. ALL I'M SAYING IS...

THAT WE EXPLOIT CROWNE'S LATEST SCANDAL? KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN? NO, CARLOS. WE STAY WITH THE ISSUES.

BUT BILL, CROWNE'S CHARACTER *IS* AN ISSUE.

I PROMISED THE PEOPLE I'D RUN A CLEAN CAMPAIGN, GEORGIA. BESIDES...

...I'M SURE ANTI-CROWNE PAPERS, LIKE ***FRONT LINE***, WILL DO A FINE JOB AIRING RANDALL'S DIRTY LAUNDRY ALL ON THEIR OWN.

NO ATTACK ADS. AND NO SURROGATES DOING OUR DIRTY WORK FOR US. UNDERSTOOD?

Heh. AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE.

YOU GOTTA TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE MAN...

"...GET HIM WHERE HE *LIVES*."

OUT WITH IT, VIN. WHY DO YOU KEEP PULLIN' THIS DETAIL?

IT'S BECAUSE OF CARLIE, AL. BILL HOLLISTER'S BEEN LIKE A FATHER TO HER.

I TOLD HER I'D DO EVERYTHING I COULD TO MAKE SURE HE'S ALL--

ECHO

KNOCK KNOCK! GUESS WHO, BILLY-BOY!

IT'S YOUR OLD PAL, *MENACE!* AND I'VE GOT ANOTHER IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO GIVE YOU.

THIS ELECTION IS A *ONE-MAN RACE.* GOT IT?

THAT MEANS ONLY ONE GUY FINISHES.

AND BILL? MY LI'L BILLY-BOY? MY BILLY...

...THAT GUY *AIN'T GONNA* BE YOU!

BILLY?

UNCONSCIOUS. THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DO THIS IF NO ONE'S AROUND TO--

C'MON, SNAP OUT OF IT ALREADY. YOU HAVE TO WORK WITH ME HERE, OKAY?

YOU KNOW I AM DOING ALL OF THIS FOR YOUR BENE--

FREEZE!

PUT HIM *DOWN* AND PARK THAT THING *NOW!*

SLOWLY!

NO!

OOMPH!

HEY!

YOU'RE A *LUCKY* MAN, HOLLISTER!

THANKS TO THESE TWO, YOU'LL *LIVE. TODAY!*

BANG

PTANG

PANG

"YOW! GONNA BE FEELING *THAT* FOR A WHILE..."

...AND I AM SO NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING MIXED UP IN *THAT* MESS AGAIN.

BUT A SPIDER-MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A SPIDER-MAN'S GOTTA DO.

STILL, BEFORE I REJOIN SALT AND PEPPER DOWN THERE...

...AND SINCE THE CROWD'S IN THE CLEAR...

...THIS'D PROBABLY BE A GOOD TIME TO SET UP YE OLDE SPIDEY MONEY-MAKER. SMILE!

YOU'RE AN IDIOT, GARGAN! THAT SUIT IS *KILLING* YOU. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET.

I'M TRYING TO *SAVE* YOU!

W-W-WORRY ABOUT SSSAVING YOURSELF!

IT'S EATING USSS ALIVE!

YOU-YOU *MONSTER!* SSSTAY AWAY FROM ME!

ARRGH!

Y-Y-YOUR TOUCH!!

SSSCH

YOU SAID "ME," GARGAN.

I-I-I MEANT USSS!

KEEP AWAY FROM USSS!

YES! IT'S WORKING! CAN YOU FEEL IT? THAT *THING*...

...THAT *CANCER* INSIDE YOU, IT'S *DYING*.

SHRAAK

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU'LL SEE. I CAN *HEAL* YOU! I CAN MAKE YOU *BETTER*!

I CAN MAKE *EVERYONE*--

NO!

WHAT?!

THAT OLD MAN! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

CRASH

GNUH!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU? TUESDAY'S ALTERNATE SIDE OF THE STREET PARKING. *BAD EDDIE!*

HE--HE WAS AN INNOCENT. AND YOU *SAVED* HIM.

YEAH. I TEND TO DO THAT. A LOT.

THANKS FOR FINALLY NOTICING.

OKAY, THEN. THAT WAS ME. POPPING IN FOR THE CAR-THING.

YOU TWO CAN GO BACK TO, UH, HITTING EACH OTHER.

AW NERTZ.

OSBORN, THIS IS SONGBIRD. CHEN AND I ARE APPROACHING THE AREA.

WHICH ATTACK FORMATION SHOULD WE USE WHEN WE FLY IN?

NONE. HANG BACK AND SECURE THE PERIMETER.

SIR? ARE YOU OUTSIDE?

YES, MS. GOLD. LIKE ALL GOOD GENERALS, I'M GETTING A LAY OF THE LAND. VIEWING THE BATTLEFIELD.

OOKAY. I WANT TO MAKE THIS CLEAR, I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOU...

...I'M ASKING FOR CONFIRMATION. YOU DO NOT WANT US TO ENGAGE.

CORRECT. THE BUG IS GOOD WITH GROUPS. HE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO TURN THEIR WEAKNESSES AGAINST EACH OTHER.

BEST TO ATTACK HIM ONE AT A TIME AND WEAR HIM DOWN.

REALLY? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

EXPERIENCE, MS. GOLD. NOW SHUT UP AND LEARN.

WELL?! MOVE!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO MOVE! YOU MOVE!

HEY, I'LL MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. TO HOBOKEN. HOW'S THAT?

Y'KNOW, THIS REMINDS ME OF A JOKE. WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER?

CUTE, SSSPIDER-MAN. SO CUTE WE COULD EAT YOU UP!

TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, GARGAN, AND YOUR OTHER DIES.

GOOD TO KNOW.

HEY, EDDIE. REMEMBER HOW I SAVED THAT GUY BACK THERE?

THE INNOCENT MAN.

SO...YOU HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT ME?

YES.

GOOD. SO YOU WANNA GET MAC?

DEAL!

NO FAIR!

OH, MAN! THAT IS ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE TREASURES

WHEN ONE OF THE BAD GUYS SAYS "NO FAIR."

SERIOUSLY, MAC, DON'T CHANGE. STAY JUST THE WAY YOU ARE.

THWIP

THWIP

REALLY. STOP FOR A MOMENT.

CLOSE YOUR EYES.

HEY!

FILE THIS ONE AWAY IN YOUR LI'L MENTAL SCRAPBOOK.

HA HA HA HA!

NOOO!

FWAM

SSSTOP IT! YOU'RE KILLING MY SYMBIOTE!

C-CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT. I'LL BE ALONE! ALL ALONE!

Awwwww... SOUNDS LIKE A CERTAIN MAN-EATING PSYCHO NEEDS A *HUG!*

YES, SPIDER-MAN! KEEP HIM THERE!

RWARR!

WHADDYA *THINK* I'M DOING?! WAIT. DON'T ANSWER THAT.

AHKKK

THUK THUK THUK

MY *OTHER!* YOU'RE *BURNING* IT AWAY!

TEARING AT OUR *BOND!*

TS

PLEASSSE! THERE IS *NO VENOM* WITHOUT USSS!

WE WILL CEASSSE TO BE *ONE!* WE WILL CEASE TO BE--

--A REGULAR PAIN IN MY BUTT? *GREAT!* GOOD RIDDANCE, YOU ANNOYING LITTLE INK STAIN!

"TRUST MY GUT, PEOPLE, THIS IS *NOT* HOW THE STORY ENDS...

The Office of Front Line.

...THERE'S MORE TO THIS SWEATSHOP SCANDAL THAN WHAT WE'VE GOT. IF THERE WASN'T...

...CROWNE WOULDN'T BE PULLING THIS BLATANT THUNDERBOLTS P.R. STUNT TO DRAW EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.

CHIEF, ABOUT THAT...REPORTS ARE COMING IN THAT THE THUNDERBOLTS ARE FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN RIGHT NOW, DOWN ON AVENUE A...

GREAT. I'M SURE THE *DB* HAS THAT COVERED. ALONG WITH SONGBIRD'S NEW WEIGHT-LOSS DIET.

AT *FRONT LINE* WE'LL DEAL WITH THE *ACTUAL* NEWS. SALLY, YOU SAID YOUR SOURCE HELPED YOU LINK THE SWEATSHOP PROPERTY TO CROWNE INDUSTRIES.

ANY CHANCE I COULD PUMP THEM FOR SOME MORE INFORMATION.

I'LL SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE YOU A SITDOWN WITH "*HIM*."

THAT'S A START. NEXT, THESE ARE SOME OF THE PICTURES PETER PARKER TOOK OF THE WORKERS AS THEY RAN OFF. PASS THESE AROUND.

THEY'RE ASIAN. POSSIBLY ILLEGAL. AND LOOK...

...ALL OF THEM HAVE THESE STRANGE SETS OF LESIONS. LETS HAVE SOME DOCTORS LOOK THESE OVER.

AND IT WOULDN'T HURT TO GET PARKER'S TAKE ON THESE SHOTS. HE WAS THERE...

...MAYBE HE COULD SHED SOME LIGHT ON THESE. ANYONE KNOW WHERE HE IS? ANYONE?

SIGH AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU PEOPLE WERE REPORTERS.

THERE'S A SPIDER-MAN FIGHT GOING ON DOWNTOWN. WHERE DO YOU *THINK* PETE IS?

"TAKING PICTURES. WHERE ELSE?"

KLIK WHRR KLIK

YOU ARE ALMOST CURED, MY FRIEND.

SOON YOUR BODY WILL BE FREE OF THIS EVIL PARASITE, AND YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR NORMAL LIFE.

I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS. I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU...

SO HE'LL JUST BE *MAC GARGAN* AGAIN? SWELL. HE WAS A JERK THEN, TOO.

WE'LL SEE...

I LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT BEFORE I CAME ACROSS THAT SYMBIOTE, I WAS A *GOOD* MAN. AND YOU...

ME WHAT? EDDIE...

STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE I'M TURNING INTO A BIG CARTOON HAM.

ALL MY PROBLEMS WITH *YOU* HAPPENED *AFTER* YOU WERE INFECTED BY IT, TOO...

WHAT IF...?

YES! I CAN SENSE IT!

THERE ARE STILL SMALL TRACES OF THE SYMBIOTE IN YOUR SYSTEM!

THEY'RE TINY. VESTIGIAL. BUT STILL THERE, ALL THE SAME.

EDDIE! WHOA!

BACK!

CUT IT OUT, BROCK! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!

AND REALLY HARD TO PULL OFF WITHOUT SPIDER-SENSE--

THUK

THUK

THUK

ARGHH!

YES. THERE IT IS! CALM DOWN.

I'M MERELY CLEANSING YOUR SYSTEM OF THE INFECTION. YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS SOME DAY...

GNNH!

WAIT. WHAT'S THIS? YOUR BLOOD'S TAINTED TOO. IT'S IRRADIATED! HMM. WHY DON'T WE CLEAN THAT UP AS WELL?

WHAT?! EDDIE, NO!

WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, YOU HAVE TO STOP IT, BROCK!

BROCK!!

LIKE I SAID, IT DOESN'T HURT TO HAVE A WILD CARD IN THE MIX.

WHAT WAS THAT, MR. OSBORN?

NOTHING, DR. CHEN. JUST MAKING AN OBSERVATION.

SONGBIRD AND I ARE AWAITING ORDERS. SHOULD WE MOVE IN?

IN A MINUTE. THERE'S STILL A RANDOM ELEMENT AT WORK HERE...

...AND I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW IT PLAYS OUT.

A RANDOM ELEMENT?

YOU'RE A MAN OF SCIENCE, CHEN. YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS ARE.

THAT ODD VARIABLE THAT CREEPS INTO AN EQUATION WHEN YOU LEAST--

OSBORN!

AH. CASE IN POINT.

CUTE...

...AND WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?

To Be Continued. . .

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #571

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

HEART'S RACING. CAN FEEL...BLOOD!

MY BLOOD!

RADIOACTIVE SPIDER-BLOOD! HE'S *CLEANSING* IT!

AHH!

STOP STRUGGLING, SPIDER-MAN.

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

NO! THAT'S WHERE MY *POWERS* COME FROM!

HANDS OFF, BROCK!

TAKE IT EASY, FRIEND. THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING--*AND FAST*--

--YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO BE *OVER?* MY DAYS AS SPIDER-MAN!

NEW WAYS TO DIE PART FOUR
OPPOSITES ATTACK

DAN SLOTT	JOHN ROMITA JR.	KLAUS JANSON	DEAN WHITE	VC'S CORY PETIT
WRITER	PENCILS	INKS	COLORS	LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN	STEPHEN WACKER	TOM BREVOORT	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
ASST. EDITOR	EDITOR	EXECUTIVE EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

YOU'LL SEE THIS IS ALL FOR THE BEST.

I GET IT. EDDIE'S TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF. HE'S *TRYING* TO HELP...

...BUT HE'S ABOUT TO HELP ME RIGHT OUT OF THE HERO BIZ! MAN, WITH FRIENDS LIKE *THIS*...

...WHAT I WOULDN'T *GIVE* FOR A STRAIGHT-UP *ENEMY!*

THIS IS YOUR ONE AND ONLY WARNING, OSBORN--

WHAT? FROM *YOU*, "THE MENACE OF MANHATTAN"? THIS SHOULD BE GOOD.

I HAVE PLANS FOR THIS CITY AND ITS POWER STRUCTURE. PLANS WHICH DO *NOT* INVOLVE *YOU*.

LEAVE NOW, AND I'LL *LET* YOU LIVE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY...

ALL THUNDERBOLTS MOVE IN *NOW!*

SONGBIRD AND CHEN ARE ON THE WAY, SIR. SHOULD WE DEPLOY BULLSEYE AS WELL?

YES! TO *THIS* LOCATION RIGHT--*MMPH*

DIRECTOR OSBORN? CONFIRM.

WE CANNOT RELEASE BULLSEYE WITHOUT YOUR ACCESS CODE. COPY.

WRONG CHOICE!

AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT...

...OR NOT!

REPEAT. WE CAN'T UNLOCK BULLSEYE WITHOUT THOSE CODES, SIR.

SIR..?

BRING BACK ANY FOND MEMORIES, NORMAN?

RIDING A GLIDER AT THAT END? THAT *IS* HOW YOU *DIED* THE FIRST TIME, ISN'T IT?

THIS TIME, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE IT *STICK!*

OF ALL THE ARROGANT--

THERE IS NO WAY A *PRETENDER* LIKE YOU COULD TAKE MY LIFE.

YOU DON'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.

REALLY, OLD MAN? LOOK AT ME!

I HAVE THE SKILL, THE EQUIPMENT, THE HIGH GROUND--

YES. HIGH AND *AWAY.*

FAR ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO THIS...

GLIDER OVERRIDE: SIGMA DELTA 86. *EXECUTE!*

MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL ASK...

"...BEFORE YOU BORROW THE KEYS TO THE CAR."

SPLOOT

GYAHH!

FINE. UNTIL WE HEAR OTHERWISE, I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW.

GROUND TROOPS, THIS IS SONGBIRD, I HAVE A VISUAL ON VENOM...

...WE HAVE A MAN DOWN! GET HIM OUT OF THERE, DOUBLE TIME.

UNHH...

WHAT?! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HIM?

I'M NOT *DONE* WITH HIM YET!

YAY. THE CAVALRY'S HERE.

SURE, THEY'RE HERE TO *KILL* ME, BUT STILL...

YAY THEM...

STAND BACK! GARGAN'S *MINE!*

RADIOACTIVE MAN, ARE YOU SEEING THIS?

IT APPEARS WE HAVE AN UNREGISTERED SYMBIOTE.

YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

AGREED. WE'VE PRACTICED ENOUGH IN CASE VENOM EVER WENT ROGUE.

YOU UNLEASH A FULL SPREAD OF SONICS AND I'LL RAISE THE RADIATION LEVELS...

"...UNTIL THE AIR AROUND HIM IGNITES IN FLAMES."

EDDIE!

IT'S LIKE THEY SET OFF A BOMB IN THE CITY! A BABY ATOMIC BOMB...

...AND WRAPPED IT AROUND ONE MAN: EDDIE BROCK!

YOU THINK SONICS CAN HURT ME?

THAT FIRE CAN *KILL* ME?

YOU MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH *SOMEONE ELSE!*

I'VE BEEN *CHOSEN* FOR THIS! AND *NOTHING* WILL STAY MY HAND!

HE BROKE FREE?! THAT'S *NOT POSSIBLE!* THAT'S--

--THE STUPIDEST MOTHER-LOVING THING I'VE EVER HEARD!

WONDERFUL. THE WEBS ON BULLSEYE'S MOUTH ARE ALMOST GONE.

YOU'RE LOSING MEN WHILE I'M STUCK IN THIS FREAKING CHAIR!

I'M BULLSEYE! JUST LET ME OUT AND I'LL KICK THE CRAP OUT OF *EVERYBODY!*

NO CHANCE. THAT CHAIR'S BEEN PROGRAMMED BY DIRECTOR OSBORN.

HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS THE CODE THAT UNLOCKS IT. WITHOUT HIM WE CAN'T--

YEAH? SO WHERE'S *OSBORN?...*

"WHERE THE HELL IS NORMAN OSBORN?!"

DON'T YOU GET IT? YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *BE* HERE! NOT *NOW!*

ALL THE PIECES WERE PLACED ON THE BOARD, JUST RIGHT. AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN EVERYTHING!

BAM!!

PKOW

PATHETIC. LOOK AT YOU. CRYING ABOUT LOSING SOME GAME. THROWING A TANTRUM.

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY?

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A WEAK COPY. THE WATERED DOWN MODEL. NO, WORSE...

...THE *DECAF* VERSION.

...

DIE!

"GET OUT OF MY WAY!

ZZ

THE MAN YOU'RE PROTECTING HAS A *SICKNESS*, A DEADLY *PARASITE!*

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M TRYING TO *SAVE* US ALL!

SKRAK

EVERYONE, FALL BACK! WE ARE *NOT* PREPARED TO DEAL WITH *THIS* THREAT!

OUR ONLY MISSION HERE IS TO GET--

--SPIDER-MAN?

FOO. KINDA HOPING YOU'D FORGET ABOUT ME.

THERE GOES THE "*SLINK OFF WHILE NO ONE'S WATCHING PLAN.*" ON THE PLUS SIDE...

...SPIDER-SENSE IS BACK!

RADIOACTIVE MAN! OVER HERE!

NICE TRY. BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME...

"...HE'S A LITTLE BUSY AT THE MOMENT."

RADIOACTIVE MAN? YOUR POWERS MAKE YOU RADIOACTIVE?

YOU'RE PROBABLY GIVING PEOPLE CANCER! ALL THE TIME!

SO? WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?

RWARR!

HEY, SONGBIRD. REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO TEAM UP AND DO *HERO* STUFF?

LIKE WHEN WE SAVED THE EARTH FROM THE ENCLAVE? GOOD TIMES.

NOW LOOK AT YOU. ACTING LIKE A TOTAL GOVERNMENT STOOGE.

I'M-- FOLLOWING ORDERS!

THE NAZI EXCUSE? YOU ACTUALLY WENT THERE?

WOW! WHO TAUGHT YOU THAT ONE? BARON ZEMO? OR NORMAN OS--

UH-OH. POWERS GOING ON THE FRITZ AGAIN!

ENOUGH!

SPAKK

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU THUNDERBOLTS?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HEROES!

OKAY. I SEE I'VE TOUCHED A NERVE WITH THE NAZI THING.

LET'S START OVER. HOW'S YOUR MOM?

IT'S NOT JUST MY SPIDER-SENSE.

MY STRENGTH, MY SPEED, EVERYTHING'S CUTTING IN AND OUT! BUT *WHY?*

FWAM

BROCK! WHATEVER HE DID TO ME, WHENEVER HE'S NEAR, IT PLAYS HAVOC WITH MY POWERS!

SPIDER-MAN? LET ME HELP YOU WITH--

NO! ENOUGH WITH THE HELPING ALREADY!

CAN'T LET THE T-BOLTS TWIG TO THIS. 'CAUSE IF *ANYONE* KNOWS HOW TO EXPLOIT A WEAKNESS...

...IT'S NORMAN OSBORN!

INTERESTING. YOU'RE USING MY OLD RAZOR WINGS. AND EARLIER THAT MARK 7 GLIDER...

...WHICH GIVES ME A GOOD IDEA WHICH ONE OF MY WEAPONS CACHES YOU RAIDED. THE QUESTION IS, WHY?

THE POWER OF THE GOBLIN AND YOU USE IT TO PLAY "*POLITICS*"?

FOOL! THAT'S WHERE THE ***REAL*** POWER LIES. AND I HAD ***EVERYTHING*** SET UP!

BUT IF YOUR MEN CATCH OR KILL THE SPIDER-TRACER KILLER IN ***CROWNE'S*** NAME...

...IT COULD UPSET EVERYTHING! CAN'T YOU SEE THE ***BIG PICTURE?!***

THE BIG PICTURE? CITY POLITICS? ARE YOU SERIOUS? I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT ANY OF THAT.

I JUST WANT TO GET SPIDER-MAN!

YOU-YOU JUST WANT TO--

GRAHH!

KERAKK

AHHHH!

YOU! YOU HAD EVERYTHING!

THUNK

POWER! WEALTH! POSITION!

CONTROL OF AN EMPIRE!

THOK

THE RIGHT FRIENDS! THE RIGHT FAMILY!

AND THE NAME! THE OSBORN LEGACY!

AND ALL YOU EVER WANTED...

WAKK

...WAS TO GET SPIDER-MAN?!! YOU--

BEEP BEEP BEEP

YOU AREN'T WORTH MY TIME, OLD MAN.

AND I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE.

WELL... THAT WAS VERY...

...EDUCATIONAL.

KLIK KLIK

KLIK

INTERESTING. AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

CHOOM

Y'KNOW WHAT, S.B., THIS'S BEEN FUN AND ALL...

...BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT.

YOU WANT TO CAPTURE ME. I DON'T WANT TO *BE* CAPTURED.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A *PRETTY* OBVIOUS MOVE ON *MY* PART.

THWIP

MPPH!

TOODLES.

SPIDER-MAN! WAIT! I HAVEN'T CURED YOU YET!

I KNOW! AND I'D LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY, THANKS!

THUNDERBOLTS, WE'RE PULLING OUT! SOUND OFF.

THIS IS SONGBIRD.

I HAVE CHEN. THE GROUND TROOPS HAVE VENOM...

...OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM... SAFELY ABOARD THE ZEUS.

NO!

WELL, THAT DIDN'T GO WELL. WE GOT HIT PRETTY BAD.

REALLY, MS. GOLD? OUR PREY IS WOUNDED AND ON THE RUN. AND I'VE JUST FOUND US A VERY VALUABLE TROPHY.

TRUST ME. TODAY'S MISSION WAS A SUCCESS.

WHAT NOW? GO AFTER THE SPIDER? OR...

NO, THE CHOICE HAS BEEN MADE. THEY HAVE GARGAN. AND THE SYMBIOTE.

SORRY, SPIDER-MAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT. I MUST ANSWER TO A HIGHER CALLING.

OKAY, THIS IS A NEW LOW.

THESE F.E.A.S.T. DONATION BINS ARE FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO LEAVE CLOTHES FOR THE HOMELESS...

...NOT EMERGENCY CIVVIES FOR SUPER HEROES ON THE RUN.

I'LL JUST BE SURE TO RETURN 'EM LATER. ALL THAT MATTERS *NOW*...

...IS WHAT BROUGHT ME DOWN HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

EXCUSE ME! HAS ANYONE SEEN MY...

AUNT MAY! THERE YOU ARE! I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED ON THE NEWS.

PETER! ISN'T THIS DREADFUL? DID YOU COME BY TO PITCH IN?

UH...SURE, BUT FIRST I HAD TO SEE THAT YOU WERE OKAY.

I'M FINE. IT'S THAT POOR EDDIE BROCK I'M WORRIED ABOUT.

GOING THROUGH ALL THOSE CHANGES. FACING THOSE NASTY THUNDERBOLTS. I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT EDDIE BROCK? AUNT MAY, YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION. C'MON, LET'S CLEAN UP.

F.E.A.S.T.

‹STAND BACK.›

‹WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THE CROWDS GO AWAY.›

‹ARE YOU CERTAIN THIS IS IT?›

‹YES, HAN. THIS IS THE PLACE. THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES.›

The Red Cent Diner.
ON 22ND ST. AND 3RD AVE.
HE'S LATE. IT IS A "HE," RIGHT?
HE'LL BE HERE, BEN.
TELL ME, SALLY, ABOUT THIS "CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE" OF YOURS... WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE, DID YOU HAVE A LOT OF IMAGINARY FRIENDS?
HE'S REAL, BEN. YOU KNOW HIM. IN FACT...
...HERE HE IS.
SORRY I'M LATE. IT COULDN'T BE HELPED. SALLY. MR. URICH.
MR. OSBORN.
PLEASE, JUST HARRY. MR. OSBORN'S MY FATHER.
HERE, THIS SHOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED.
OSCORP ENTERPRISES
FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN CROWNE INDUSTRIES AND OSCORP.
I FOUND THESE TUCKED AWAY BACK WHEN I WAS WORKING AT DAD'S COMPANY.
IT'S PROOF THAT CROWNE'S BEEN DEALING IN HUMAN TRAFFICKING--WITH THE HELP OF OSCORP'S SHIPMENTS TO AND FROM MAINLAND CHINA.
I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER THIS WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB, OSBORN.
I KNOW ABOUT...THE HISTORY YOU HAVE WITH YOUR FATHER. AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE PART OF THE HOLLISTER CAMP...
I UNDERSTAND.
DO YOU, HARRY? YOU'RE PLAYING WITH THE BIG BOYS NOW. WITH VERY HIGH STAKES.
I KNOW, MS. FLOYD. IN FACT, I'M OFF TO THE HOSPITAL TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO BILL HOLLISTER.
I'M WELL AWARE OF THE STAKES, ESPECIALLY WITH THE GAMES CROWNE AND MY FATHER LIKE TO PLAY.

Mount Sinai Hospital.

HARRY, BETTY BRANT FOR THE DB.

CONSIDERING MR. HOLLISTER'S CONDITION, AND HIS CONNECTIONS TO MARTIN LI'S F.E.A.S.T. CENTER...

...ARE THERE ANY PLANS TO MOVE HIM TO THE SHELTER IN THE HOPES OF A MIRACLE CURE? HARRY?

I'M SO SORRY, CARLIE. I WISH WE COULD'VE DONE MORE.

WHAT *COULD* YOU HAVE DONE, VIN? THAT MENACE CHARACTER SOUNDS SO...I MEAN, IF I WERE THERE...

HEY, I HOPE YOU *NEVER* HAVE TO SEE THAT CREEP.

CHECK IT OUT, PARTNER. THE BOYFRIEND'S HERE.

OSBORN.

ARE YOU OKAY, CARLIE? I KNOW BILL MEANS THE WORLD TO YOU.

TO A LOT OF US, HARRY. YOU SHOULD GO IN. LILY WOULD WANT YOU BY HER SIDE.

NYPD

HONEY, I AM *SO* SORRY... ABOUT BEFORE.

I KNOW. THAT WASN'T YOU. NOT REALLY. HARRY...

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE PUSHED DAD INTO THIS STUPID RACE. IT'S NOT WORTH THIS.

DON'T SAY THAT. YOUR FATHER'S A *GOOD* MAN. SOMEONE THIS CITY NEEDS LOOKING OUT FOR HER.

I ENVY YOU, LIL. WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE A MAN LIKE THAT AS *MY* FATHER--TO BE PART OF *YOUR* FAMILY, INSTEAD OF--

MY GOD, HARRY. WHY WOULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING?

YOUR FATHER, WHAT DID HE *DO* TO YOU?

NOTHING. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

HE ALWAYS HAD...MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO OCCUPY HIS TIME.

I'M NOT GOING TO BE LIKE THAT. NOT THIS TIME. NOT WITH YOU TWO.

HARRY... YOU ***ARE*** PART OF OUR FAMILY. AND YOU ALWAYS WILL BE.

Osborn Manor.
ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE

HAVE YOU SEEN TODAY'S HEADLINES, OSBORN?! HAVE YOU?!

WELL?! THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO *STOP* WITH YOU IN TOWN!

THE DAILY BUGLE

BEASTS BATTLE AT THE F.E.A.S.T...MENACE MANGLES HOLLISTER HOME... PHELPS A MUTANT?!

SPIDER-TRACER KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!

SEVENTH VICTIM FOUND IN EAST RIVER

BUT *LOOK!* THERE'S BEEN *ANOTHER* KILLING!

NOW I LOOK LIKE A TOTAL MORON FOR SUPPORTING YOU!

NO, RANDALL, YOU LOOK LIKE A MORON WHO CAN'T READ *PAST* THE HEADLINES.

ACCORDING TO THE CORONER'S REPORT, THE TIME OF DEATH WAS *BEFORE* THE THUNDERBOLTS SET FOOT IN THE CITY.

IF ANYTHING, THAT ARTICLE WILL HAVE NEW YORKERS WORKED UP AND *GALVANIZED* BEHIND US. YOUR FRIEND BENNETT DOES GOOD WORK.

WELL?! IS THAT WHAT WAS *SO* IMPORTANT THAT YOU AND YOUR ENTOURAGE HAD TO BE GRANTED ACCESS TO THIS SECURE AREA? IS IT?!

NOW GET OUT. SOME OF US HAVE WORK TO DO, CROWNE...

COCKY SUNNUVA...

...LIKE WINNING YOU THIS ELECTION!

THAT'S RIGHT. ALL OF YOU. OUT.

THIS AREA'S RESTRICTED. THUNDERBOLTS STAFF ONLY.

SUCH IS THE CURSE OF BEING THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE ROOM.

SPEAKING OF WHICH. MS. GOLD. GENTLEMEN.

TIME FOR TODAY'S BRIEFING...

THANKS TO THAT CAMERA I FOUND-- *WEBBED* TO A WALL...

...WE'VE LEARNED SOME *INVALUABLE* INFORMATION.

SIR, ABOUT THAT, YOU FOUND IT WHILE YOU WERE OFFLINE. WHERE WERE YOU?

THAT WAS A *PERSONAL* MATTER. IF I WERE YOU, I'D PAY *CLOSER* ATTENTION TO *THIS.*

TEK!

AND THE CAMERA WAS FIXED TO A WALL? LOOK, IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE'S POSING FOR THESE.

WHAT'S HE FIGHTING? THAT WHITE VENOM THING THAT LAID UP MAC?

ACCORDING TO GARGAN, HE CALLS HIMSELF "*ANTI-VENOM.*"

WATCH.

HERE. WHERE HE JOINS WITH SPIDER-MAN.

FROM THEN ON, WHENEVER THE TWO OF THEM ARE IN THE SAME PROXIMITY...

...THE WALL-CRAWLER'S REACTION TIME IS WAY DOWN. HE APPEARS SLUGGISH. WEAK. WE CAN USE THAT.

SIR, WE SHOULD *AVOID* [illegible] AT ALL COSTS. [illegible] DISABLED [illegible]

AND IT HAS *NONE* OF THE ORIGINAL SYMBIOTE'S WEAKNESSES--IF IT HAS ANY WEAKNESSES [illegible]

I'LL FIND THEM.

TEK

I HAVE TECHNICIANS EXAMINING WHAT IT DID TO GARGAN AS WE SPEAK.

WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF BEING PREPARED...

I PROUDLY PRESENT TO YOU:

ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S GREATEST AND MOST SELF-DESTRUCTIVE SECRETS!

WHAT? DON'T YOU SEE IT?!

HOW ABOUT *NOW?* HE'S *NOT* POSING, MS. GOLD.

MUHAMMAD ISN'T GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN. THE MOUNTAIN IS COMING TO MUHAMMAD.

ALL THESE YEARS, THE BUG'S BEEN TAKING HIS *OWN* PICTURES. PARKER'S JUST HIS FRONT. SOME FACE HE SPLITS THE PROFITS WITH.

TEK

SEE? IN *EVERY* SHOT, EVEN WHEN HE'S FACING AWAY, THIS SPIDER IS *DEAD* CENTER.

THERE'S A LOCATOR CHIP THERE. THE CAMERA TRACKS ITS FREQUENCY. AND NOW...

...I *KNOW* WHAT THAT FREQUENCY IS! I CAN ENGINEER DEVICES THAT CAN TRACK IT, WHEREVER HE GOES!

WEAPONS THAT WILL ZERO IN ON IT, COUNTER HIS SPIDER-SENSE, AND *NEVER MISS!*

AHEM

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, OSBORN. YOU ALREADY *HAVE* A WEAPON THAT CAN DO THAT.

TRUST ME. HE'S AS GOOD AS *DEAD!*

Next:
The Spider Marks the Spot!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #572

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

The F.E.A.S.T. Homeless Shelter.
ON AVENUE A.
YOU'D THINK SINCE ONE OF THOSE THUNDERBOLTS CAUSED THIS DAMAGE, THEY COULD AT LEAST STAY TO PATCH THINGS UP.
DON'T WORRY, AUNT MAY. I'M ALL OVER IT.
AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, *LET* THE T-BOLTS SEARCH THE *REST* OF THE CITY FOR SPIDER-MAN.
I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO LAY LOW, PLAY HANDYMAN...
...AND HELP AUNT MAY AND MARTIN LI LOOK AFTER THEIR NEW *GUESTS*...
‹THANK YOU, MR. LI. WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO.›
‹IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE FREE TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU NEED. BUT PLEASE, WE HAVE TO KNOW...›
‹...THESE LESIONS YOU ALL HAVE, THIS ILLNESS, HOW DID THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?›
HEY, BEN. WHAT'D I MISS?
BEATS ME, PARKER. STILL, THANKS FOR TIPPING SALLY AND ME OFF TO THIS ONE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, BRANT? FINDING THE MISSING SWEATSHOP WORKERS ON YOUR OWN?
I DIDN'T THINK THE DB STILL CHASED AFTER *REAL* STORIES.
ACTUALLY, SALLY...
...I'M COVERING THE MIRACLE CURES HERE AT THE SHELTER.
NICE. WHAT'S YOUR NEXT HARD-HITTING PIECE? SOMEONE FIND BIGFOOT IN THEIR FREEZER?
THIS FROM A "*REPORTER*" WHO GETS ALL HER SOURCES FROM HER MYSPACE PAGE--
MEET BEN GRIMM SATURDAY @ NOON
LADIES, PLEASE! I'M TRYING TO FOLLOW THIS.
FOLLOW WHAT, BEN? IT'S ALL IN MANDARIN.
‹...SO THIS IS THE RESULT OF EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS? SOMEONE'S BEEN *USING* YOU FOR *MEDICAL TRIALS*?›
‹WHO WOULD *DO* SUCH A THING?›
‹I AM NOT SURE. BUT THE MEN WHO TOOK US FOR THE TREATMENTS, WHENEVER WE APPROACHED THE BUILDING...›
‹...THEY CALLED IT› *OSCORP.*

DID HE JUST SAY...?

DIDN'T NEED AN INTERPRETER FOR THAT ONE.

THAT MEANS TROUBLE IN *ANY* LANGUAGE.

MR. BENNETT! THIS IS BETTY BRANT. I'M STILL ON THE MARTIN LI PIECE, BUT SIR, I'M SITTING ON A LEAD...

...THAT MIGHT LINK ***NORMAN OSBORN*** TO THE CROWNE SWEATSHOP SCANDAL AND--

KILL IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN "KILL IT"?

Shh. ALL RIGHT, TEAM, THIS IS GAME TIME. SALLY, GO BACK TO FRONT LINE, LET'S GO OVER THOSE FILES HARRY GAVE US--

HARRY?

HARRY OSBORN'S BEEN OUR SOURCE FOR INFO ABOUT CROWNE AND HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS DEALS.

HE'S DRIED UP ON US, BUT YOU'RE HIS FRIEND, PETE. MAYBE HE'LL OPEN UP TO YOU.

AND PARKER, IF YOU TUMBLE ONTO ANYTHING, KEEP IN TOUCH. AND TAKE PLENTY OF PICTURES.

RIGHT.

THERE MIGHT BE A PROBLEM WITH THAT. MY CAMERA WENT MISSING THE OTHER DAY...

...AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE IT IS.

GENTLEMEN, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION. *THIS* IS MY FOOLPROOF PLAN FOR HOW WE'RE GOING TO CAPTURE...

...OR PREFERABLY *KILL*, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

Osborn Manor.
ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE

AND I OWE IT ALL TO THIS LITTLE DEVICE. OR RATHER...

...THE HOME-BUILT TRACKING SYSTEM INSIDE OF IT.

KLIK

YOU SEE, THIS CAMERA LOCKS ONTO A HOMING CHIP THAT SPIDER-MAN HAS PLACED...

...WAIT. LET ME SAVOR THIS...

...IN HIS *OWN* COSTUME. I'VE REVERSE-ENGINEERED THIS TECH AND INCORPORATED IT INTO YOUR TARGETING SCANNERS...

"...AND SMART BULLETS. IF YOU HAVE A SHOT, TAKE IT. YOU *WILL* HIT HIM."

PATHETIC. SERIOUSLY, *WHERE* IS THE FUN IN THAT? ANYONE?

"MEN, YOU'RE WITH BULLSEYE. HAPPY HUNTING."

SIR? WHAT ABOUT SONGBIRD, RADIOACTIVE MAN...

AND GARGAN?

YES. MS. GOLD, DR. CHEN, YOU'LL BE ACCOMPANYING ME TO OSCORP. YOU'RE BOTH ON GUARD DUTY.

GUARD DUTY?

MAC GARGAN'S SYMBIOTE IS A VALUABLE ASSET. I NEED THE TWO OF YOU TO WATCH OVER IT...

...UNTIL I CAN COME UP WITH A COUNTERMEASURE FOR *ANTI-VENOM*. THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

WHAT? THAT ANTI-VENOM CREATURE IS AN ALL-NEW ENTITY, WITH ALL OF A SYMBIOTE'S POWERS...

...BUT ***NONE*** OF ITS WEAKNESSES. HOW ARE YOU GOING TO--?

IT'S ON MY "*TO-DO LIST*" FOR TODAY. RIGHT AFTER "*DESTROY SPIDER-MAN*" AND BEFORE "*CURE CANCER.*"

YOU KNOW, CHEN, WE'VE BEEN WITH OSBORN FOR MONTHS, AND I STILL CAN'T TELL WHEN HE'S JOKING.

ACTUALLY, MELISSA, I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS.

POK

The Oscorp Building.

ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER IN JERSEY CITY

HIT HIM AGAIN, RADIOACTIVE MAN.

MR. OSBORN, IN HIS CURRENT STATE IT

DO IT!

ZRAKK

AHHH

I FAIL TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ACHIEVING.

WHILE YOUR RADIATION IS WEAKENING THE VENOM SYMBIOTE...

...IT'S ALSO *ISOLATING* THE "ANTI-VENOM" RESIDUE IN GARGAN'S SYSTEM.

IF I CAN EXTRACT ENOUGH OF IT, I'M CERTAIN I CAN DEVELOP A COUNTERMEASURE.

STOP TALKING ALREADY AND DO *IT!* S-SAVE MY OTHER! PLEASE!

HAVE I TOLD YOU OF MY THEORY YET...

...ABOUT WHAT THIS ANTI-VENOM CREATURE IS?

ANTIBODIES. IT'S MADE UP OF HUMAN/ALIEN HYBRID ANTIBODIES.

WHAT *AMAZING* RESTORATIVE PROPERTIES IT MUST HAVE.

GOD, I CAN'T WAIT TO KILL IT.

ALL RIGHT...

"...TIME TO RUN THIS BY THE BOYS IN THE LAB.

KEEP CLEAR

"AND BY 'BOYS,' I MEAN, 'BOY.' AND BY 'BOY,' I MEAN..."

FREAK.

HOW'S MY FAVORITE "WALKING PHARMACY"?

OSBORN! P-PLEASE! P-P-PUT ME OUT OF M-MY M-M-MISERY! KILL ME!

SORRY, MY SCABBY FRIEND. BUT NOT KILLING YOU IS THE POINT. YOU'RE SO ABSOLUTELY PERFECT JUST THE WAY YOU ARE.

AND WE ALL KNOW THAT WHATEVER KILLS YOU MAKES YOU... STRONGER.

DOCTORS?

ALL HIS LEVELS ARE HOLDING, MR. OSBORN.

GOOD. KEEP IT THAT WAY.

NEW WAYS TO DIE PART FIVE

EASY TARGETS

DAN SLOTT | WRITER
JOHN ROMITA JR. | PENCILS
KLAUS JANSON | INKS
DEAN WHITE | COLORS
VC'S CORY PETIT | LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN | ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER | EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT | EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA | EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY | PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

THE CAN'T-KEEP-HIM-DEAD CREATURE CALLED FREAK WAS LAST SEEN BEING CARTED AWAY IN AN OSCORP TRUCK BACK IN ASM #558. -STEVE

AHH! IF--IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA P-P-PUT ME DOWN, AT LEAST G-G-GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR *THE PAIN!*

PERCS! OXY 80S! VICODIN! ANYTHING!

ABOUT THAT... OUR STUDIES SHOW THAT EVERY TIME YOU *"DIE"* AND COME BACK, YOUR BODY REMOVES A WEAKNESS.

LAST WE CHECKED, IT CURED YOU OF YOUR ADDICTION TO DRUGS BY REMOVING THE PLEASURE CENTER OF YOUR BRAIN.

TO PUT IT SIMPLY...

...YOU CAN NEVER GET HIGH AGAIN.

NOOO!

GENTLEMEN, ARE WE CURRENTLY USING FREAK TO PRODUCE ANY VACCINES OR WHATNOTS?

NO, SIR. HIS SYSTEM'S CLEAN.

WE WERE ABOUT TO INTRODUCE A NEW STRAIN OF WEST NILE VIRUS, BUT WE CAN PUT THAT ON HOLD.

GOOD. LET'S SEE WHAT HE COMES UP WITH TO HANDLE *THIS.*

LOOK, IT'S DETECTING THE FOREIGN SUBSTANCE.

AND DEVELOPING A BIOLOGICAL COUNTER-MEASURE.

BUT GENTLEMEN, LOOK AT THE READINGS! FREAK'S BODY HAS *NEVER* DONE THIS BEFORE...

IT'S PRODUCING A *POISON.* SOME KIND OF TOXIN... A *SUPER-TOXIN!*

MORE LIKE A SUPER-*VENOM*, DR. MALECK.

PLUP

MR. OSBORN, BE CAREFUL! THAT SUBSTANCE--

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO LETHAL! A FEW DROPS COULD...THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE COULD...

SIR! AS BARBARIC AS THIS IS, I THOUGHT WE WERE DOING *GOOD* HERE. FINDING NEW HOPES, NEW CURES--

DON'T BE SO NAÏVE, MALECK. THIS IS HOW THE WORLD WORKS. FOR EVERY LIFE YOU SAVE...

...THERE'S A MILLION NEW WAYS TO DIE.

HE DOES HAVE A POINT, THOUGH. WE MUST BE CAREFUL WITH OUR NEW TOY.

LET'S SEE... WHAT WE NEED IS A DELIVERY SYSTEM. GUESS IT'S TIME TO GET TO WORK.

AH, THE OLD OFFICE. LOVE WHAT HARRY'S DONE WITH IT. AS IN, NOT A THING.

CLICK

The Rise of the Norman Empire: England before the Crusades

SPOKE TOO SOON.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN RAIDING THE PANTRY.

BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH THE BOY.

OH, YES. I REMEMBER YOU.

I MADE YOU AS A GIFT...

...AND A CERTAIN LITTLE INGRATE CAST YOU ASIDE. WELL, NOT THIS TIME.

Hmm. GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE SOME MODIFICATIONS.

A NIP HERE. A TUCK THERE. OOPS...

ALMOST FORGOT. FIRST RULE OF SHOP.

ALWAYS WEAR PROTECTION.

HA HA HA HA HA HA!

The Coffee Bean.
OFF ASTOR PLACE.

THANKS FOR MEETING ME HERE, GUYS. SORRY I COULDN'T SWING BY THE HOSPITAL DURING VISITING HOURS...

AND, LILY, I PROMISE TO DROP IN AND SEE YOUR DAD, BUT...

I KNOW, PETE.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR HANDS FULL, PAL. WE HEARD ABOUT YOUR AUNT AND WHAT HAPPENED AT THE F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT.

FIRST BILL HAS A RUN-IN WITH MENACE, THEN VENOM HITS MR. LI'S PLACE... IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING ALL AT ONCE.

I KNOW. IT'S CRAZY.

AND YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON, "*PAL*."

BUT HOW CAN I BRING IT UP WITH LILY HERE? AND WITH EVERYTHING SHE'S GOING THROUGH?

breep breep
ONE SEC, GUYS. HELLO?
I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
FATHER?
THEY SAY DAD'LL BE OUT IN A WEEK. BUT IT'S JUST...
FATHER? NORMAN OSBORN? GOTTA GET CLOSER...
UM...BUT YOU FEEL RESPONSIBLE, RIGHT? LIKE THERE WAS SOMETHING YOU COULD'VE DONE DIFFERENTLY.
AND NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED.
WAIT. WHY--WHY DO YOU SOUND LIKE..? OH, LORD, YOU'RE WEARING THE MASK AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?
DON'T TELL ME I'M ON PICTURE PHONE? HA! NEVER COULD PULL ONE OVER ON YOU, COULD I? LOOK, BOY...
...I'M IMPRESSED. YOU'VE EARNED SOME RESPECT. BUT REMEMBER THIS'S STILL MY HOUSE AND MY RULES. SO STOP TOUCHING MY STUFF!
WHAT'RE YOU SAYING, GOBLIN?
UH... YEAH. HEY, I'VE BEEN THERE.
SO WHAT DID YOU DO, PETER? HOW DO YOU GET PAST IT?
EASY. I DIDN'T.
I MADE A PROMISE. THAT I'D NEVER LET SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN AGAIN...TO ANYONE I LOVE.
"RISE OF THE NORMAN EMPIRE?" WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? ANOTHER CALL? WAIT!
PETER...
LILY? WHAT ARE YOU--?

WHOA! SPIDER-SENSE! AND IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE, FROM EVERY ANGLE!

YOIKS!

PETE?

PETER? WHAT WERE YOU...?

JUST REMEMBERED, GUYS, I GOTTA GO.

ACTUALLY... MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL SIT DOWN AND TALK.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. LET'S *ALL* GO. FROM HERE. RIGHT NOW.

IN FACT, I'M THINKING DIFFERENT CABS. HOW'S THAT SOUND?

PETER? YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE.

SURE I AM. MORE MONEY FOR GAS. AND CABBIES. WE'RE SUPPORTING THE ECONOMY.

C'MON, YOU CRAZY KIDS. OUT. DOOR. ***NOW.***

I REPEAT, THIS IS BULLSEYE. OSBORN, DO YOU COPY? YOUR TRACKING DEVICE LED US RIGHT TO HIM!

WE'VE FOUND THE WALL-CRAWLER. WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY FOR A GOOD VISUAL. WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S NEAR TWO CIVILIANS.

WHAT'S HIS LOCATION?

A COFFEE PLACE OFF ASTOR.

SNORT THE COFFEE BEAN?

YEAH. HOW DID YOU--?

HA HA HA! SMALL WORLD. BULLSEYE, YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO MAKE IT SMALLER.

WHAT ABOUT THE TWO BYSTANDERS?

YEAH? WHAT ABOUT 'EM? *HA HA HA!*

OH NO!

YOU HEARD THE BOSS. LIGHT 'EM UP!

POOM

YOU, INSIDE! LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS AND SURRENDER!

BY ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

KSH KSH KSH

HARRY! LILY! KEEP DOWN!

PASH

THIS IS MY FATHER'S DOING! ÷KAFF÷

HE ACTUALLY ÷KAFF÷ THINKS I'M--

MY EYES!

NOT NOW, HARRY!

WE'VE GOT TO GET LILY TO SAFETY!

I'VE GOT HER!

HOW DID YOU KNOW, PETE...?

EXIT

NOW'S NOT THE TIME, HARRY! THE TWO OF YOU JUST GET AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE!

I'LL GO LOOK FOR HELP!

SKRAKCH

LAST WARNING, BUG-BOY: WEB-SHOOTERS ON THE GROUND, HANDS IN THE AIR.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO MAKE THIS INTERESTING?

GOOD. OKAY, FELLAS, *PLAYTIME.*

TWENTY BUCKS SAYS I ICE HIM WITH A HANDFUL OF GLASS AND NAILS...

...BEFORE ANY OF YOU LOSERS GET HIM WITH ALL YOUR HIGH-TECH CRAP.

SCANNER SAYS HE'S UP AHEAD.

SWITCHING TO INFRARED.

THINK I'M PICKING SOMETHING *ULP!*

FWHIP

GARVEY? YOU SAY SOMETHING? COME IN. WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM.

ACTUALLY, THAT'S THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND.

THUNK

BRRRTTT

OVER THERE! FIRE!

"FIRE"? THAT'S IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO "READY" AND "AIM"...

ARRHH!

I HEAR YA, SPIDER. THANKS TO OSBORN, *AIMING'S* BECOME A LOST ART.

SO, HERE. I'M SURE YOU'LL APPRECIATE *THIS!*

SWSHH

SHOT-- I'M *SHOT--*

GOTTA SHAKE IT OFF! GOTTA--

THK

SHKK

CHKK

NYAHH!

WE--WE WERE JUST TALKING ON THE PHONE. HE *KNEW* I WAS IN THERE. MAYBE HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU OR PETE, BUT...

HE KNEW ABOUT *ME!* THAT FREAKING LUNATIC!

WELL, I GOT MY WISH. DAD *FINALLY* PAID SOME ATTENTION TO ME...

...BY TRYING TO *KILL* ME! AND DESTROYING THE *ONE* THING I'D BUILT FOR MYSELF!

I'M SO SORRY, HARRY. BUT...WHERE'S PETER? IS HE--?

YOU MEAN MR. "I'LL-GO-LOOK-FOR-HELP"? I'LL TELL YOU WHERE HE IS. WHERE HE *ALWAYS* IS.

HANGING BACK AND TAKING PICTURES OF THE WRECKAGE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES!

YOU WANT HIM SO BADLY, *GO LOOK FOR HIM!*

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

TO FINISH THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL! *MAN TO MAN!*

HARRY, NO! THAT'S--

CRAZY. NOTHING SHORT OF CRAZY. THERE'S NO WAY THOSE SHOTS SHOULD'VE HIT ME.

MY SPIDER-SENSE WAS *WORKING!*

THOUGH SOMETHING TELLS ME IF IT WASN'T...

...THOSE SLUGS *WOULDN'T* HAVE MISSED ALL MY MAJOR ORGANS.

GOTTA REMEMBER, MY SPIDER-SENSE ISN'T A "*GET OUT OF JAIL FREE*" CARD.

BUT MAYBE THERE'S A WAY I CAN ***BOOST*** THE SIGNAL.

FAN OUT.

MY TRACERS WORK ON A SIMILAR FREQUENCY. IF I CAN GET ONE ON BULLSEYE...

...IT'LL BE LIKE HANGING A BELL ON THE CAT.

Hmm.

FWIP

HERE.

I THINK THIS'S YOURS.

AHK!

THAK

THAT SOFTENED HIM UP. FULL SPREAD?

OSBORN DID SAY "*DEAD OR ALIVE.*"

ENOUGH! THAT'S A *LIFE* YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

YOU THUNDERBOLT GOONS SICKEN ME!

I CAN'T EVEN BEAR TO LOOK LIKE YOU ANYMORE!

LOOKS LIKE THE SPIDER'S GOT SOME FIGHT LEFT IN 'IM.

NOT BAD FOR A GUY ON HIS LAST LEGS.

WHUMP

SPIDER-MAN, OVER HERE.

I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS AND THEN--

BROCK?!

NO! NOT NOW! GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME!

I CAN'T HAVE MY POWERS CUTTING OUT AGAIN!

I MEAN IT, EDDIE! YOU'RE THE *LAST* THING I NEED RIGHT NOW!

REALLY? LIKE SOMEONE WATCHING YOUR BACK?

RETURNING YOUR STUFF? OR WEREN'T YOU WONDERING...

...HOW OSBORN'S MEN WERE KEEPING YOU IN "THE SHOT"?

MY CAMERA?!

AH. GOT IT.

FINE. YOU WANNA HELP? TAKE OUT THE GUNS. BULLSEYE'S *MINE!*

C'MON, SPIDER. IT'S GETTING LATE. WHAT SAY WE WRAP THIS UP?

GIMME A CLEAN TARGET, I'LL GIVE YOU A QUICK N' EASY DEATH. WHATCHA SAY?

WARRR

I SAY...

CHOKE ON THIS!

WHAT? ARE YOU STUPID?

HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED *ANYTHING* ABOUT THROWING PROJECTILES AT--

SWOOP

WEBS AGAIN, HUH? WHATEVER.

SO I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY *RIGHT* HAND. WAS THAT WORTH IT?

I DUNNO...

...GUESS IT WAS JUST SOMETHING I HAD TO GET OFF MY CHEST.

OFF HIS--?

THE TRACKING CHIP.

YOO-HOO! BOYS! OVER HERE!

IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

OPEN FIRE!

NO!

BRATTA ATTTA

ATTTAAAA

POK POK

POK POK

YEARGH!

BULLSEYE.

Moments Later.

THERE, THAT'S THE REST OF THEM.

NOW I THINK SOMEONE OWES ME AN APOLOGY.

BITE ME. (UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'RE STILL DOING THAT.)

NOT ANYMORE. I'M ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. I'M A HEALER NOW.

Unh...

I COULD HEAL YOU.

NO THANK YOU.

MY WEBBING'S DOING A NICE JOB CLOTTING THESE UP ALL BY ITS LONESOME.

GUESS YOU'RE USED TO DOING THINGS BY YOURSELF.

AND TO THINK OF ALL THE ANGER I WASTED ON PARKER, WHEN ALL THIS TIME...

...YOU WERE TAKING YOUR *OWN* PICTURES.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I NEEDED THE MONEY. WEBS DON'T GROW ON TREES...

...AND FIGHTING GUYS LIKE OSBORN IS STRICTLY A NON-PROFIT GIG.

I UNDERSTAND. LIKE ME, YOU HAVE A CALLING. YOU WANT OSBORN?

I KNOW WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW. THE SAME PLACE HE'S TAKEN THE SYMBIOTE.

WHERE?!

The Oscorp Building.

HEY, KIDS. DADDY'S HOME.

OH...

MY GOD!

IT'S ABOUT DAMN TIME.

WHAT? THIS OLD THING? YOU SEE, I'M EXPECTING COMPANY...

...AND I THOUGHT I'D DRESS FOR THE OCCASION.

NOW WHO WANTS PRESENTS?

MAC? HAVE YOU BEEN A GOOD BOY? 'CAUSE I'VE GOT SOMETHING *SPECIAL* FOR YOU.

BUT FIRST, YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE YOUR *MEDICINE.*

W-WHAT IS THAT?

LET'S JUST SAY, ONE DROP'LL CURE YA.

AND *TWO?*

TWO WOULD KILL EVERYBODY IN THE TRI-STATE AREA!

HERE'S THE FUN PART. THREE OR FOUR? THAT'S ALL YOU'LL NEED...

...TO WIPE OUT *ANTI-VENOM!*

YESSS!

GOOD BOY. NOW HERE, PUT THIS ON.

WHAT? THIS CAN'T BE!

YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO--

YES! AS YOUR SYMBIOTE HEALS ITSELF, IT WILL NEED TO BE PROTECTED.

AND THIS BATTLE SUIT'S WEAPON IS THE PERFECT DELIVERY SYSTEM FOR MY SUPER-VENOM.

I'M SSSCARED.

DO IT!

THIS IS INSANE. WITH HIS HISTORY, YOU SHOULDN'T MAKE HIM--

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. ALL THE PIECES ARE IN PLAY... INCLUDING THIS *"ANTI-VENOM."*

THE ONE ELEMENT I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED FOR. BUT NOW, IF HE SHOULD INTERFERE, HE'LL FEEL THE STING OF MY...

...BRAND NEW SCORPION!

YESSS... BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERSSS, BROCK.

'CAUSE MAC'S BACK!

To Be Concluded...

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #573

COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

The Oscorp Building.

ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER IN JERSEY CITY.

LILY, FOR THE LAST TIME. GO HOME.

NO. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, HARRY. WHERE YOU GO, I GO.

NOT THIS TIME. IT'S DIFFERENT. HE'S HERE.

I EVER TELL YOU WHY MY DAD BUILT THIS BRANCH OFF THE PALISADES?

SO HE'D HAVE A CLEAR VIEW OF THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

DON'T ASK.

YOU! WHERE IS HE?

WHERE'S NORMAN OSBORN?

THIS WAY. YOUR FATHER'S BEEN EXPECTING YOU, SIR.

SECURITY

GOOD. I WOULDN'T WANT TO *DISAPPOINT HIM.*

HARRY, WAIT! HARRY!

SECURITY

ALL RIGHT! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT?!

YOU BLEW UP MY PLACE! MY GIRLFRIEND COULD'VE BEEN *KILLED!*

I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED!

PLEASE, HARRY. GIRLFRIENDS? THEY'RE REPLACEABLE. AND DON'T ACT LIKE *YOU* HAVEN'T DIED BEFORE.

YOU SHOULD BE USED TO IT BY NOW. WE'RE OSBORNS. WE BOUNCE BACK.

IT'S IN OUR BLOOD.

NEW WAYS TO DIE PART SIX
WEAPONS OF SELF DESTRUCTION

DAN SLOTT WRITER | JOHN ROMITA JR. PENCILS | KLAUS JANSON INKS | DEAN WHITE COLORS | VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS | TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR | STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR | TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR | JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF | DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

WHAT THE--?! YOU'RE IN COSTUME? *AGAIN!*

LOOK, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE MORE SPECIFIC. LAST TIME YOU WERE UPSET I WAS WEARING THE MASK.

YOU'RE *INSANE!* HOW COULD YOU--HOW COULD *ANY* FATHER BE SO--? WHY THE COFFEE BEAN, DAD? WHEN I WAS FINALLY MAKING SOMETHING OF MYSELF--

I DID YOU A FAVOR, BOY. YOUR PLACE IS HERE, AT OSCORP. BY MY SIDE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S COMING. BUT I *DO.*

THE WORLD COULD BE OURS, SON. THE TWO OF US TOGETHER? WE'D BE INVINCIBLE. NO ONE COULD STOP US.

REALLY? 'CAUSE OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD...

"...I CAN THINK OF SOMEBODY."

EDDIE, YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN.

SORRY.

QUICK REMINDER. WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU SWING TOO CLOSE?

YOUR POWERS CUT OUT AND YOU COULD FALL TO YOUR DEATH.

AND WE *DON'T* WANT THAT, DO WE?

...

NO.

GOOD. SO DON'T MAKE ME COME BACK THERE. BECAUSE...WELL... I CAN'T.

OSCORP! WE'RE HERE!

AND THIS IS WHERE WE SPLIT UP, FOR TWO REASONS...

ONE: THE WHOLE YOU-MESS-UP-MY-POWERS THING.

AND *TWO:* I JUST DON'T LIKE YOU.

THAT'S THE THANKS I GET. Y'KNOW, I COULD'VE COME STRAIGHT HERE.

I DIDN'T *HAVE* TO BAIL YOU OUT. I'M *TRYING* TO BE A GOOD GUY.

YEAH? WELL I'M TRYING *NOT* TO MAKE FUN OF YOUR NAME.

ALL OF MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S TO CHOOSE FROM, AND YOU GO WITH "*ANTI-VENOM*"? REALLY?

YES! VENOM IS A PLAGUE. AND IT IS MY *CALLING* TO ERADICATE IT.

I-I CAN SENSE ITS PRESENCE *THIS* WAY.

FINE. I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE. AND HERE'S HOPING WE NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

GODSPEED. I'LL KEEP THEM DISTRACTED.

I'M COUNTING ON IT!

SPIDER-MAN? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU *STILL* GO ON ABOUT HIM.

ME?!

HARRY, I'VE BEEN RECORDING YOUR THERAPY SESSIONS FOR YEARS.

COUNTLESS HOURS OF "MY FATHER NEVER HAD TIME FOR *ME*. HE WAS TOO BUSY *FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN.*"

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD

HOW DARE YOU--

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? *NONE* OF THIS HAS BEEN ABOUT SPIDER-MAN.

THIS IS ALL ABOUT *YOU*. YOU AND YOUR--one second. OSBORN HERE. WHAT IS IT?

IT'S BULLSEYE, BOSS. WE'RE PULLING OUT OF THE COFFEE SHOP. THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW, WE *HAD* SPIDER-MAN. DEAD TO THE WORLD.

BUT THEN THAT ANTI-VENOM GUY JUMPED US.

I WAS KINDA OUT OF IT, BUT I HEARD 'EM. THEY'RE COMING FOR YA. YOU AND GARGAN.

HELL, THEY MIGHT BE THERE NOW.

WAIT! WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* ALL ABOUT *ME?*

NOT NOW, BOY.

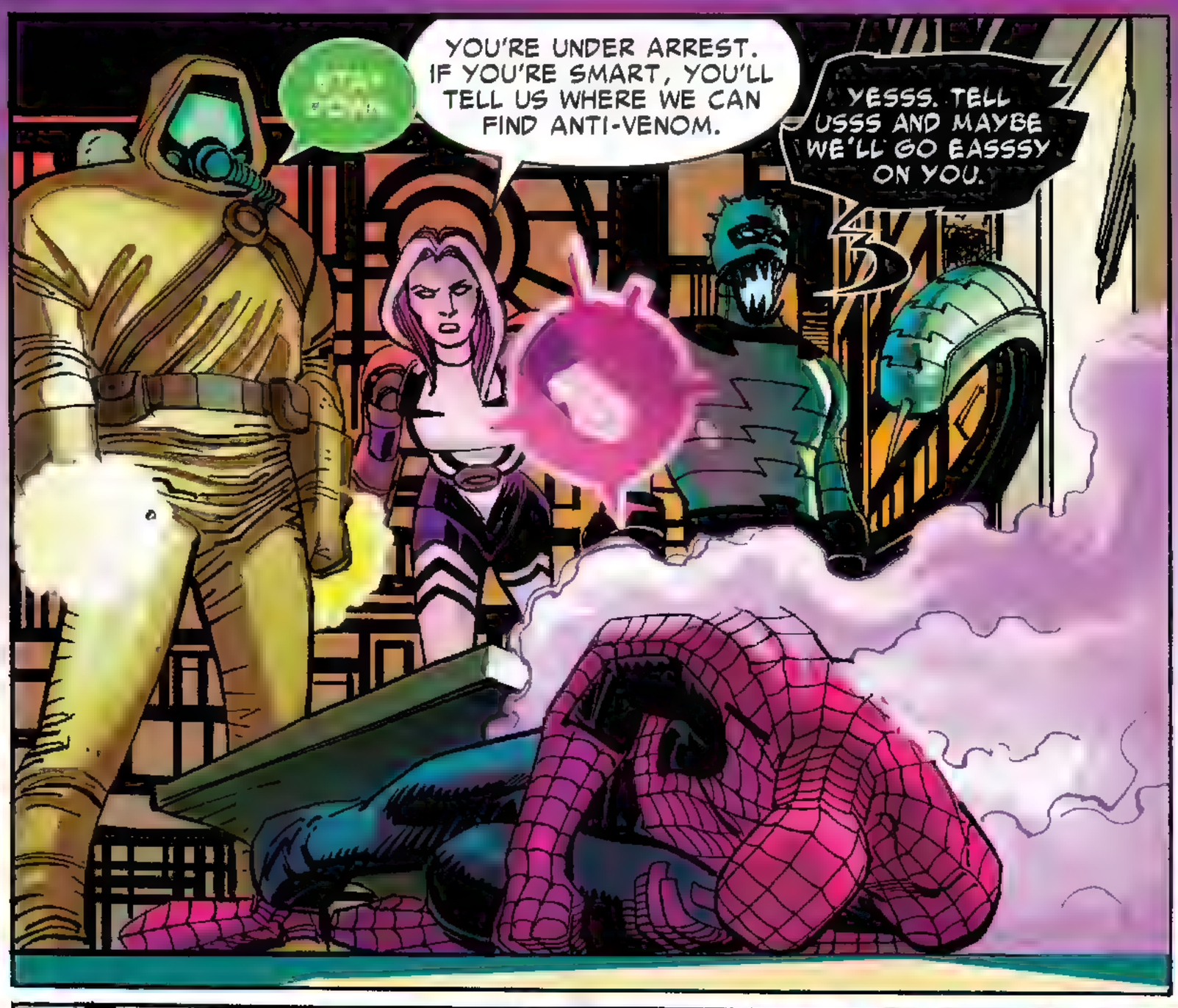
SO...THE BUG WANTS TO BRING THE FIGHT HERE? EXCELLENT...

"...I'LL BE SURE TO LET THE OTHERS KNOW TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HIM."

KRUNK

HEY, WEB-HEAD! *OVER HERE!*

Chaos


YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND ANTI-VENOM.
YESSS. TELL USSS AND MAYBE WE'LL GO EASSSY ON YOU.

I- I CAN DO BETTER...

...I CAN SHOW YOU.

GARGAN! DO SOMETHING!
SPLOP

WITH PLEASURE. C'MON, BROCK. LEMME SHOW YA MY NEW TOYSSS!

YOUR OLD SCORPION TRICKS WON'T HELP YOU, GARGAN. NOTHING WILL. I HAVE *RIGHT* ON MY SIDE!

OSBORN, THIS IS CHEN, DO YOU COPY? IT WASN'T SPIDER-MAN. IT WAS BROCK IN DISGUISE.

THE *REAL* WALL-CRAWLER'S STILL OUT THERE.

THEN WHERE IS HE, SONGBIRD? THE TRACKERS I BUILT, WHAT DO *THEY* SAY?

HOLD IT! HOW IS ALL THIS ABOUT ME? I-IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?

SHUT UP, BOY! I'M BUSY!

WAIT. THEN THAT MEANS--

Y'KNOW WHAT? FINE. *DON'T* LISTEN TO ME.

LET HIM GO!

HEY!

AHKK!

HANDS OFF, GOBLIN! HE'S NOT *YOURS* ANYMORE. YOU GOT THAT?!

STOP IT! I CAN FIGHT MY *OWN* BATTLES!

I NEVER ASKED FOR *YOUR* HELP! I NEVER ASKED FOR *ANY OF THIS!*

YES! THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

TEKK

WHAT'D YOU JUST--? OH, BOY...

"...MYSTERY BUTTONS ARE NEVER A GOOD THING."

WSHH

VRMMMMM

SMAK

NO!

I'M SO SICK OF YOU! THE TWO OF YOU!

IT NEVER ENDS! MY WHOLE LIFE! CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE AS YOU--

HARRY!

GET OUT OF THE --AHH!

SKASH

Unh—

RUNK

BUT THAT'S JUST IT, HARRY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE IN THE MIDDLE, SON.

CHOOSE A SIDE. CLAIM YOUR DESTINY!

YOU'RE SO CLOSE! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO, HARRY.

I'VE SEEN WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF. AND YOU COULD BE MORE...

...YOU COULD BE SO MUCH MORE!

CHOOM

HARRY? WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T--

POOM

C'MON, HARRY. SECRET MEETINGS ON ROOFTOPS AND IN DINERS...

THE SECRET EXPERIMENTS...

SO MANY SECRETS AND LIES. *COME ON!* BE A MAN! STEP INTO THE LIGHT!

ENOUGH!

YOU LIKE *HEAD GAMES*, GOBLIN?!

HERE!

HOW DID YOU--?!

TRY THIS ONE!

STOP, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE THROWING OFF THE GLIDER! WE'RE GOING TO--

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE"?!

KRCH

GAHH!

THIS GETTING THROUGH TO YOU, GOBLIN?!

HARRY'S OFF LIMITS! SAY IT!

NEVER! HE'S MINE! HE'S--

SKRAKK

GYAHH!

STOP IT! YOU'RE CAVING IN MY SKULL! YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME!

HOW, OSBORN?! TELL ME HOW?! YOU CAN'T STAY DEAD!

SO WHY SHOULD I HOLD BACK?!!

WHY?!

KAKK

DAD?

OH MY.

I-I WOULD'VE KEPT GOING. I SWEAR TO GOD...

BUT SUDDENLY THERE WERE THESE PEOPLE...

WALL AFTER WALL OF PEOPLE.

OSBORN! YOU SICK SON OF A--

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING HERE?!

ASKING...THE WRONG OSBORN. TELL HIM, HARRY. HUMAN TESTING.

THE... PROMETHEAN TRIALS. ALL OF THIS. THIS...

NO. IT WASN'T SUPPOSE TO...

HARRY?

WELL, YOU DID IT, BOY. I'M FINALLY PROUD OF YOU.

I SAID ENOUGH!

WAKK

GNUH...

N-NO... THAT'S FOR *ME* TO SAY...

CLICK

AGAIN WITH THE STUPID BELT!

I'M *SO* TAKING THAT AWAY FROM YOU. I DON'T CARE IF YOUR PANTS FALL DOWN AND THE WHOLE WORLD SEES YOUR LITTLE GOBLIN...

OH, WHAT NOW?

RRRMMMM

FEEL THAT? THE WHOLE COMPLEX IS SHAKING!

WE BETTER CLEAR THE AREA!

OH NO! HARRY!

SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE. YOUR MOVE, BUG.

DO YOU DRAG OUT NORMAN OSBORN, BELOVED LEADER OF THE THUNDERBOLTS...

...SOMEONE YOU'VE BEATEN AND DRESSED UP IN A GREEN GOBLIN SUIT...*AGAIN*...

OR FREE A ROOM FULL OF HUMAN GUINEA PIGS?

YOU-YOU-YOU *SUCK!*

WITTY AS EVER. SIX MINUTES AND COUNTING.

SONGBIRD?

I KNOW, CHEN. THE PLACE IS FALLING APART!

SO, BROCK, THISSS HOW IT GOESSS DOWN?

THE TWO OF USSS AT IT 'TIL THE BITTER END?!

YES! THE SICKNESS IN YOU *MUST DIE!*

AND IF THAT MEANS LOSING THE PATIENT? MYSELF? ALL OF US? *SO BE IT!*

COME ON, EVERYONE. NICE AND ORDERLY EXIT. KEEP IT MOVING. REMEMBER YOUR BUDDY. HARRY?

I'M NOT YOUR BUDDY.

OKAY, THAT HURTS.

SPIDER-MAN!

HEY, SONGBIRD AND RADIOACTIVE MAN.

LONG TIME, NO TRY-TO-LOCK-ME-UP-FOR-A-CRIME-I-DIDN'T-COMMIT?

CAN YOU SPARE US AND JUST GET US OUT OF HERE.

TECHNICALLY, GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE *IS* SPARING YOU.

NOW PLEASE, *DON'T* MAKE ME REGRET THIS...

...BY DOING SOMETHING STUPID. LIKE TRYING TO ARREST ME...

...WHILE I'M GETTING SICK PEOPLE OUT OF A BUILDING BEFORE IT *BLOWS UP.*

ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAT DO WE DO...

...ABOUT *THEM?*

RWARR!!

HEY, THEY'RE BIG BOYS. THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. RIGHT NOW...

...I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND LESS FORTUNATE.

THOUGH I GOTTA ASK. WAS THAT VENOM IN A SCORPION SUIT?

YES.

THIS WAY. PLEASE STAY TOGETHER.

WOW. VEN-ORPION.

THAT'S LIKE THE *TURDUCKEN* OF SUPER-VILLAINS.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY, GARGAN.

ALL IT'D TAKE IS ONE TOUCH, AND YOU'D BE FREE! ONE TOUCH AND IT'D ALL BE OVER!

FUNNY.

I WASSS THINKING THE SSSAME THING!

YEARGHH!

FWITCH

STINGSSS DON'T IT, BROCK?!

SSSO WORRIED ABOUT SSSAVING ME! CURING ME! HEALING ME!

WELL, EDDIE, HEAL THYSELF! HA HA!

MY SUIT! THE ANTI-VENOM!

YESSS. YOUR SELF-RIGHTEOUSSS GIFT FROM ON HIGH...

...AND ALL IT TOOK WASSS ONE WHIP OF OUR TAIL TO DROWN IT IN POISON.

AND NOW, WITH THISSS STING, YOU'LL JOIN IT IN--

WHAT?! WHAT'RE WE DOING?!

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?! WE'RE KILLING BROCK!

NO! I DON'T CARE HOW LONG HE WASSS WITH YOU!

YOU'RE MINE NOW! YOU'RE PART OF ME! WE ARE VENOM!

STOP HOLDING ME BACK! STOP FIGHTING ME!

YOU STUPID, STUPID THING! HE REJECTED YOU! HE DOESN'T WANT YOU!

TING

PANG

TENK

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU WANT! WHAT YOU FEEL!

I HATE HIM! HOW CAN YOU--?

RWARRRR

IT LOVESSS YOU, EDDIE. EVEN AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE TO IT, IT WON'T LET ME KILL YA!

HM. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BROCK. MAYBE IT ISSS CANCER.

SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, I'LL FIND A WAY PAST THISSS. AND WHEN I DO, YOU'RE DEAD!

NOT IF I KILL YOU FIRST.

BAM

HOW CONVENIENT. A TRAIL OF BREADCRUMBS LEADS US RIGHT TO OSCORP AND EVERYTHING WE'RE LOOKING FOR...

...IS UNDER EIGHTY TONS OF RUBBLE.

IS IT ALWAYS THIS WAY WITH AN OSBORN STORY, BEN?

NO, SALLY. SOMETIMES IT'S SIXTY TONS OF RUBBLE.

BEN, LOOK OVER THERE. THAT'S HARRY'S GIRL, LILY HOLLISTER.

MS. HOLLISTER, I'M SALLY FLOYD FROM *FRONT LINE*. CAN YOU COMMENT ON WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY?

NOT NOW, PLEASE. I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING RIGHT NOW EXCEPT...

LILY!

HARRY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M FINE.
I'M SURE HE DID. IN FACT...
WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAD? DID HE MAKE IT OUT?
...HE WAS A FEW STEPS AHEAD OF ME THE ENTIRE TIME.
IT'S A SHAME WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU BACK THERE, SPIDEY.
YOU MEAN TO OUR FRIENDS HERE.
NO, I MEAN TO YOU. THAT WAY YOU WERE CRUSHED UNDER ALL THAT FALLING DEBRIS. HORRIBLE.
IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE WEEKS TO FIND YOUR BODY AND DIG YOU OUT.
KIT'S OKAY. WE KNOW SOMEWHERE YOU CAN GO. SOMEWHERE SAFE.)
ARE YOU SAYING...?
I'M SAYING YOU SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE OFF...
...WHILE MOST OF THE PEOPLE WHO'VE SEEN YOU ONLY SPEAK MANDARIN.
I'M NOT GOING INTO HIDING, MEL.
ALL RIGHT. BUT CAN YOU STAY OUT OF THE NEWS FOR A FEW DAYS?
OR UNTIL WE SAVE THE WORLD. WHICHEVER COMES FIRST.

THUNDERBOLTS. GOTTA LOVE 'EM.

IT'S THE LAW.

MAN, I REALLY GOTTA FIND OUT WHO DOES THEIR P.R. ...

Days Later...

ACCORDING TO MY THUNDERBOLTS, THE TRACER-KILLER WAS DEALT A *LITERAL* CRUSHING BLOW...

...BURIED UNDER THE WRECKAGE HE HELPED CAUSE, WHEN HE ATTACKED MY OFFICES HERE IN JERSEY CITY. THOUGH I ESCAPED RELATIVELY UNHARMED...

...THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF THESE EVENTS IS THAT THIS OSCORP PLANT WAS TESTING PROMISING NEW DRUGS FOR COMBATING HUNDREDS OF DISEASES.

IT'S A SAD FOOTNOTE TO SPIDER-MAN'S LEGACY THAT HE'S DEPRIVED US *ALL* OF THESE POTENTIAL NEW CURES.

MR. CROWNE! DOES THIS MEAN THAT WE'VE SEEN AN *END* TO THE TRACER-KILLINGS?

YES! I'D STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT.

MR. OSBORN...

WHAT IS IT, MALECK? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M *BUSY?*

YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FREAK, SIR. AS SOON AS WE LEARNED ANYTHING.

AND?

ALL OUR SENSOR SWEEPS HAVE SHOWN NO SIGNS OF LIFE. HE'S PROBABLY DEAD.

IDIOT.

WHAT?

THINK ABOUT IT FOR A SECOND.

...

OH.

IDIOT.

BEN URICH, FRONT LINE.

MR. OSBORN, THERE'VE BEEN *RUMORS* OF UNORTHODOX MEDICAL TRIALS HERE AT OSCORP. DRUG TESTING ON HUMANS. CARE TO COMMENT?

I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY RUMORS, MR. URICH. THEN AGAIN, I DON'T READ FRONT LINE.

BUT I BELIEVE YOU'VE BEEN IN CONTACT WITH MY *SON*...

"...PERHAPS HE HAD INFORMATION BACK FROM WHEN *HE* WAS RUNNING THE COMPANY."

NO OFFENSE, HARRY, BUT I DOUBT OSCORP SECURITY WOULD LET YOU IN HERE...

...IF THERE WERE ANYTHING WORTH FINDING IN THIS MESS.

JUST KEEP LOOKING. THERE WAS A FILE. AND SOME RESEARCH MATERIALS. THEY COULD HELP CLEAR MY NAME.

PETER'S RIGHT, HARRY. I'M FAR MORE WORRIED ABOUT HOW *SAFE* IT IS IN HERE. THIS OFFICE IS THE ONLY ROOM LEFT STANDING.

WE'RE FINE. DAD BUILDS HIS OFFICES LIKE BUNKERS.

ONE SECOND, THERE'S A STORAGE AREA NEAR HERE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

"CLEAR HIS NAME." DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, LIL?

NOT A CLUE.

I JUST...I GET THIS FEELING THAT HARRY'S BEEN *HIDING* SOMETHING FROM ME. SOMETHING BIG. SOMETHING WEIRD.

HEY. LOOK AT THIS...

The Rise of the Norman Empire: England before the Crusades

THE ONLY THING LEFT STANDING...

...IS "THE RISE OF THE NORMAN EMPIRE"? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.

The Rise of the Norman Empire: England

NOT THE ONLY THING LEFT STANDING. YOU'RE HERE, PETE.

WELL, I TRY.

YOU DO MORE THAN THAT.

YOU'RE THE GOOD ONE. AND THROUGHOUT THESE LAST FEW DAYS, WITH ALL THE CRAZINESS GOING ON...

SEEING HARRY'S FATHER. SEEING WHAT HARRY'S LIKE *AROUND* HIS FATHER. WELL, SOMETIMES I FEEL...

...LIKE I CHOSE THE WRONG GUY.

WHOA. STUFF TINGLIN'...

YOU'RE WELCOME.

NO. I MEAN-- ME. FRIEND. HARRY'S.

YOU. GIRL. *NO.*

OKAY...? CAN WE DO THAT AGAIN, BUT WITH SOME VERBS?

GOTCHA!
WHAT?
THE FILE. I FOUND THE FILE I WAS LOOKING FOR.
YES. EXACTLY. THE THING YOU WERE LOOKING FOR. WAY TO GO.
SO, HARRY, ABOUT THIS FILE...?
I'M SORRY, PETE. NOT NOW. I'M SURE *YOU* CAN UNDERSTAND THE NEED FOR KEEPING SECRETS.
YOU HAVE *NO* IDEA. AND I MEAN THAT ON THREE *COMPLETELY* DIFFERENT LEVELS.
LOOK, I PROMISE WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT. SOON. AND WHEN WE DO, I'M GONNA NEED YOUR HELP WITH SOMETHING.
WHY ME?
BECAUSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD, PETE, YOU'RE THE *ONE* GUY I TRUST. CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
ALWAYS.
OKAY THEN. WE'RE GOOD TO GO.

SO, WHAT'S MY STORY?

I WAS THE DYING MAN WHO FOUND A NEW REASON TO LIVE...

...FRIENDS AMONG STRANGERS, AND A HOME WITH THE HOMELESS.

THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER REOPENING TOMORROW

DO ANY OF YOU UNDERSTAND?

IF JUST *ONE* OF YOU WILL TESTIFY, WE CAN BRING CHARGES AGAINST OSCORP. ANYONE?

SALLY, MAYBE WE SHOULD GET MR. LI IN HERE.

THEY UNDERSTAND YOU, BEN. THEY ALSO UNDERSTAND THAT THEY'RE HERE ILLEGALLY...

...AND NONE OF THEM WANT TO BE SENT...

...BACK HOME? BRANT? YOU'RE TAKING OFF? ARE YOU INSANE?

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE CENTURY. FOR *FRONT LINE* OR THE *DB*. AND YOU'RE JUST GOING TO WALK AWAY?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, FLOYD? I'M NOT COVERING THAT.

I WAS HERE TO REPORT ON THE F.E.A.S.T. SHELTER "MIRACLES." AND THAT STORY'S *OVER.*

PEOPLE ARE GETTING SICK AGAIN, RELAPSING AT AN ALARMING RATE.

LIKE DEXTER BENNETT SAID, IT'S ALL JUST A LOAD OF BUNK. AND FOR A MINUTE I ALMOST BOUGHT IT.

I ALMOST BELIEVED MIRACLES COULD HAPPEN.

MR. LI! YOU WANNA PLAY?

MAYBE LATER, LUKAS. *÷KOFF÷* I'M-I'M A LITTLE TIRED RIGHT NOW.

KOFF KOFF KAFF KEH KEH

MR. LI? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MARTIN?

COME WITH ME. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING YOURSELF MUCH TOO HARD.

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAY. I JUST NEED SOME REST IS ALL. =KOFF= I'LL LIE DOWN IN THE OFFICE FOR AWHILE.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. YOU DO THAT AND I'LL BRING YOU A NICE BOWL OF SOUP.

THAT'S =KOFF= VERY KIND OF YOU. BUT I'D PREFER SOME TIME ALONE...

NONSENSE. IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL. AND WITH THE WAY YOU LOOK AFTER *EVERYONE* HERE...

...YOU MORE THAN DESERVE A LITTLE TENDING TO YOURSELF.

US MAIL

I SAID I NEED TO BE *LEFT ALONE.*

BUT MARTIN, I'M ONLY TRYING TO--

WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, YOU MEDDLING OLD CRONE!

IT'S OKAY, MRS. PARKER. DON'T WORRY. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE THAT LONG.

HE GETS LIKE THAT FROM TIME TO TIME.

I-I HAD NO IDEA.

AND IN MY HEART, I KNOW THAT I OWE EVERYTHING TO ONE MAN, MARTIN LI.

HE SHOWED ME A SIDE OF HUMANITY I'D LONG FORGOTTEN.

I KNOW THERE'S SO MUCH MORE I COULD LEARN FROM HIM.

THE F.E.A.S.T. CE
REOPENING TOMO

BUT I CAN'T GO BACK.

ER
RROW

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIV

I SIDED WITH SPIDER-MAN. I FOUGHT THE THUNDERBOLTS--GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

THAT MAKES ME A FUGITIVE. A WANTED MAN. BUT NO MATTER...

ALIVE

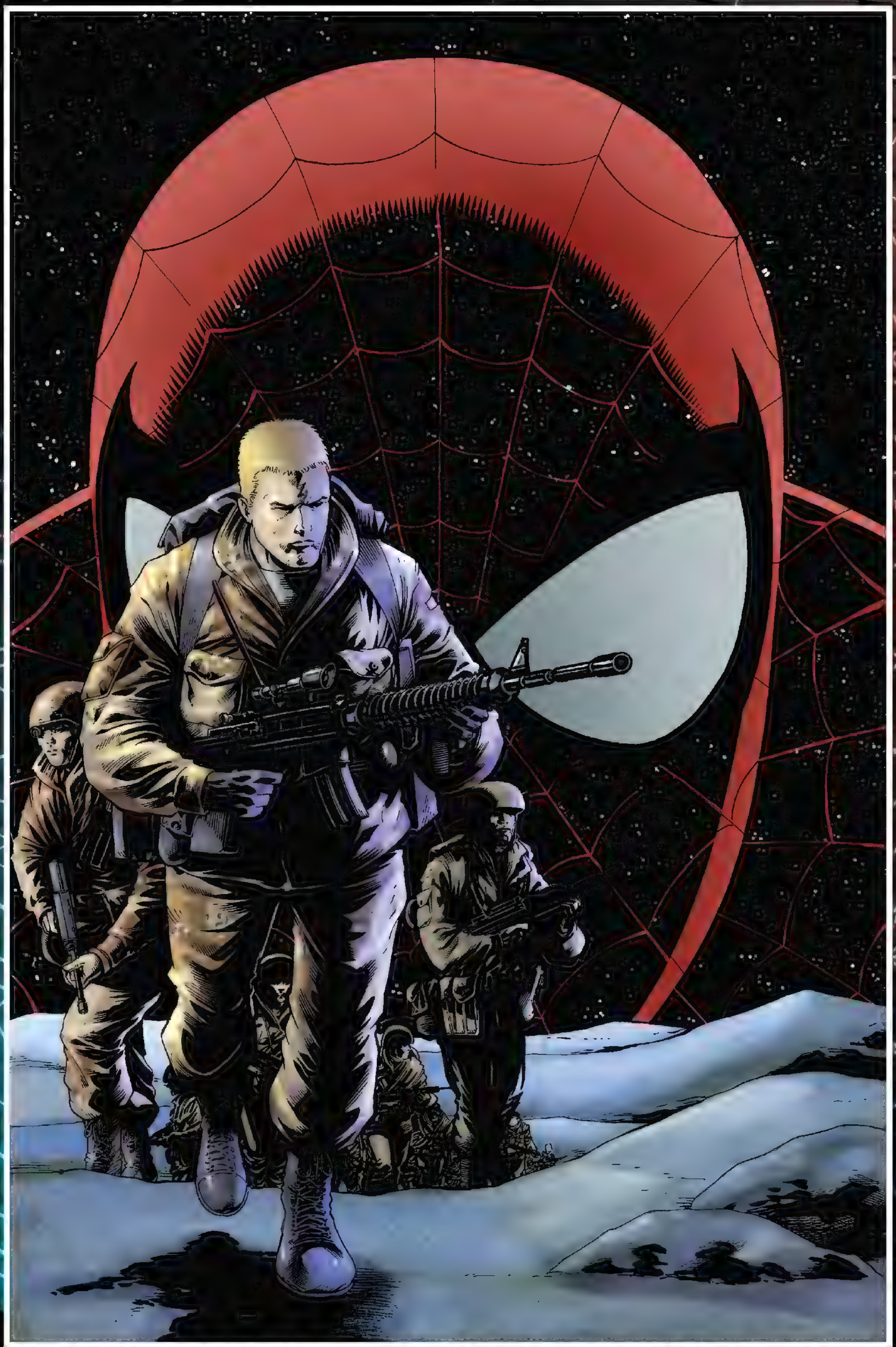
THIS CITY HAS A SICKNESS. I CAN SEE IT ALL AROUND ME.

IT PREYS ON THE POOR, THE INFIRM, ALL THOSE WHO ARE TOO WEAK TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.

AND I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH THE CURE.

FROM NOW ON, I AM THE ANTI-VENOM.

The End.



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #574

COVER BY **BARRY KITSON & ANTONIO FABELA**

Landstuhl, Germany.

December.

Iraq War.

SELFLESS SERVICE

Day 2104.

IT'S EVENING IN THE DESERT...

SEASONS GREETINGS

I'M TIRED AND I'M COLD...

Merry Christmas!

Hope you don't already have an iPod. I put a song on it for you. Seemed appropriate. You're missed here. Come back home soon. And come back safe, alright?

Your pal, Peter

BUT I AM JUST A SOLDIER, I DO WHAT I AM TOLD...

AND I JUST GOT YOUR LETTER...

AND THIS IS WHAT I READ: YOU SAID, "I'M FADING FROM YOUR MEMORY...

Christmas In Fallüjah

...SO I'M JUST AS GOOD AS DEAD.

CORPORAL THOMPSON?

YEAH?

SEASONS GREETINGS

GENERAL FAZEKAS. YOU GOT A MINUTE OR TEN FOR ME?

WELL, YOU'RE INTERRUPTING MY BILLY JOEL TIME, BUT SURE. I DON'T GET A LOT OF VISITORS. 'SPECIALLY NOT ONES WITH FOUR STARS.

SEASONS GREETINGS

YOU MIND IF I SIT DOWN?

ONLY IF YOU DON'T MIND IF I DON'T STAND UP.

AT LEAST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR REMAINS UNINJURED, CORPORAL.

YOU CAN CALL ME FLASH. EVERYBODY DOES.

FLASH.

WHAT EARNED YOU THAT NAME?

IT'S OKAY, EUGENE. IT WAS NICE. REALLY.

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

THAT SO? YOU PLAY COLLEGE BALL, TOO?

YEP. FULL RIDE TO EMPIRE STATE UNTIL I DROPPED OUT.

WHICH WOULD BE WHEN YOU ENLISTED.

"*VOLUNTEERED*, IN FACT. YOU DID A FEW OTHER TOURS OF DUTY, I BELIEVE."

YOU GOT YOUR DISCHARGE, yadda yadda yadda...THEN THEY CALLED UP INACTIVE RESERVES... yadda yadda yadda... YOU WERE IN *IRAQ*, AM I RIGHT?

IF THE FILE SAYS SO...

THE FILE SAYS SO. AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT *ELSE* THE FILE SAYS.

IT SAYS I'M SUPPOSED TO INTERVIEW YOU IN CONNECTION WITH A RECOMMENDATION YOU RECEIVE THE *MEDAL OF HONOR.*

MIND IF I ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS?

SIR, I AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE. YOU CAN ASK MORE'N A FEW.

YEAH, I FIGURED THAT'D BE YOUR REACTION.

Y'KNOW, WE'VE ONLY AWARDED FOUR MEDALS OF HONOR FOR SERVICE IN IRAQ SO FAR, SO THIS IS KIND OF A SPECIAL THING. AND THE M.O.H. IS PRETTY SPECIAL TO BEGIN WITH.

GENERALLY... that's a little pun... I LIKE TO GET SOME BACKGROUND ON THE CANDIDATE FIRST...

NOW, YOU GREW UP IN QUEENS, NEW YORK...

SEASONS GREETINGS

YES, SIR. FOREST HILLS, 11375.

FATHER WAS A POLICEMAN, I SEE. I SUPPOSE YOU GREW UP FOLLOWING HIS EXAMPLE.

WHO'D YOUR MOM STEP OUT ON ME WITH, BOY?! IT MUST'VE BEEN SOMEBODY, 'CAUSE THERE'S NO WAY A LOSER LIKE *YOU* COULD BE ANY SON OF *MINE!*

NOT REALLY. THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON-- FORGET IT. IT'S STUPID.

SPIDER-MAN ISN'T STUPID.

HOW DID YOU--?

IN HIGH SCHOOL YOU STARTED A SPIDER-MAN FAN CLUB. THE FIRST OF ONLY THREE IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY, IN FACT.

UM, WHO TOLD YOU--?

IT'S IN YOUR FBI FILE.

I HAVE AN FBI FILE?

SON, YOU STARTED A CLUB CELEBRATING THE EXPLOITS OF, AT *BEST*, A MASKED VIGILANTE AND, AT WORST, A SUPER-POWERED MENACE TO LAW AND ORDER.

OF *COURSE* THE FBI OPENED A FILE.

"IN POINT OF FACT, YOU FIRST GOT THEIR ATTENTION WHEN YOU WERE *ABDUCTED* BY THE LEADER OF A SOVEREIGN NATION."

LET ME *OUT* OF HERE! *PLEASE!* I'M *NOT* SPIDER-MAN! YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! *HONEST!* YOU'VE *GOT* TO BELIEVE ME! YOU'VE *GOT* TO!

SILENCE, YOU CRINGING, SNIVELING COWARD! THE FAMOUS *SPIDER-MAN!*

BAH! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FRIGHTENED WEAKLING!

YOU MIND IF I ASK WHERE THE FASCINATION WITH SPIDER-MAN CAME FROM?

DOES IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE MEDAL?

I GUESS I COULD JUST SAY IT'S THE MEDAL OF HONOR AND I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHERE YOUR SENSE OF HONOR COMES FROM.

BUT THE REAL TRUTH IS, I'M JUST CURIOUS.

SPIDEY--ER, SPIDER-MAN, HE'S *MISUNDERSTOOD.*

NOBODY APPRECIATES HIM FOR WHAT HE IS, BUT HE JUST KEEPS GOING.

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM, NO MATTER WHO'S DOING IT TO HIM...

"...HE JUST KEEPS GOING."

WELL, LOOK AT THAT, TURNS OUT IT *DOES* HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MEDAL, AFTER ALL.

NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU.

WELL, I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY YOU DID THAT THING YOU DID.

THAT THING...?

YOU DIDN'T THINK WE WERE CONSIDERING GIVING YOU THE MEDAL OF HONOR FOR YOUR GOOD LOOKS, DID YOU?

SIR, I DON'T NEED ANY MEDAL--

TELL YOU WHAT: WHY DON'T YOU JUST WALK ME THROUGH WHAT HAPPENED.

WHERE SHOULD I START?

"HOW ABOUT THE BEGINNING? START WITH THE STRYKER."

"OKAY, IT WAS A STRYKER I.C.V. IT'S USUALLY WHAT WE RODE THROUGH BREACHES IN. SOMETIMES A BRADLEY, BUT USUALLY IT WAS THE STRYKER."

"THE BREACH? THIS WAS *MOSUL.*"

"YESSIR, A CORDON-AND-SEARCH MISSION."

"CORDON-AND-SEARCH?"

"SIR?"

"JUST NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM."

"YOU'VE NEVER SERVED IN A FORWARD AREA, SIR?"

"NO. I GOT MY STARS WORKING AT THE PENTAGON."

"OH. WELL, A CORDON-AND-SEARCH IS A CLEAN AND CLEAR MISSION. WE GO IN, KNOCK ON DOORS, CLEAR THE TOWN OF INSURGENTS. STANDARD STUFF."

"STANDARD. SO THERE WASN'T A PROBLEM WITH THE STRYKER?"

"WELL, SIR, THE PROBLEM WASN'T *WITH* THE STRYKER.

"WE MUST'VE HIT AN *I.E.D.* IT TURNED US ASS OVER TEAKETTLE.

"I GOT A FACE FULL OF KEVLAR FROM SERGEANT BASKI.

"SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS OF BATTLE RATTLE STRAIGHT IN THE TEETH."

DAMMIT!

GO! GO! GO!

LET'S GO! OUT THE TOP HATCH! WE CAN'T STAY HERE!

SENUS, YOU *SLEEP* THROUGH THAT OR SOMETHING?!

MOVE!

IT'S STUCK!

"SO YOU'RE TRAPPED INSIDE A 17-TON COFFIN, SITTING DUCKS... HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COOL IN A SITUATION LIKE THAT?"

"I DON'T KNOW, TO BE HONEST. I GUESS I COULD SAY YOU--

"YOU 'JUST KEEP GOING'?"

"YEAH, I GUESS. YOU JUST TRY TO REMEMBER YOU CAN GET THROUGH STUFF IF YOU JUST STAY *FOCUSED*.

"SO THAT'S WHAT I DID."

"I PRETENDED THE DOOR WAS A LINEBACKER FOR ASTORIA CENTRAL."

GOOD TO GO! GOOD TO GO!

MOVE IT MOVE IT MOVE IT!

TAKE UP POSITION AT THE CLOSEST BUILDING!

GO!

BRADABRRADABRADA

TANGO!! TANGO!! TANGO!!

"BASKI DIDN'T TELL US, HE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

"THE I.E.D. WASN'T DESIGNED TO KILL US. I MEAN, GENERALLY, I.E.D.S JUST RESULT IN 'MOBILITY KILLS,' THEY *STOP* THE STRYKER.

"WHICH MEANS WE HAVE TO GET *OUT* OF THE STRYKER.

"AND THEY'RE WAITING FOR US.

MOVE MOVE MOVE!!

GET A.S.A.W. FIRING ON THAT POSTION.

"IT'S CALLED SETTING UP A KILL ZONE."

THOMPSON!

ON THE ROOF!

SUPPRESSING FIRE!

BRRRATATATAT

GET AN M4 ON THAT WINDOW!

THOMPSON

CHOOM

THOMPSON!

ENEMIES IN THE OPEN!

BOX IT!
BOX IT!

"BOX IT?"

"YESSIR. THAT'S WHEN YOU SPLIT UP ALONG BOTH SIDES OF AN OPEN AREA, LIKE A COURTYARD OR A STREET, AND YOU HUG THE WALLS OF THE BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE INSTEAD OF GOING STRAIGHT UP THE MIDDLE."

"YOU SOUND LIKE YOU PREFER THE UP-THE-MIDDLE APPROACH."

"I LIKE TACKLING SOMETHING HEAD-ON. EVEN IF IT'S NOT ALWAYS A PERFECT PLAN."

THOMPSON, SANTOS! CLEAR THIS BUILDING! CLEAR IT AND GET UP TO THE ROOF!

SET UP OVERWATCH AND A DEFENSIVE FIRING POSITION!

HOO-*AH*. COPY THAT, SIR.

FLASH, STAY CLOSE TO MY SIX...

AAAAHH!

SANTOS!

"THE INSURGENTS HAVE BEEN HOPPING THEMSELVES UP ON DRUGS...

"SOME OF 'EM ARE ON ENOUGH EPINEPHRINE, YOU COULD LIGHT 'EM UP WITH AMMO AND THEY WOULDN'T EVEN *FEEL* IT.

GET CLEAR! I DON'T HAVE A SHOT!

THOMPSON

"IT'S LIKE TRYING TO STOP A TANK.

SLAM

NUTS

CHAK

THOMPSON

CHAK

THOMPSON

GNF--

AAAAAA!

"ACTUALLY, YOU'D PROBABLY HAVE BETTER LUCK TRYING TO STOP A TANK.

"SOMETIMES THE FEAR JUST TAKES OVER.

THOMPSON

"THE FEAR TAKES CONTROL AND YOU'RE NO LONGER YOURSELF.

RAH--

"AND YOU JUST DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

HRN HRN

KERULP

GOOD TO GO.

"ANYWAY... WE MADE OUR MOVE UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR."

"AND THAT'S WHEN..."

"YES, SIR. THAT'S WHEN THINGS WENT SOUTH.

SANTOS

SANTOS

"WE KNEW THE HAJ WERE RIGGING UP I.E.D.'S AND BOOBY TRAPS IN THE HOUSES WE WERE CLEARING, BUT THAT'S THE THING...

"YOU'RE GONNA CLEAR A HOUSE, YOU'VE GOTTA MOVE QUICK AND CONFIDENT, THAT'S THE KEY. IF YOU SLOW DOWN, MOVE CAREFULLY TO AVOID TRIPWIRES AND SUCH...

"...THEN YOU MAKE MISTAKES."

SANTOS! STOP! *HOLD UP!*

WHAT'S THAT, SIR?

TIK

SANTOS.

SANTOS, SITREP.

FLASH...

I THINK I'M IN A BAD WAY HERE, FLASH.

HANG IN THERE, SANTOS. HANG TIGHT, BUDDY!

LIGHTNING SIX, LIGHTNING SIX, THIS IS LIGHTNING *THREE*. LIGHTNING TWO IS DOWN, CONDITION SERIOUS!

LIGH-- THREE SKZZT--NING THR--SKZZT--ITION. SKZZT--GAIN. GIVE--

RADIO'S OUT. MUST'VE GOTTEN HIT IN THE BLAST. HOW YOU DOING?

BEEN BETTER.

COPY THAT. OKAY, LISTEN, I'M GONNA DOUBLE-BACK, SEE IF I CAN'T GET US SOME HELP, ALRIGHT?

...

SANTOS, THAT SOUND LIKE A PLAN OR WHAT?

HOO-*AH*.

HOO-- %?&#ING-- *AH*.

"AND THAT'S WHEN YOU GOT HIT?"

"YEAH. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM."

"HOW MANY?"

"SIX."

"SIX AGAINST ONE. KIND OF IMPOSSIBLE ODDS."

"KIND OF.

"BUT NOT *COMPLETELY* IMPOSSIBLE.

"BODY ARMOR TOOK MOST OF IT, BUT THEY GOT SOME GOOD HITS IN ON MY LEGS.

THOMPSON

"NOT THAT I DIDN'T GET IN SOME HITS OF MY OWN, THOUGH.

"STILL, WHEN YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED, SOMETIMES THE ONLY THING TO DO IS RETREAT."

"YOU WEREN'T AFRAID THEY'D GO AFTER SANTOS INSTEAD OF YOU?"

"YEAH, I WAS BANKING ON THE FACT THEY'D HAVE AS MUCH TROUBLE GETTING TO HIM AS I HAD."

"YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN OUT AT THAT POINT. GOTTEN TO SAFETY..."

"YEAH. AND MAYBE I COULD'VE GOTTEN SOME HELP BEFORE THE HAJ GOT TO SANTOS OR BEFORE SANTOS BLED OUT.

"YOU COULD'VE BLED OUT."

"YEAH, AND THAT'S A FACT. IN ANY CASE, I COULD BARELY FEEL MY LEGS THROUGH THE PAIN, MUCH LESS STAND ON THEM...

"MUCH LESS *FIGHT* ON THEM.

"THESE INSURGENTS...

"LIKE I SAID, SOME OF 'EM ARE ON ENOUGH EPINEPHRINE, YOU COULD LIGHT 'EM UP WITH AMMO AND THEY WOULDN'T EVEN FEEL IT.

"LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO ANY KINDA TROUBLE HERE.

"IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS DOING DRUGS, OKAY?

"EPINEPHRINE IS ISSUED TO INFANTRY AS A DEFENSE AGAINST CHEMICAL WEAPONS. IN FACT, THAT'S PROBABLY HOW THE HAJJI GOT HIS HANDS ON THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE."

"YOU WEREN'T FACING CHEMICAL WEAPONS HERE, HOWEVER."

"NO, BUT SOMETIMES YOU NEED WHATEVER EDGE, EVEN AN ARTIFICIAL ONE, YOU CAN GET."

"SO YOU DON'T HAVE ANY REGRETS?"

"NO SIR. NOT A ONE.

"IF I HADN'T COME BACK FOR HIM, HE'D BE *DEAD*."

"TWO OF THE INSURGENTS HAD HEARD SANTOS MOANING BEHIND THE DEBRIS AND WERE GETTING READY TO FINISH OFF THE JOB.

"BUT THE DOCTORS TOLD YOU...DID THEY EXPLAIN THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF THAT DECISION?"

"YOU MEAN THAT I DIDN'T GET A MEDEVAC FOR *ME* IN TIME?"

"YOU'D LOST A LOT OF BLOOD...WERE STILL *LOSING* A LOT OF BLOOD."

"SANTOS IS ALIVE. YOU REALLY GOT TO ASK THESE QUESTIONS?"

"I NEED TO KNOW WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR HEAD."

THOMPSON

SANTOS

"WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH MY HEAD WAS THAT THE GOOD GUYS THINK'A OTHERS BEFORE THEY THINK OF THEMSELVES.

"ANYWAY, WE GOT OUTTA THERE, DIDN'T WE?"

"YES, YOU DID.

"AND I ASSUMED THE DOCTORS EXPLAINED..."

"YEAH, THEY TOLD ME. THEY SAID I'D LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. THAT THERE WAS *TISSUE DAMAGE.*

731

"THAT IF I'D GOTTEN MEDICAL ATTENTION SOONER..."

...THEY PROBABLY COULD'VE SAVED MY LEGS.

I KNOW. I'M SORRY.

I'M SURE A MEDAL DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MUCH OF A CONSOLATION...

I DON'T NEED A MEDAL, SIR. NOT TO REMIND ME TO DO THE RIGHT THING, AT LEAST.

TRUTH IS, I'VE BEEN LUCKY TO KNOW PEOPLE WHOSE EXAMPLE REMINDS ME EVERY DAY.

DEDICATED TO THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO SERVE, HAVE SERVED AND WILL SERVE IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN WITH BRAVERY AND HONOR.

(With special thanks to Sergeant Jeffrey Guerin, U.S. Army 25th Infantry Division.)

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

No letters this issue, folks. Instead, let me tell you about a great guy…

Several months ago, I was sitting at my desk putting the finishing touches on whatever Spidey issue had to go out that week when Marvel's publicity maven, Jim McCann poked his head through the door asking if we had time to meet a soldier injured in Afghanistan, an army medic named Jeff Guerin.

Now while Marvel doesn't do official office tours we do have visits a few times a week from family members of staffers', visiting talent, or perhaps folks from a company we happen to be doing business with. So occasionally it can get to feeling like rush hour on the Grand Central Parkway as we try to get work done while people are being shown around. To be honest, those days can be frustrating because it's hard enough getting these books together during the peaceful, quiet times. When you're also trying to meet people and carry on a couple conversations at the same you're getting work into the Bullpen, it can be downright mind crushing.

But meeting a soldier? That had potential. This was a chance to meet someone whose job I was more interested in than he was in mine.

Jeff was travelling with his fiancée, Jennifer, and several family members, so already he had a movie-star-sized entourage. Jeff's injuries have him in a wheelchair currently, but on top of him was piled about ten thousand gifts from the various editorial offices. Everyone he was with was carrying something too. And even with the injuries he bravely carried like a thousand-pound stone on his back, his smile entered the room about a full minute before he did. (Jeff's smile is like last year's flu…incredibly contagious).

We spoke for awhile and Jeff gave everyone in the office the incredible and unfortunately all-too-familiar story of what had happened:

An IED on the side of a road hit his vehicle, and his squad (the 25th Division's 2nd Battalion, 5th Infantry Regiment, nicknamed the "Bobcats") was ambushed by Taliban attackers. Though several other of his brothers were injured or killed, the Bobcats fought off the attack. However, both of Jeff's legs were shattered in the explosion and he was blinded in both eyes by shrapnel. This was two days short of his 22nd birthday.

I could barely type that last paragraph…but this guy came into my office grinning ear-to-ear.

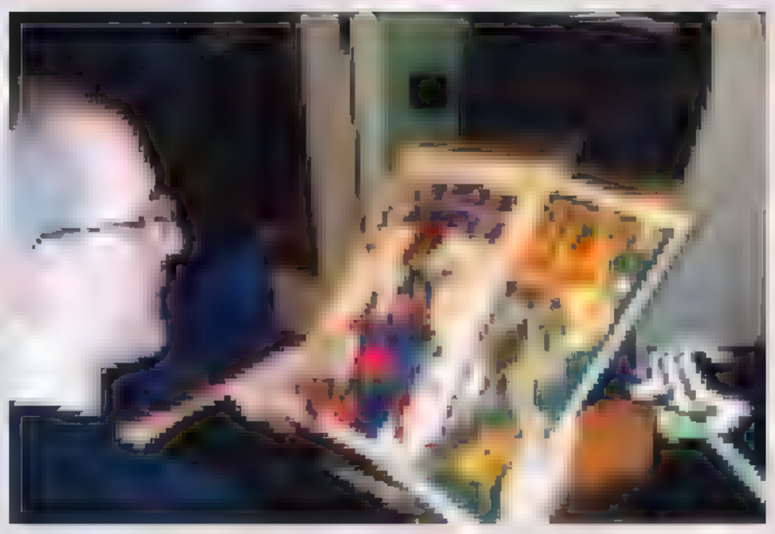
Like everyone else at Marvel, our office loaded Jeff up with gifts and spent some time talking comics (spilling some upcoming storylines in the process). All of this to try to show enough appreciation for someone who sacrificed so much and, speaking completely for myself, to vainly assuage the guilt of those far-too-numerous moments when I've taken for granted the men and women who do the bone-wearying work protecting me, my children, my country and each other.

Jeff and I kept in contact over the next few months as he travelled frequently to New York for experimental surgery. He sent us gifts in return and it made a ton of sense to include him when Guggenheim started really focusing on this story about Flash Thompson.

Jeff got on the phone with Marc and me for about an hour giving us a ton of specifics and reference to litter our story, enough material that we could have done an entirely separate Flash Thompson series. And even though our story took place in Iraq while Jeff's tour was in Afghanistan, there was enough shared experience that with his help we were (hopefully) able to make it feel truer than it would have felt otherwise. He helped us gather reference for our artist, Barry Kitson, who painstakingly worked to make you feel the claustrophobia of a Stryker while giving the soldier's uniforms weight and form on the page.

Jeff's at his parents' home now and thanks to a great charity called Homes for Our Troops (homesforourtroops.org) he's getting his own house built that will serve some his needs caused by his injuries. By the time the issue comes out, the new house will be done and all of us here are thrilled for him and Jennifer.

Admittedly, we sometimes make a cliché out of "from great power must come great responsibility," but people like Jeff and his fellow soldiers remind us all that clichés are ultimately true.



Jeff gettin' the goods

Jeff & Jennifer

Ol' Green Face!

To put it plainly…we couldn't have done this issue without Jeff's help and we dedicate it to him, the two men who lost their lives in the same explosion: Cpl. Kyle Fernandez and SSG. Brian Hobbs and the thousands of other soldiers like them who make us proud everyday by serving in the military. Thanks is too small a word.

Stephen Wacker
10/2/08

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #575

COVER BY **CHRIS BACHALO & TIM TOWNSEND**

MEET *S.I.M.O.N.* AN ACRONYM SOMEONE SPENT WAY TOO LONG WHIPPING UP TO DESCRIBE A RAT WITH A SUPERCOMPUTER IN HIS BRAIN.

TIME THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER SPENT GUARDING HIS CAGE.

DUH. GRAFT A FIFTY TERABYTE MICROPROCESSOR ONTO THE NOGGIN OF MOTHER NATURE'S GREATEST SURVIVOR, DO THE MATH.

THE TARGET IS COMPROMISED AND IN MOTION. ENGAGE IF YOU HAVE A SHOT.

MEET THE HIGHLY TRAINED AND EXCEEDINGLY WELL-ARMED DUDES SENT TO BRING S.I.M.O.N. HOME.

SERIOUSLY..? I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE ROCKING THE CLOWN GEAR. I MISSED THAT PART.

MEET.. GRETA.

SWEET GHOST OF CHARLTON HESTON! SMITE MY ENEMIES WITH YOUR LIGHTNING AND YOUR GOLDEN CADILLAC--KEEP THE BAD MANS AWAY FROM MAH CHIHUAHUA!

GRETA FOUND S.I.M.O.N. SNIFFING AROUND THE DUMPSTER SHE CALLS HOME. INSTANT LOVE CONNECTION.

GRETA IS HOW I KNOW GOD HATES ME.

FAMILY TIES

I KNOW IT ISN'T RIGHT. I KNOW THAT SHE'S IS A MENTALLY FRACTURED VICTIM OF OUR COLD CAPITALIST SOCIETY WHO NEEDS COMPASSION, UNDERSTANDING, AND A HAND UP...

BUT THIS EXERCISE IN HEROISM IS A LITTLE LIKE CARRYING TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF BACON FAT SEASONED WITH CIGARETTE ASHES.

AFTER IT WAS LEFT OUT IN THE SUN.

FLY LIKE THE WIND, BUG-MAN, OR *WE GONNA DIE!!!*

JUST ONCE, GOD... "PANTY EMERGENCY" BACK-STAGE DURING FASHION WEEK? I'LL EVEN TAKE "KIDNAPPING IN THE AIR-FRESHENER FACTORY." JUST THROW ME A BONE...

JOE KELLY
WRITER

CHRIS BACHALO
PENCILS

TIM TOWNSEND
INKS

BACHALO & FABELA
COLORS

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
E.D.I.T.O.R.

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

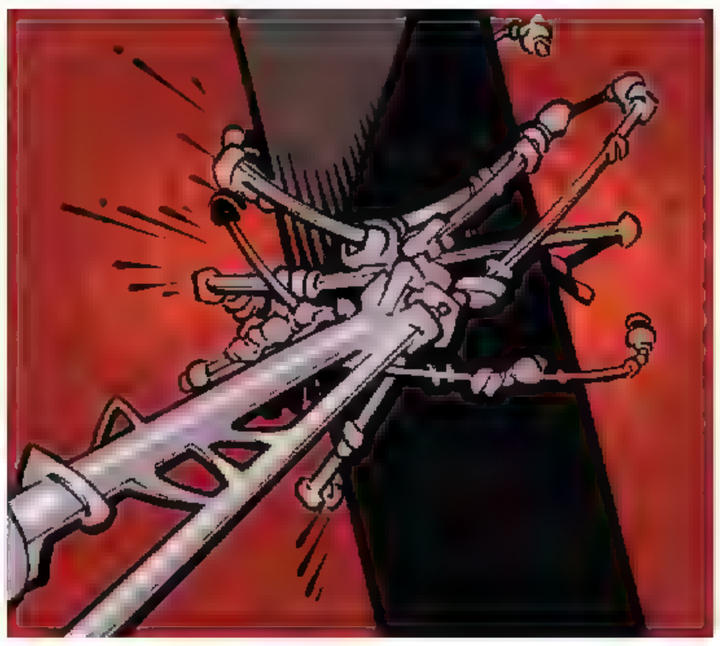
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM & SLOTT
SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, GRETA. TRUST ME. THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS TO ME EVERY DAY.

THWIP

ME TOO...ONLY IT USUALLY HAPPENS IN MY HEAD.



YOU'RE SURPRISINGLY *LUCID* WHEN YOU WANT TO BE, GRETA.

WHO SAY I'M *LOOSE?* THAT PUERTO RICAN GIRL OUTSIDE THE NAIL SALON?

SHE JEALOUS. AN' SHE GOT ONE LEG SHORTER THAN THE OTHER.

EILEEN? SURE...

TWACK!

YEAH! OOH! YOU GOT THE HESTON IN YOU, BUG-MAN!

ACTUALLY IT'S SPIDER--

STOOPID CLOWN! THA'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYIN' T'STEAL MY CHIHUAHUA!

GRETA, FOR REAL...DID YOU HAVE A URINAL PUCK OMELETTE FOR BREAKFAST OR DID SOMETHING DIE IN YOUR ESOPHAGUS?

YOU FUNNY, BUG-MAN. YOU SHOULD BE ON CONAN--OH MAH GOD!

THE CLOWNS ARE ALL UP IN OUR AIRSPACE!!

DO THEY HAVE BIG GUNS?

YES!

WOULD YOU PLEASE ASK ONE OF THEM TO SHOOT ME IN THE NOSE?

DON'T GIVE UP! I *BELIEVE* IN YOU, *MANTIS-BOY! BELIEEEEEEVE!*

=URP=

AND SO BEGINS THE COUNTDOWN TO THE LAUNCH OF THE U.S.S. VOMIT COMET.

FIGURE I HAVE TEN SECONDS BEFORE MY PRECIOUS ORGANS CRAWL OUT OF MY MOUTH AND GO ON STRIKE.

SPLTT

SPLTT

YOU *WIN!* YOU WIN! WE GONNA LIVE!!

HEY, WHERE WE GOING?

AAAAH! SOMEONE HELP! HE TRYIN' TO DROWN ME! WHY YOU FORSAKE ME, FLY-GUY! WHY!?

LAUNCH CANCELLED. THANK CHARLTON HESTON.

IT'S OKAY, GRETA. I PROMISE. BE ONE WITH THE BUBBLY GOODNESS...

YOU MADE ME SOAPY.

YOU'LL BE AMAZED WHAT IT DOES FOR YOUR SOCIAL LIFE.

PROMISE.

OKAY.

WELL, THIS IS ME, THEN! GONNA WRAP UP THE CLOWNS ON THE ROOF, AND PUT A CALL IN TO A FEW FANTASTIC FRIENDS OF MINE WHO ARE GONNA HELP YOU AND S.I.M.O.N.

IN THE FUTURE, NO MORE ADOPTING SCIENTIFICALLY ALTERED ANIMALS, OKAY?

=mmfglf=

3.

2.

1.

I LOVE YOU, BUG-MAN!

HESTON...WE HAVE *LIFT-OFF.*

=hrnk=

Chinatown.

HERE WE GO. TEN BUCKS SAYS HE OPENS WITH "YA MOOKS."

NO WAY. "DIRTY RATS" OR "WHAT'S THE RUCKUS, FELLAS?"

÷SNICKER÷ FUR COAT AND FEDORA OR PINSTRIPE SUIT AND FEDORA?

VIOLIN CASE--SHH.

GENTLEMEN.

I'M EXPECTED.

WELCOME BACK, HAMMERHEAD. I TRUST YOUR "HOLIDAY" WAS RESTFUL.

VERY. ECUADOR'S NO NEW YORK, BUT IT'S GOT ITS BEAUTIES.

EDUCATIONAL TOO. I HAVE IDEAS.

I DON'T RECALL ANYTHING IN OUR ARRANGEMENT ABOUT "IDEAS."

I SAVED YOUR LIFE SO THAT YOU COULD DO WHAT YOU DO BEST...

BREAK THINGS FOR ME.

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, MR. NEGATIVE. THIS BODY... EVERYTHING I WAS AND ALL I KNOW IS YOURS.

I'LL BREAK ANYTHING YOU POINT ME AT.

BUT A HAMMER CAN BE USED TO *BUILD* TOO. I WANT TO BUILD SOMETHING FOR YOU.

Brooklyn.
THE OFFICES OF THE INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER FRONT LINE.

FAMILY. WORKING AT FRONT LINE MAKES YOU PART OF A FAMILY...

...A FAMILY AT WAR.

THE BOMBS MAY NOT BE FLYING OVERHEAD, AND NO ONE'S GOOSE-STEPPING DOWN BROADWAY...YET...

BUT TRUTH... OBJECTIVITY...THE NEEDS AND DREAMS OF EVERYDAY PEOPLE... THESE THINGS ARE UNDER ATTACK.

WE'RE ON THE FRONT LINE... ARMED WITH LAPTOPS, AND ZOOM LENSES AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, INTEGRITY TO FIGHT BACK THE HORDES.

FRONT LINE

AND IN A FIGHT LIKE THAT, YOU WANT FAMILY WATCHING YOUR BACK.

HEY BEN, CAN PARKER BE OUR "SPECIAL" COUSIN?

ANOTHER PERFECTLY GOOD PEP TALK DERAILED.

GO MAKE NEWS, PEOPLE. PETE, MY OFFICE, PLEASE.

WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME.

NORAH WINTERS...AND I KNOW "SPECIAL" WHEN I SEE IT.

WE SHOULD DO A PIECE ON EXPLODING SEWER MAINS. IT WAS CRAZY--

PETE, SAVE IT. YOU'RE HERE, THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.

WITH THE ELECTION WEEKS AWAY, HOLLISTER IS AMPING UP HIS "HUMANITARIAN" ANGLE. I WANT YOU COVERING THE NEXT INTERVIEW.

I'VE SORT OF ALREADY DONE THE PROFILE THING WITH HIM, BEN--

RIGHT, AND HE'S APPROVED YOU ANYWAY, WHICH MEANS FRONT LINE FACE TIME.

I KNOW, BUT...

PETE, YOU TOLD ME THAT YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH HOLLISTER'S DAUGHTER WOULDN'T COMPROMISE YOUR WORK ON THE ELECTION.

"RELATIONSHIP?" WE'RE FRIENDS. BARELY. NOTHING COMPROMISING ABOUT FRIENDS.

AND I LIKED IT. AND SHE'S STILL HARRY'S GIRL.

EXCEPT MAYBE THE TIME SHE SHOVED HER TONGUE DOWN MY THROAT.

OH, BOY.

I'M JUST BUSY... WITH A DIFFERENT STORY. DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU UNTIL WE HAD IT LOCKED DOWN...

NORAH AND I.

NORAH? "COMMUNITY EVENTS" NORAH? THE "BRONX OUTREACH EDUCATION FAIR" IS BIGGER THAN A SHOT AT THE LEAD MAYORAL CANDIDATE?

WELL...NOT WHEN YOU SAY IT LIKE THAT. BUT IF WE DON'T REACH OUT TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE, WHO WILL?

The Bronx.

EVERYBODY SHUT UP! IT'S TIME...

DUNK FINALLY HIT HIS NUGGET.

COPPED THREE HUNDRED FROM THE KOREANS ON FIFTH. EVEN SENT ONE TO THE CLINIC WITH A BUSTED ARM.

HE PAID HIS DUES. HE BLED FOR *G.F.L.ZK.*

SO HE GETS HIS STRIPES. THE *MARK.*

DUNK. THIS IS A *MOMENT*. AFTER YOU BURN, YOU GANGSTA FO' LIFE. ZK FOREVER.

FOREVER.

FAMILY.

"FAMILY?"

THAT'S A GOOD ONE.

FAMILY *PROTECTS* YOU WHEN DANGER COMES. FAMILY MAKES YOU *STRONG.*

ALL I SEE HERE IS A BUNCH OF KIDS PLAYING BIG.

WHAT YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, OTHER THAN *DEAD?* WE'RE *GANGSTAS FOR LIFE!* THIS IS *OUR* HOUSE!

THERE'S AN "*R*" IN "*GANGSTERS.*" AND WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT, REALLY? GUNS?

NO, 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO CRACK YOUR HEAD OPEN AND SNAP YOUR NECK--

THWOK

GUUUUH!!!

TALK SMART NOW, "GANGSTER."

NOW, IF NO ONE ELSE NEEDS TO PROVE HOW STUPID THEY ARE...

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR *NEW* FAMILY.

BRONX
BRONX
BRONX
X COMMUNITY
TIONAL OUTREACH
EAT AT JOE'S
THIS WAS A PRETTY FAR STRETCH TO GO ON A DATE WITH ME.
OH, YEAH. TWO SECONDS AFTER I MEET YOU, YOU'RE TEARING ME APART IN FRONT OF EVERYONE. YOU'RE THE GIRL FOR ME.
WELL, I'M NO *LILY HOLLISTER*...
HEY KIDS! SCIENCE!
???
OH, COME ON. *FRONT LINE* IS ALL "*TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE LEFTY WAY*" IN PRINT, BUT THE BULLPEN IS ALL *GOSSIP GIRL*. WHAT'S THE DEAL--?
I--
PETER?
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE! ARE YOU VOLUNTEERING?
NO. WORKING, AUNT MAY--
AND DODGING LILY HOLLISTER.
DON'T YOU HAVE A STORY TO WRITE?
HARRY'S GIRLFRIEND?
PETER, IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT I DO NOT THINK YOU SHOULD "*HOOK UP*" WITH LILY. SHE'S A GOLD DIGGER.
OHHHHKAY. FIRST, PLEASE DON'T SAY "*HOOK UP.*" IT'S CREEPY COMING FROM YOU. SECOND, SHE'S ***LOADED***, AND THE ONLY GOLD I HAVE IS IN MY FILLINGS--
I HAVE ALSO HEARD, AND DON'T ASK WHERE, THAT SHE'S A "*SKUNK.*"
YOU MEAN "*SKANK.*" WHICH SHE IS NOT.
SHE'S TORE UP FROM THE FLOOR UP, I HEARD.
HI. NORAH WINTERS. PETER'S ALIBI.
MAY PARKER. PETER'S CONSCIENCE.
I'M GONNA BE OVER HERE...

CRAZY GRETA AND NOW EVIL NORAH. SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ME...

COOL. SO COOL. BET YOU CAN SEE DNA WITH IT. COOL.

YOU LIKE SCIENCE?

KLK

HELLS YES. MATH AND SCIENCE. BUT I NEED A COMPUTER. I CAN'T GET IT DONE WITHOUT A COMPUTER.

GET WHAT DONE?

CRACK THE STOCK MARKET AND GET *PAID*. NUMBERS TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

I'M A GENIUS.

MOST GENIUSES I KNOW ARE TALLER.

PICK A DATE. ANY DATE.

OKAY... AUGUST 10TH, 1962.

KLK

FRIDAY. LOOK IT UP.

GENIUS, SON.

KLK

MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS NUMBERS CAN DO ANYTHING.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE IT FIGURED--

ANTHONY!

GET YOUR JUNK. WE'RE GOIN'.

NO! I WANNA SIGN UP FOR THIS-- *HAROLD!*

THERE A PROBLEM?

NOT IF YOU GET THE HELL OFFA ME.

HE'S MY BROTHER. BACK OFF.

YOUR BROTHER'S REALLY SMART. HE'S TRYING TO LEARN SOMETHING HERE--

AIN'T GONNA LEARN NOTHING HERE THAT MEANS JACK.

COULD YOU REPEAT THAT, PLEASE? AND HOW DO YOU SPELL YOUR NAME--?

SCIENCE CAN'T TEACH HIM ANYTHING, BUT "*YOU'LL*" HOOK HIM UP, RIGHT?

I'M THE *ONLY* THING GONNA SAVE HIM RIGHT NOW.

PARKER!

EASY, KILLER. YOUR STAND ON EDUCATION IS A TOTAL TURN-ON, BUT GETTING YOUR HEAD HANDED TO YOU WOULD SERIOUSLY KILL THE MOOD.

IT ISN'T RIGHT.

UNLESS YOU HAVE A TRUCK LOAD OF "*SCARED STRAIGHT*" IN YOUR BACK POCKET..? I THINK YOU HAVE TO LET THIS ONE GO.

DON AIN'T ANSWERING HIS PHONE. I CAN'T GET FATTY EITHER.

Later That Night.

THAT MEANS THEY JOINED UP.

NO WAY. FATTY WAS A FOUNDER, MAN. F'YOU CAN'T FIND HIM, HE'S DEAD.

I HEARD THAT PUNK STARTED TEARIN' UP FATTY'S *MOMS.* IN FRONT OF HIM.

AIN'T RIGHT...AIN'T HOW IT'S DONE.

YO, DUNK!

...

I NEVER SHOT A GUN.

YOU BETTER LEARN, DUNK...

...IF YOU AN' YOURS ARE GONNA SURVIVE THE NIGHT.

THE HAMMER'S COMIN'.

HAROLD? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY'RE YOU GUARDIN' MY WINDOW.

IT'S COOL, ANT. THIS IS LIKE A FIRE DRILL AT SCHOOL. HOMELAND SECURITY.

WHO'S THE "HAMMER"?

NO ONE. NO ONE WE CAN'T HANDLE.

YEAH, 'CAUSE YOU'RE G.F.L.

...

YEAH. GO IN THE LIVING ROOM.

NO ONE WE CAN'T HANDLE...

THWIP

AAAAH

THIS HOW YOU WANT TO DIE, SKUNK?

OR DO YOU WANT IT IN A CELL? SHIVVED BY SOME BETTY WHO BOUGHT YOUR EARLY PAROLE FOR A PACK OF CAMELS?

'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADED. FAST.

YOUR LIFE IS HANGING BY A THREAD, HAROLD. LITERALLY.

YOUR ENTIRE FUTURE HANGS IN THE BALANCE OF THIS ONE MOMENT.

SO CHOOSE. DO YOU WANT TO LIVE AS A MAN...

...OR DIE A GANGSTER?

D-DID YOU CALL ME... "SKUNK?"

PUNK! I--

N-NO, YOU SAID "SKUNK."

...

NO, I--HEH. THIS IS SERIOUS, *PUNK!* CAN'T YOU--FRRRRT!

"*SKUNK.*" I WAS HOPING YOU DIDN'T CATCH THAT. *HA HA!* I BLEW IT.

I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY, HAROLD...*HA HA HA!* I *PRACTICED* THIS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR LIKE FIFTEEN TIMES!

"*SHIVVED BY SOME BETTY?*" HEH HEH...YOU SEE THAT IN A MOVIE?

I DID! *BWAH HA!*

I'M SORRY. YOU EVER SEE "*SCARED STRAIGHT?*" THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING.

HA! YOU HAD ME UNTIL YOU STARTED TALKING..."*FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD HARDCASE...*"

AHHHH...

...

I NEVER EVEN WANTED TO JOIN, Y'KNOW? BUT...IT'S WHAT YOU DO.

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET YOUR BUTT KICKED EVERY DAY, YOU JOIN.

BUT I HATE IT. I'M SCARED ALL THE TIME. EVERY TIME I PUT ON THE COLORS, I'M SCARED.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE. I'M NOT SAYING IT'S EASY, BUT THERE IS...ANOTHER WAY...

WHO'S IN YOUR APARTMENT?

EVERYONE. WE'RE HIDING OUT. I THOUGHT *YOU* WERE--

AG-GH!

I WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR BROTHER.

FOR ONCE, I'M SPEECHLESS.

THIS CAN'T BE HAMMERHEAD. IT CAN'T.

NNGH!

THAT WASN'T BONE. IT WASN'T EVEN STEEL.

KRWNNCH

MY HAND'S BROKEN.

AND THERE GO THE RIBS.

WHOULF

WHY SO QUIET, SPIDER-MAN?

BLOOD MAKE YOU SQUEAMISH?

NO ROOM TO WORK IN HERE. GOTTA GET OUTSIDE.

KRRNKCH

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?

YOU THINK YOU CAN GET BY ON THE OLD MOVES.

ANKLE. GOOD LORD...

WHAT'S IN HIS *HANDS!?*

IT'S A NEW WORLD, SPIDER-MAN. AND WHILE YOU MAY NOT HAVE CHANGED... I'VE EMBRACED THE FUTURE.

BUT WITHOUT A TOMMY GUN AND A "*DIRTY RAT*"--

--YOU'RE NOT MY HAMMERHEAD.

=WHOULFF=

WHAM

WOW.

RUN, ANT. RUN.

CHUNK

=urrkt=

WHICH MEANS I CAN TAKE OUT THAT WINDPIPE SINCE I'M NOT GONNA GET MY '40'S GANGSTER FIX.

YOU'RE NOT LETTING GO...THAT WASN'T HOME DEPOT LARYNX, WAS IT?

KEVLAR.

OH POOP.

THOK!

LIKE I SAID... IT'S A BRAND NEW DAY, WEBS. EITHER YOU EMBRACE IT, OR, WELL... YOU DON'T.

WHYFF RNNFF YFFF NN YKKFF NNF MRRRRRF?

WHY AREN'T YOU A JOKE ANYMORE?

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #576
COVER BY **CHRIS BACHALO & TIM TOWNSEND**

PEOPLE SAY THAT THE *HIP* IS THE MOST PAINFUL *DISLOCATION* A HUMAN BEING CAN ENDURE.

THOSE PEOPLE ARE *STUPID.* AND I HATE THEM WITH ALL THE BILE I CAN MUSTER. STUPID PEOPLE. TRY A DISLOCATED *JAW.*

THERE ENDS THE RANT. A LITTLE SOMETHING TO DISTRACT ME FROM ALL THE PEOPLE HAMMERHEAD KILLED SCATTERED AROUND THE ROOM.

NOW I CAN PASS OUT AND JOIN THEM.

FAMILY TIES PART 2

JOE KELLY WRITER
CHRIS BACHALO PENCILS
BACHALO, MENDOZA, TOWNSEND AND VEY INKS
BACHALO & FABELA COLORS
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS
TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT AS ALEX P. KEATON
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
GALE, GUGGENHEIM & SLOTT SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

NNGH.

THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU'D RUN AWAY, "DUNK"...Y'GOT STONES, I APPLAUD THAT.

WHY AREN'T YOU FALLING DOWN?

BULLETPROOF? THAT'S ALL KINDS OF SICK!

SUDDENLY, LITTLE ANTHONY ISN'T AS CUTE AS WHEN I STARTED SAVING HIS LIFE. CAN'T SAY WHY EXACTLY...

YOUR COURAGE BOUGHT YOU A LAST CHANCE TO ACCEPT MY OFFER.

THE OLD WAYS, THE OLD RULES NO LONGER APPLY.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF MY WEEK.

YOUR CREW IS DEAD. ALL THE NICKEL-AND-DIME CITY GANGS WILL FOLLOW...

...BUT PLEDGE YOURSELF TO MR. NEGATIVE, AND YOU LIVE.

MR. NEGATIVE...THROUGH THE PAIN HAZE I CATCH THE WORDS, AND THIS SCENE STARTS TO MAKE SENSE...BUT THAT GETS MARKED "TO DO"...

BECAUSE I SMELL MOLD AND ROTTING WOOD IN THE FLOOR.

AND I FEEL IT GIVE UNDER MY KNEES, AND MAYBE...

WHOOM

THANK YOU, LOW-BALL CITY CONTRACTS AND SHODDY CONSTRUCTION FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED...

SLOTH AND GREED SAVE SPIDER-MAN!

WHAM!

MY HEAD'S ON FIRE. MY HAND. MY ANKLE...

YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST LET THIS ONE GO, SPIDER-MAN.

THWIP

NEED AIR. SPACE. TIME...

HOW DID HE GET SO FAST? HOW DID IT ALL CHANGE?

WE ALL HAVE TO EVOLVE OR PERISH IN THIS GAME. ME, YOU...EVEN THE LITTLE GANGBANGERS OF THE WORLD.

YOU CAN'T STOP THIS.

I'M BUILDING SOMETHING NEW. SOMETHING *GREAT.*

*GNNNNF!

THANK YOU, ANKLE. A LITTLE SEARING PAIN TO KEEP ME FROM PASSING OUT.

HAMMERHEAD KICKED YOUR BUTT.

FRRRGH YRRGH KFFF

PROBABLY BEST NOT TO TRANSLATE THAT ONE...

BLAM

BLAM

HFFF GNNN.

YOU CAN'T STOP THIS!!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

THRR N WFF?! YFF FFFFFN KFFFN MFF.*

"THROUGH THE WALL?! YOU'RE FLIPPIN' KIDDING ME." (SERIOUSLY, IT WAS "FLIPPIN'" THAT TIME...)

KPAMM!

AAAH!

THAKK

SON OF A--!!!

RAWK

I-I KILLED HIM?

NO WAY, DUNK...I NEVER HAVE THAT MUCH LUCK.

KLANG

WHAT DO WE DO? SPIDER-MAN?

POLICE, OR--I MEAN, CAN WE CALL FOR THIS? I--GOD...

KIDS, IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF WITH A DISLOCATED MANDIBLE, BE SURE TO TROT ON OVER TO THE NEAREST MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL, POST HASTE...

TAKE NO MESS FROM NO ONE! *THAT'S* HOW YOU DO IT.

NNF...TFF... FRRRF...

...'CAUSE THE ALTERNATIVE IS JUST PLAIN STUPID.

WHANGG

"HAMMERHEAD HOLDS HIS HEINIE WHEN HIS HEMORRHOIDS HARANGUE HIM..."

I'LL BE DANGED. IT WORKED.

AND DOWN WE GO. NO PEEKY WHILE I SLEEPY, BOYS...

THWIP

DAMN, DUNK! YOU MESSED UP, SPIDEY... *COOL.*

YOU'RE SICK. YOU KNOW THAT..?

YEAH.

THE NEXT FEW HOURS ARE A CROSS BETWEEN A NYQUIL-ENHANCED FEVER DREAM AND A DARIO ARGENTO FLICK...

MR. NEGATIVE IS THERE, BUT NOT. ON THE PERIPHERY UNTIL I LOOK AT HIM, THEN HE'S GONE.

"THE WORLD HAS CHANGED. EVOLVE OR PERISH," HAMMERHEAD KEEPS SAYING, AND I'M TRYING TO GET PAST HIM, SCREAMING AT ANTHONY..."LIFE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY..."

BUT THE KID JUST STARES AT ME, AND I CAN'T SEE WHAT HE'S THINKING BEHIND THOSE STUPID GLASSES...

...BUT I KNOW IT SCARES ME. I'D SCREAM, BUT IN THE DREAM, MY JAW IS MISSING.

Until, Hours Later...

AND SPIDEY WAKES TO ANOTHER GLORIOUS MORNING... ALONE...LEAST THE MASK STAYED ON...

???

AS OPPOSED TO MY WEB-CARTRIDGES AND SPIDEY-TRACERS. THEY PICKED MY POCKETS.

UNGRATEFUL SON OF A--

FOR A SECOND, I THINK I'M STILL DREAMING... NO SUCH LUCK.

The Next Morning.
HOME
LOOK WHO'S UP BEFORE ELEVEN! YOU JUST GETTIN' IN OR--?
THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU, PETE?
FELL ASLEEP CHANNEL SURFING AND DROPPED THE REMOTE ON MY FACE.
THOSE THINGS ARE HEAVIER THAN THEY LOOK. IT'S ALL THE CHANNELS.
SLURP
PETE...
SIGH I WAS SHOOTING A PIECE ON GANGS. GOT TOO CLOSE TO MY SUBJECT MATTER.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
DAMN. YOU GOTTA STAY AWAY FROM THOSE GUYS. THEY'RE ANIMALS...
"ANIMALS"? A LOT OF THEM ARE JUST KIDS, *VIN.* SCARED ALL THE TIME, LOOKING FOR A SAFE PLACE...
WE WERE ALL KIDS, ANDWE'VE *ALL* BEEN SCARED, BUT I NEVER SHOT ANYONE OVER A PAIR OF SNEAKERS. HAVE YOU?
COME ON, THAT'S "*JADED COP SPEECH NUMBER FIFTEEN*"...
FIGURE IT TRUMPS "*LIBERAL DEFENSE NUMBER TWELVE.*"
CALL THEM WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM.
THEY'RE NOT LIKE US.
THEY'RE *SOLDIERS,* TRAINED FOR WAR FROM DAY ONE.
THINK OF THEM AS ANYTHING ELSE, AND YOU'RE GONNA WIND UP WITH WORSE THAN A BRUISED JAW.

Brooklyn.
THE OFFICES OF NEW YORK'S MOST DARING DAILY FRONT LINE.

MISTER NEGATIVE IS FORCEFULLY CONSOLIDATING NEIGHBORHOOD GANGS INTO HIS CREW, BEN.

YOU JOIN OR YOU *DIE*. OR YOUR BROTHER DIES. OR YOUR *MOTHER*...

THERE'S DEAD PEOPLE IN THOSE SHOTS, *NORAH*, SO DON'T LOOK IF YOU'RE SQUEAMISH.

All Offline Computers
Location Groups
room1
room2

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. PARKER'S GOT BALLS. WHO KNEW?

WHEN FISK WENT DOWN THE FIRST TIME, IT WAS A NIGHTMARE. GUTTERS OVERFLOWING WITH BLOOD. ENTIRE CITY BLOCKS BURNED TO ASH...

...BUT THE SOLDIERS WEREN'T *KIDS*. GOD, THINGS HAVE CHANGED. HOW SOON CAN WE RUN THIS?

I'LL HAVE COPY IN YOUR BOX THIRTY SECONDS AGO.

WHICH BEGS A QUESTION, NORAH-OF-THE-COMMUNITY-EVENTS-SECTION...

BYLINE LIKE THIS CAN GET YOU A VISIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BY A MAN WHOSE MIDDLE NAME IS SOME SORT OF *HAND TOOL*. SURE YOU WANT IT?

IF PARKER CAN GET HIS *REAR-END HANDED* TO HIM AND STILL PRINT NEWS, HOW SCARY CAN THEY BE?

SERIOUSLY, YOU *REALLY* DON'T EVEN KNOW ME.

OKAY, THEN... BUT YOU NEED SOMEONE TO TALK.

GET ONE OF THESE *KIDS*. *THAT'S* THE STORY.

SLURP

Elsewhere...

THIS FIRST REPAIR'S *FREE*. NEXT TIME I'M HANDING YOU A BUCKET OF *SPACKLE* AND A PLASTIC KNIFE.

THAT'LL SUIT ME FINE, *DR. TRAMMA*.

SERIOUSLY, IT'S A GOOD THING YOU LANDED ON YOUR FACE. I'M GETTING *STRESS READINGS* ON SOME OF YOUR IMPLANTS THAT DON'T MAKE ME HAPPY.

HOW DOES THE LOWER BODY FEEL?

WANNA FIND OUT?

PERMISSION TO REMOVE HIS VOCAL CHORDS, MR. NEGATIVE?

NOT YET.

YOUR NUMBERS ARE *IMPRESSIVE*, HAMMERHEAD. I'VE ACTUALLY HAD A FEW OF THE BRONX GANGS COME TO ME IN *ANTICIPATION* OF A VISIT FROM YOU.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS CITY FROM THE MAGGIA AND *KEEP* IT, YOU NEED *SOLDIERS*.

EXPENDABLE, DEVOTED SOLDIERS. THE ONLY WAY TO GET THIS DEVOTION IS *RESPECT*...

...AND *FEAR*.

FEAR, I CAN PROVIDE.

AND SPIDER-MAN?

HIS RESPECT, I ALREADY HAVE. TRUST ME ON THAT.

BDEEEET

WHO--?

...

OKAY, PROVE IT.

HEH. YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS ONE.

A Not-So-Nice Section Of The Bronx.

MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP, COVER MORE GROUND...

WHAT, AND LEAVE LITTLE OL' ME ALL ALONE IN THE BIG BAD BRONX WITHOUT PROTECTION?

SOMEONE *OF COLOR* MIGHT SPEAK TO ME.

WOW, INSULTING TO MY MANHOOD *AND* RACIST. WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE YOU?

I'M *KIDDING*, PARKER.

I'M EQUALLY OBNOXIOUS TO ALL PEOPLES.

GONNA BE A *GREAT* INTERVIEW IF WE FIND DUNK...

WHICH I COULD HAVE DONE AN HOUR AGO IF YOU WEREN'T CLAMPED TO MY HIP!

INSTEAD, IT'S THREE SUBWAYS WITH MS. CHARMING TO FIND THE *SPIDEY-TRACERS* HE LIFTED.

PARKER, *THERE*... HE LOOKS PRETTY WRECKED.

YOU WOULD TOO IF YOUR FRIENDS WERE KILLED IN FRONT OF YOU--

HAROLD!

NORAH WINTERS, FRONT LINE. I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING BETWEEN YOUR CREW AND HAMMERHEAD. I'D LIKE TO HELP.

GET OUT MY FACE.

WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?

...

HAROLD, I KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW US, BUT I SAW WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.

ALL WE WANT IS TO HELP. PLEASE.

THE HAMMER'S GOT HIM.

I'M GONNA KILL THAT MOTHER AND GET MY BROTHER BACK--

MTA YARDS. NO COPS.

EXACTLY WHAT HAMMERHEAD'S COUNTING ON. LOOK, THE THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING TO YOU RIGHT NOW ARE ALLOWED TO PASS BECAUSE THEY HAPPEN IN THE *DARK*...

BUT WE CAN SHINE A LIGHT. IF YOU'LL TALK TO US. TELL US YOUR STORY...

NO. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE. PLEASE. WE'LL COME WITH YOU AND--

PARKER?

WE CAN HELP STOP THIS TOGETHER.

I GOTTA DO THIS MYSELF--

SO WHAT'LL IT BE THIS TIME? COWARDLY PARKER? NERVOUS DIARRHEA PARKER? OR LOOSE CANNON "I HAD TO GET THERE FIRST" PARKER?

YEAH, SHE'LL BELIEVE *THAT*...

Highbridge Train Yard.

ANOTHER-NOT-SO-NICE SECTION OF THE BRONX (IN OTHER WORDS: THE BRONX.)*

OF COURSE. THE GRAVEYARD FOR SUBWAY TRAINS, BUSES, AND OTHER CRAMPED VESSELS DESIGNED TO RESTRICT SPIDEY'S MOVE GROOVE...

...JUST WHAT HAMMY NEEDS TO BEAT THE SNOT OUT OF ME. AGAIN.

HE MUST HAVE HAD A FEW EXTRA BRAIN CELLS IMPLANTED ALONG WITH THE NEW HARDWARE--

--WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, I HAVE NO CLUE HOW TO BEAT...

*WE REALLY LOVE THE BRONX, SO PLEASE DON'T GET MAD, BRONXITES. -SIGNED, EVERYONE WORKING AT MARVEL.

YEAH, THIS IS GONNA GO GREAT.

HERE. I'M GETTING A BUCKET OF *SCREAMING SPIDER VIBES* THAT SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT...

WHOOK

ANTHONY?

CH-CHAK

CLIK

KLAK

KLIK

...

IF JOHNNY STORM DOESN'T JUMP OUT RIGHT NOW AND TELL ME I'VE BEEN SUPER-PUNKED, SOMEONE'S GETTING HIT IN THE GONADS.

NOTHING PERSONAL, SPIDEY. BIZNESS.

WE GOTTA GET PAID.

YOU SET THIS UP?

PLANTED MY TRACER ON DUNK TO BUY TIME...

...TO GATHER THE CABBAGE PATCH CRIPS...

I'LL BE HUNKERED...

I'M A GENIUS, *SON.*

HAMMERHEAD'S GOT THE NUMBERS. THE POWER.

HE TOOK DOWN HAROLD'S CREW. YOU TOO. WE SHOW HIM THAT WE HAVE SKILLS TO OFFER...WE *LIVE.*

PROTECTED. PAID.

NO...ANTHONY, I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. I KNOW THAT HAMMERHEAD LOOKS *STRONG*...BUT HE ISN'T.

HE'S A *COWARD.* ANYONE WHO USES VIOLENCE TO MAKE YOU DO WHAT THEY WANT IS A *COWARD.*

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE. IF IT DOESN'T STOP WITH *YOU* GUYS...IT WON'T *EVER* STOP.

BESIDES, DO YOU GUYS *REALLY* WANT TO SHOOT ME?

SPIDER-MAN? HERO TO AT LEAST FIFTEEN OR SO PEOPLE..?

REALLY?

I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, SPIDER-MAN!

WHO BROUGHT THAT PUNK? WE TALKED ABOUT THIS! WE GOT A PLAN!

I DON'T WANNA SHOOT YOU NEITHER!

TAKE MY GUN!

I GOTTA PEE!

AND THUS, SPIDEY'S FAITH IN OUR YOUTH IS RESTORED.

HAROLD IS COMING, ANT. YOU REALLY HAVE HIM SCARED.

HE DOESN'T WANT THIS LIFE. NOT FOR HIM OR FOR YOU...

BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU, UNLESS YOU *CHOOSE* IT FOR YOURSELF.

YOU HEARD THE MAN, WEB-SLINGER. HE WANTS TO GET PAID.

I RECEIVED YOUR CALL, YOUNG MAN. VERY RESOURCEFUL. CHILDREN, LISTEN TO YOUR FRIEND, HE'S *SMART*.

ANYONE WHO DOES NOT STAND WITH MR. NEGATIVE WILL *DIE*.

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.

YOURS TOO, BUG.

THEY'RE JUST KIDS! EVEN A BLOCKHEAD LIKE YOU HAS TO SEE HOW WRONG THIS IS!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

THANKS TO MR. NEGATIVE, I'VE SEEN THE WORLD FOR WHAT IT IS, AND EMBRACED IT.

I FOUND MY PURPOSE.

GET BACK.

HE WON'T HURT YOU. I PROMISE.

THWIP

THWIP

HE LIES, CHILDREN...YOUR ONLY SALVATION IS WITH ME.

HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR WORLD...

THE WORLD OF *PAIN.*

WHERE ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE...WHEN THEY STAND *WITH* THE *STRONGER.*

KRRSHM

POOP.

AAAAH!

EEEEEE!

ANT!

ANY IDEAS, GENIUS?

OH. THAT MIGHT WORK.

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR MINDS, BOYS! MR. NEGATIVE IS A FORGIVING LEADER...

SHOOT SPIDER-MAN, AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU.

GEE, IT LOOKS LIKE HAMMY DOESN'T REALIZE I'M STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM. THE HEROIC THING TO DO WOULD BE TO TAP HIM ON THE SHOULDER...

*@%# THAT.

WHAT HE SAID.

TWO OUT OF TWO INNER VOICES AGREE!

AW, HELL--

SNEAK ATTACK IT IS! YAY!

NNNNGH

WHOA! DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE WITH MY FACE HANGING OFF AND ALL...

...BUT HAMMY'S GONE *TOP HEAVY!*

KRR

I THOUGHT HE WENT ALL *GOVERNATOR* UNDER HIS *MEN'S WEARHOUSE* SPECIAL, BUT MAYBE...

HURRY UP, KIDS! UNCA SPIDEY'S GONNA BREAK OFF A PIECE A' *PAYBACK* WITH A SIDE OF *SLAP-POW!*

MY GOD. YOU OKAY?

YEAH, DOG. YOU SEE--?

NEVER AGAIN. YOU HEAR ME?

I WAS TRYIN TO HELP--

WE DON'T NEED THEM. ANY OF THEM, OKAY?

YOU CAN'T STOP THIS. SO WHAT, THIS BUNCH GETS AWAY, THERE'S THOUSANDS MORE LIKE 'EM IN THE CITY...

FOR ONCE, WE AGREE! THERE *ARE* THOUSANDS OF KIDS LIKE THESE...

KIDS WHO AREN'T *BUYING* WHAT YOU'RE SELLING...WHO KNOW THERE'S A BETTER LIFE THAN WHAT YOU'RE OFFERING--

--THAT THE VIOLENCE AND THE FEAR THAT KEEPS THE GANGS FAT HAS TO STOP WITH THEM--

AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THEY *ALL* KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN *YOU* TRIED TO SAY OTHERWISE.

YEAAAGH!

KTOKT

I'LL BE DARNED...LOOKS LIKE THE STUPID PEOPLE WERE RIGHT.

DISLOCATED HIP *IS* WORSE. *I* DIDN'T CRY.

I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS...I SWEAR T'GOD...

UH-UHH. THAT BEFORE OR AFTER YOU 'SPLAIN SAID BUTT-WHUPPIN' TO MR. NEGATIVE?

YOU IDIOTS WANT TO BLOW ONE ANOTHER UP, THAT'S ONE THING...

...BUT I FIND OUT YOU WENT NEAR THESE OR ANY OTHER KIDS...

YOU STILL HAVE *ANOTHER* HIP.

DANG, SPIDEY...YOU HARD.

LIKE CHUCK NORRIS'S BEARD.

WHAT?

NEVER MIND.

FEELS GOOD, DOESN'T IT? THAT FRONT PAGE?

THE SECU

FOR CITY'S YOUTH!

HAMMERHEAD'S ATTEMPT TO BUILD PRIVATE ARMY BUSTED BY SPIDER-MAN

BY NORAH WINTERS

DOESN'T SUCK, THAT'S FOR SURE. NICE PIC, BTW. PULLS THE WHOLE THING TOGETHER.

DOESN'T SUCK.

I'M STILL MAD AT YOU FOR DITCHING ME.

YOU HAD AN INTERVIEW TO RUN. I SAW SPIDEY HEADED TOWARDS THE TRAIN GRAVEYARD...

NEXT TIME, YOU WANT ME TO ASK PERMISSION OR GET THE SHOT?

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, THIRTY-FOUR OUT OF THIRTY-FIVE "SHOTS YOU GOT" WERE *BLURRY*, "PETER PARKINSONS."

YOU ARE INCREDIBLY EVIL WHEN YOU SAY THINGS LIKE THAT.

YOU LOVE IT.

I DO *NOT*. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME.

OH YEAH..?

I BET YOU TEN DOLLARS YOU WON'T LET ME PAY FOR DINNER WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT TONIGHT TO CELEBRATE.
I... WHAT?

THE END

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #577

COVER BY **PAOLO RIVERA**

THAT'S IT THEN, CARLO?

Upstate New York.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU DON'T WANT TO TEST THE PRODUCT?

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU TRANSPORTED FOR US, FERNANDO. IF I "*TESTED*" IT...WELL, THAT WOULD NOT BE GOOD.

I WISH ONLY TO GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION. A SMUGGLER'S REPUTATION MUST BE PROTECTED...

I CANNOT BE ACCUSED OF TAMPERING WITH THE PACKAGE...

HEH. THIS CASE WAS DESIGNED BY MOSES MAGNUM HIMSELF. THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE YOUR ARMS AND LEGS PROVES YOU DIDN'T TAMPER WITH THE--

BUDDA BUDDA

WHAT WAS THAT?

BLAM

REMY?

I GOT IT, BOSS.

KAFF!

IT'S THE PUNISHER!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

WHA--

BUDDABUDDABUDDA

OH GOD.

OH GOD. OH GOD.

HURK!

CRASH

OH GOD.

GET UP.

TH-THE CASE IS *WORTHLESS*, OKAY? IT CAN'T BE OPENED.

GET. UP.

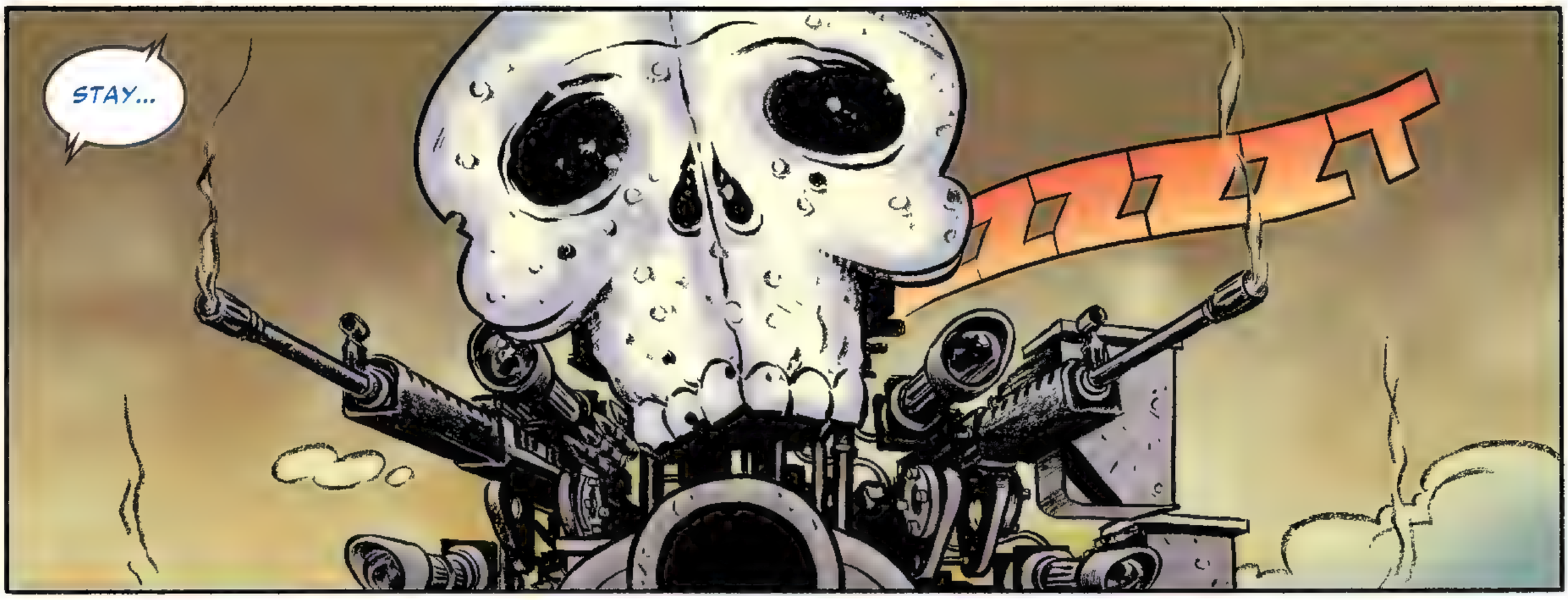
I-IT'S BOOBY-TRAPPED, ALRIGHT? YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO IT. EVEN I CAN'T OPEN IT SAFELY.

RUNCH RUNCH RUNCH

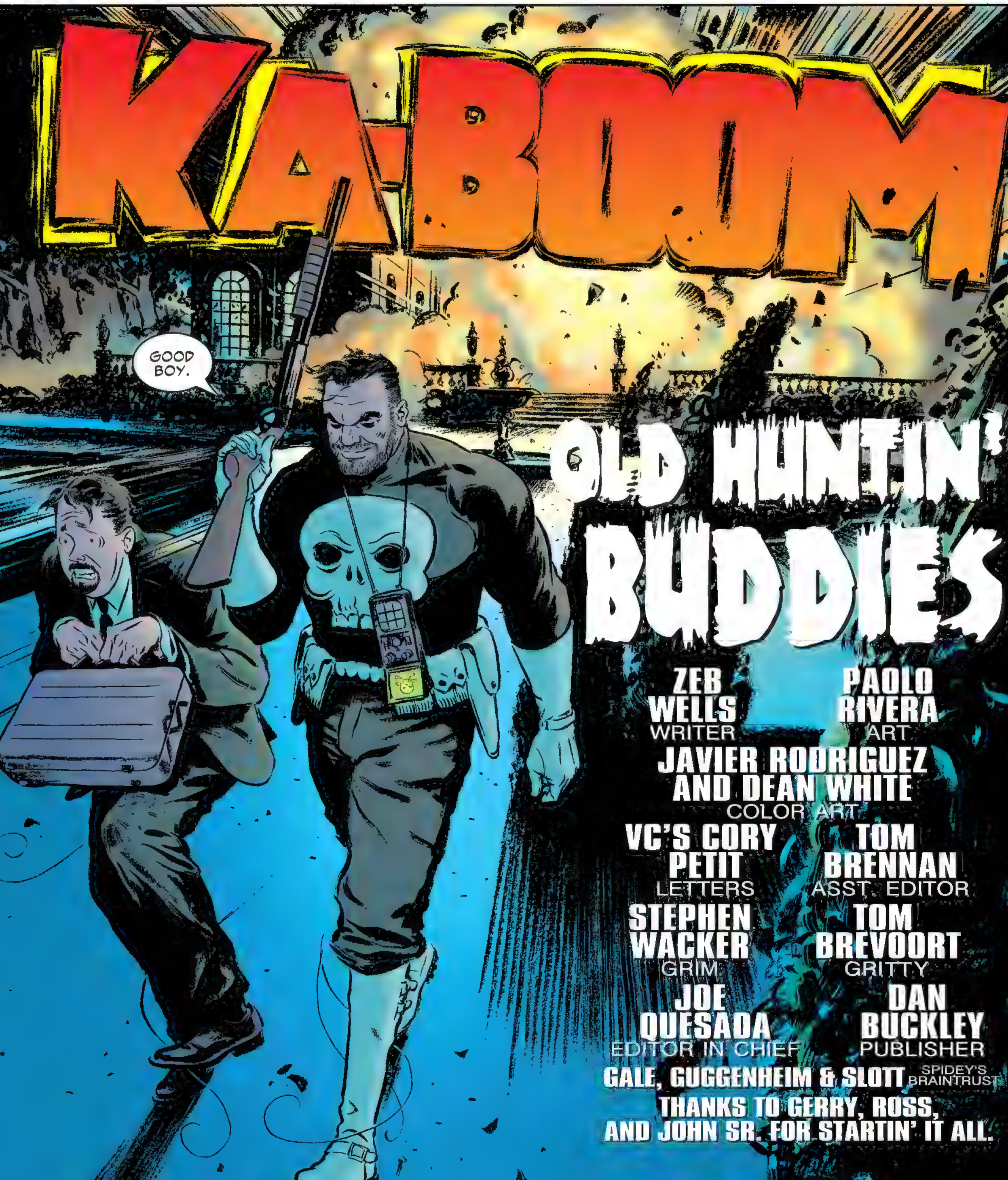
MAYBE.

TEK

LET'S FIND OUT TOGETHER.



KA-BOOM!



OLD HUNTIN' BUDDIES

ZEB WELLS
WRITER

PAOLO RIVERA
ART

JAVIER RODRIGUEZ AND DEAN WHITE
COLOR ART

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
GRIM

TOM BREVOORT
GRITTY

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM & SLOTT SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

THANKS TO GERRY, ROSS, AND JOHN SR. FOR STARTIN' IT ALL.

New York City.

ATM

MANSION MASSACRE

THERE A STORM SOMEWHERE I DON'T KNOW ABOUT, PARKER?

WHAT? NO, I KEEP ACCIDENTALLY--

RUB

RUB

JUST TURN 'EM OFF.

RUB

RUB

WHY DO THEY MAKE THE WIPERS LOOK JUST LIKE THE TURN SIGNAL?

TAXI

IT'S A BRAINBUSTER, ALRIGHT. HARD TO BELIEVE SOME PEOPLE WRAP THEIR MINDS AROUND IT BY THE TIME THEY TURN *SIXTEEN.*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO--

WE'RE GOIN' TA 83RD. TAKE A RIGHT UP HERE.

CLIK

A RIGHT. *RIGHT!*

BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO GET THERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE TO PASS THE TEST, RIGHT?

WE CAN CUT *OVER* THE JOHNSTON BUILDING UP HERE AND--

HOW WE S'POSED TO GET OVER THE JOHNSTON BUILDING, PROFESSOR?

OH...RIGHT. I'M USUALLY NOT DRIVING, I'M--

IN YOUR FLYIN' CAR?

NEVER MIND.

HEH.

FOUR MISSED RED LIGHTS, TWO ILLEGAL LEFT TURNS, AND ONE ALMOST-CRUSHED SHIH TZU LATER...

FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH THESE THEN COME BACK AND RETAKE THE EXAM...LET'S MAKE IT NEXT MONDAY.

SURE... SEE YOU THEN?

NOPE. THAT'S MY DAY OFF.

HOW CAN GETTING A HACK LICENSE BE SO HARD? IT'S CALLED A "*HACK LICENSE*" FOR PETE'S SAKE.

GOTTA STICK WITH IT THOUGH. FREELANCING FOR AN ***ETHICAL*** PUBLICATION LIKE ***FRONT LINE*** SURE DOESN'T PAY AS WELL AS THE BUGLE...

AND BETTY TOLD ME CABBIES CAN MAKE $400 A DAY IF THEY'RE GOOD. THAT WOULD DEFINITELY HELP ME--

OOPS.

SORRY, I...

I...

I...I...

OH, MY GOD. I ALMOST DIDN'T RECOGNIZE... THAT'S THE *PUNISHER.*

GET A GRIP, PETE. YOU DON'T WANT TO STARE. OH, GOD, AM I STARING?

WHAT THE %$#@ ARE YOU LOOKING AT.

YEP. MUST HAVE BEEN STARING.

FREAKED OUT FOR A SECOND. FORGOT I WASN'T WEARING MY MASK...THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD HAVE RECOGNIZED ME.

WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, HE USUALLY TRIES TO SHOOT ME WITH REALLY BIG GUNS.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN JUST LET HIM ROAM THE STREETS. HE'S KILLED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN HIS *"WAR ON CRIME."*

I SHOULD FOLLOW HIM AND HOPE HE GOES SOMEWHERE LESS POPULATED. THE PUNISHER ONLY HUNTS CRIMINALS, BUT HE CAN GET SLOPPY.

WHICH IS MOSTLY A FUNCTION OF THE REALLY BIG GUNS THING.

GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO CHANGE BEFORE I LOSE HIM.

WATCH THESE FOR ME?

OH, YEAH. SURE THING, BUDDY.

SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT NEW YORKERS... THEY ALWAYS COME THROUGH.

HHOOSH

HOT

HEH. WONDER IF THAT GUY WILL EVER KNOW HE'S DOING A FAVOR FOR A BONA FIDE *SUPER HERO.*

Far Rockaway, Queens.

SALE

zzzz

zzzz

LEE

KZZZZRRT--VASTLY SUPERIOR TO THE CHEAP, DILUTED **MUTANT GROWTH HORMONE** THAT RECENTLY FLOODED THE MARKET, WITHOUT THE WILDLY UNPREDICTABLE RESULTS. I ASSURE YOU THE PRODUCT WAS ONLY REALIZED AFTER GREAT INVESTMENT ON MY PART.

VIP

STILL, I'M AWARE MANY OF YOU WILL BE RELUCTANT TO PAY THE EXORBITANT PRICE I'M CHARGING FOR MY GAMMA IRRADIATED MGH.

TO ASSUAGE YOUR CONCERNS I AM DOCUMENTING THIS "TEST FIRING" OF THE PRODUCT IN A SIMULATED HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT.

AS YOU CAN SEE THE PRODUCT IS INJECTED EASILY AND TAKES EFFECT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

RESISTANCE TO MOST BALLISTICS IN UNDER FIVE SECONDS.

BY THE TIME OUR SUBJECT HITS THE GROUND, HE WILL BE TOO STRONG TO FEEL IT.

I'VE BEEN ASSURED THAT THE GREENING OF THE SKIN IS TEMPORARY.

NOW, LET'S SAY OUR SIMULATED V.I.P. HAS FOUND HIMSELF IN A HOT ZONE WITH NO WAY OUT, U.N. PEACEKEEPERS MOVING IN.

HIS PERSONAL ARMY HAS BEEN NEUTRALIZED. HE'S SURROUNDED. BUT HE'S HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PURCHASE A DOSE OF MY PROPRIETARY MGH.

THUMP

AS THE TROOPS MOVE IN TO COLLECT THEIR MARK, THEY FIND THAT NO MATTER HOW MANY MEN THEY HAVE BROUGHT...

...THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT ENOUGH.

MAMA! MAMA!

SPLOORCH

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SADDENED TO HEAR THAT NO ACTUAL PEACEKEEPERS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS VIDEO...

THOUGH I'M SURE THERE WILL NO LONGER BE ANY DOUBT THAT MY PRODUCT PROVIDES LETHALITY IN ITS ADVERTISED MILE WIDE RADIUS...

...KIDS.

THEY'RE KILLING KI--

WHOA!

CRASH

WAIT--

WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?

TAKE OFF, BOY SCOUT. THIS ISN'T IN YOUR WHEELHOUSE.

HOW SO? THAT WAS MOSES MAGNUM, RIGHT? TESTING A WEAPON ON INNOCENT PEOPLE?

HE'S SCUM THAT NEEDS TO STOP BREATHING. I'LL CALL YOU IF OCTOPUS-MAN OR THE GREEN TROLL SHOW UP.

HEY, MAGNUM'S GOT POWERS NOW. LIKE, HE CAN MAKE EARTHQUAKES AND STUFF.

AS LONG AS HE STILL BLEEDS WHEN HE GETS SHOT, I COULD CARE LESS.

IS THIS ONE OF YOUR *LONER* THINGS? YOU WANT TO HUNT HIM DOWN YOURSELF?

I DON'T HAVE TO HUNT HIM DOWN.

TWO WEEKS AGO I POSED AS A WEAPONS BUYER AND ELIMINATED ONE OF MAGNUM'S *"SALES TEAMS."*

THEIR SUPPLY CHAIN LED HERE. THIS IS MAGNUM'S DISTRIBUTION CENTER FOR ALL OF NORTH AMERICA...EVERYTHING FROM HEAVY ARTILLERY TO LESS-LETHAL RIOT GEAR.

I'VE HALTED HIS OPERATIONS IN NORTH AMERICA AND STOLEN A SERUM HE'S INVESTED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN.

I DON'T HAVE TO HUNT HIM DOWN. I'M SURPRISED HE'S NOT HERE ALREADY.

AND THEN WHAT? YOU'RE JUST GOING TO KILL HIM LIKE THIS GUY OVER--

WHAT THE HOLY HECK HAPPENED TO THIS GUY ANYWAY?

WHO? CARLO?

HE OPENED THE CASE FOR ME.

OH... OF COURSE. SORRY, DUMB QUESTION.

YOU SAW THE SALES PITCH. THEY ALL DESERVE WHATEVER I GIVE THEM.

EVERYONE WHO'S SO MUCH AS SPOKEN TO MAGNUM ABOUT BUYING A WEAPON.

LOOK, I KNOW PEOPLE NOW...I'M KIND OF AN *AVENGER*. I'M TALKING HEAVY HITTERS. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS THE RIGHT WAY.

YOU'VE KILLED ENOUGH PEOPLE, FRANK.

YOU KNOW ME... I CAN'T STAND HERE AND LET YOU KILL MORE PEOPLE. I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU AGAIN, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME.

TEK TEK TEK

HEY! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!!

SORRY. EARPLUGS.

TEK

EEEE

TEK

EEEE

HEY, PUNISHER! YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE. I WANT IT BACK.

TEK TEK TEK TEK TEK

FTOOM FTOOM

FTOOM

BUDDDABDDDA

HERE.

HE'S GOT MY SERUM! SHOOT HIM!

BUDDA BUDDA

ZZZIZZZ

HNNN.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

CRACK

QRACK

PLOP

PISH

PASH 3

SPLASH

TK

SEE YA AROUND, BOY SCOUT.

ULP

IT'S TIME FOR US ADULTS TO HAVE A TALK.

THUNK

I'VE GOT YOUR GARBAGE, MAGNUM!

BLAM BLAM

COME AND GET IT!

CLANG

REND

SNAP

BLAM BLAM

SPLASH

CRASH

End Part One.

Interlude.

"THERE'S A *KILLER* LOOSE IN MY CITY.

"A SAVAGE. AN *ANIMAL.*

"A *MONSTER* WHOSE VEINS RUN THICK WITH BILE AND MUCUS... AND BLOOD.

FSS FSS

Bio Plant Food

"I MEAN, MORE BLOOD THAN *USUAL*...OBVIOUSLY. AND *DARKER*, 'CAUSE OF THE BILE.

SMP SMP

"*I THINK*. I'VE NEVER REALLY SEEN BILE AND BLOOD MIX, BUT PROBABLY. ANYWAYS...

KNOK KNOK

"MY CITY *SCREAMS* FOR JUSTICE, AND SOMEONE IS GONNA DROP A *STEAMING LOAD* OF IT RIGHT ON HER. RIGHT NOW..."

"THAT STEAMING SOMEONE IS ME.

"CALL ME *THE BOOKIE*. IT'S WHAT PEOPLE CALL ME."

J. JONAH JAMESON! I NAME THEE MURDERER!

A BOOKIE MINUTE MYSTERY by

JOE KELLY WRITER	BARRY KITSON PENCILS	MARK FARMER INKS	DEAN WHITE COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS

YOU ARE THE SPIDER-TRACER KILLER!

SPIDER-TRACER KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!

PARDON ME?

THAT'S UP TO A *JUDGE*, PAL.

THAT CHAMOMILE? BETTER MAKE IT A *DOUBLE*, BUSTER, CAUSE THIS ONE'S GONNA SPIN YER *NIPPLES* OFF.

AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, THE *SPIDER-TRACER KILLER*, OR...*S.T.K.* AS I'VE *NOM DE PLUMED* HIM...

...KILLS HIS VICTIMS AND LEAVES WHAT *APPEARS* TO BE ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S TRACERS ON THE BODY IN AN ATTEMPT TO *FRAME* HIM.

I CALLED A BIG FAT B.S. TO THAT, AN' TOOK ON THE CASE.

I BEGAN MY INVESTIGATION LOOKING FOR CONNECTIONS...

AN' I FOUND *ZIP*, EXCEPT THAT ALL OF STK'S VICTIMS UNTIL TODAY HAVE BEEN PICKED UP AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER BY THE LAW.

THIS SUGGESTS THAT THE KILLER MIGHT HAVE A THING FOR *JUSTICE*...

YOU BELIEVE IN JUSTICE, JJ, DON'T YOU?

...

YEAH, I THOUGHT SO.

"I CALLED IN A FEW FAVORS FROM SOME CLIENTS IN BLUE AND THEY TOLD ME THE TRACERS ARE A PERFECT MATCH TO SPIDEY'S TECH.

"IN OTHER WORDS, THEY *WORK*."

SOMEONE'D HAVE TO FORK OVER A *BUTTLOAD* OF CASH T'PULL THAT OFF.

DON'T YOU, MISTER FORMER *DAILY BUGLE* PUBLISHER, INDEED HAVE A BUTTLOAD OF SAID CASH? MAYBE EVEN A COUPLE EXTRA *CHEEKS*, WORTH?

...

GETS BETTER... THIS IDEA OF GOIN' AFTER SPIDER-MAN USING HIGH-TECH TACTICS ISN'T NEW, IS IT?

...

DO THE WORDS "SPIDER SLAYER" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, SIR?

ASIDE FROM THE BUG AND THE HAIR BAND? THE COMBINATION. TOGETHER.

SOMEONE WHO COULD BACK AN ARMY OF WEB-HEAD-HUNTING ROBOTS COULD WHIP UP A FEW TRACER DOOHICKEYS NO SWEAT.

THAT'S *MEANS*, MY FRIEND, AND I THINK WE CAN BOTH AGREE, YOU GOT *MOTIVE* OUT THE YING-YANG TO FRAME SPIDEY.

OPPORTUNITY? CONVENIENT THAT YOU HAD A "HEART ATTACK" JUST WHEN THIS ALL STARTED...AIN'T IT?

BUT I'LL TELL YOU HOW YA BLEW IT, JAMESON...

"YER LAST VICTIM. YOU WERE SMART ON THE FIRST FEW, BUT THIS ONE GOT PERSONAL, DIDN'T IT...?

"*JULIA DELPHI*, TWENTIES, A NOBODY, EXCEPT FOR ONE INTERESTING DETAIL...

"...SHE WAS A VOLUNTEER IN *HOLLISTER'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE.*"

...WHICH SENT YOU *THIS* MISSIVE, SALVAGED FROM *YOUR* GARBAGE!

Dear Mr. Jameson,

ank you for your suppo
Mr. Hollister, bu ar
not interested in yo
endorsement at this time.

We must **insist** that you d
not associate yourself with
Mr. Hollister's campaign i
any way sh r form.
Please.

OUCH. BET IF OL' JULIA WAS VOLUNTEERING FOR THE OTHER GUY, SHE'D STILL BE LICKIN' STAMPS.

SO, YOU SICK, DEPRAVED INDIVIDUAL, WHAT DO YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW...

...IT ACTUALLY WORKS.

DIDN'T BREAK FIFTY BEATS PER MINUTE.

DESPITE YOUR THEORY, I REALLY DID HAVE A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK, COMPLICATED BY *AORTAL RUPTURE.*

THAT'S ARMAGEDDON FOR THE HEART. FOUR WEEKS IN ICU. TOUCH AND GO ALL THE WAY...

THE DOCTORS TOLD ME THAT IF I'M TO SURVIVE, I HAVE TO MAKE "PROFOUND CHANGES" IN MY LIFESTYLE.

PRIMARILY REGARDING HOW I DEAL WITH STRESS. WE TRIED A NUMBER OF THERAPIES, BUT ONLY ONE REALLY DOES THE TRICK.

I HAVE A *MANTRA*. A PHRASE I REPEAT OVER AND OVER THAT CALMS ME.

"I WILL NOT DIE BEFORE SPIDER-MAN. I WILL NOT DIE BEFORE SPIDER-MAN."

I EVEN SAY IT IN MY SLEEP, ACCORDING TO THE NURSES WHO KEPT MY WOUNDS CLEAN OF STAPH INFECTION, AND THOSE WITH THE UNFORTUNATE DISTINCTION OF CLEANING MY BEDPAN.

"I WILL NOT DIE BEFORE SPIDER-MAN." THE THOUGHT FILLS ME WITH GRACE AND PEACE...BUT I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO TEST IT IN THE REAL WORLD.

IF I CAN LISTEN TO A MORON PLAY ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE WITHOUT HAVING A STROKE, IT MUST BE WORKING. THANK YOU FOR THE TEST.

GOOD DAY.

THAT'S IT? WHAT IF I GO TO THE COPS WITH THIS? YOU'LL BE RUINED!

Y'AIN'T EVEN GOING TO DEFEND YOURSELF?

OF COURSE I AM. IT'S MY SECOND AMENDMENT RIGHT.

AND MY PLEASURE.

BY THE WAY, "GUMSHOE," BOTH CANDIDATES TURNED DOWN MY ENDORSEMENT. A CLASSIC CASE OF COVERING ONE'S POLITICAL ASS.

BOO-HOO. GOOD THING I'M IN THERAPY.

HAVE A NICE DAY.

"BLAME IT ON BAD INFORMATION. BLAME IT ON TEN THOUSAND VOLTS. BUT AS I LIE THERE TWITCHING LIKE A SPASTIC HAMSTER...

"...THE THOUGHT OCCURS TO ME THAT I MIGHT HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

"BUT ONE THING JJ SAID STANDS OUT IN THE HUMMING MESS THAT IS MY BRAIN...ONE THING THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING...

"COVER YOUR ASS..."

AW, HELL... I KNOW WHO DID IT...

I'M GONNA BE RICH.

End Interlude.

OLD HUNTIN' BUDDIES PART 2

"DON'T BREATHE, PETER."

THAT'S WHAT THE TINGLE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD IS SAYING...

...BUT THAT'S ALL I WANT TO DO. BREATHE IN AND FILL MY LUNGS.

BUT WHEN I TRY, THE TINGLE BECOMES A SCREAM AND I LISTEN TO IT.

I SWIM, WHEN ALL I WANT TO DO IS BREATHE...

...BUT I WON'T...

...NOT YET, PARKER...

...NOT YET...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

YOU BROUGHT HIM UP TOO SOON. YOU WANT HIM TO THINK HE'S GOING TO DROWN.

H-HE DIDN'T EVEN TWITCH THE WHOLE TIME, BOSS. I THOUGHT MAYBE HE *HAD* DROWNED.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU IDIOT.

YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME, CASTLE? I TEACH *CLASSES* ON TORTURE, YOU UNDERSTAND?

I WANT MY SERUM BACK. THIS IS THE LAST TIME I USE WORDS TO ASK FOR IT.

PPBT

@#%#!

SMACK

DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO MAKE IT... IT *MUST* HAVE BEEN CLOSE, I'VE BEEN BREATHING FOR FIVE MINUTES AND MY SPIDEY-SENSE IS STILL TINGLING.

HEY! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!

ARE YOU WEARING COTTON? YOU CAN'T SWIM IN COTTON. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

BUT I MUST BE CATCHING MY BREATH. THE TINGLE IS LEAVING, SLOWLY...

...LEAVING... SLOWLY...

THAT BOAT!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

DON'T WORRY, I'M ON OFFICIAL SUPER HERO BUSINESS!

WAIT! WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN!?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

VAROOM VROOM

THE SAMPLE YOU STOLE IS IRREPLACEABLE, CASTLE. THE CHEMICAL ENGINEER WHO DEVELOPED IT TRIED TO RENEGOTIATE HIS PRICE AND...

WELL, YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW NEGOTIATIONS WITH MOSES MAGNUM TURN OUT.

NOW, SINCE THE SAMPLE IS NO LONGER IN ITS CASE, AND YOUR BODY SEARCH REVEALED NOTHING BUT SCARS AND BULLET HOLES...

...SOME MORE RECENT THAN OTHERS, OF COURSE...

...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASSUME YOU KNOW WHERE THE SAMPLE IS.

NOW, I WANT TO MAKE ONE THING CLEAR...

THERE'S ***NOWHERE*** YOU CAN HIDE IT FROM ME.

I AM MOSES MAGNUM!

WHACK

AND I ALWAYS GET WHAT'S MINE!

I'M TELLING YOU, THE ENGINE'S BOGGING DOWN. GO CHECK ON IT.

WILL YOU RELAX? WE'RE LOSING, WHAT? THREE KILOMETERS AN HOUR? IT'S FINE.

OH, OKAY. THEN YOU GO DOWN AND TELL MAGNUM THAT WE'LL BE FIFTEEN MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE.

I'LL BE DOWN IN A BIT TO MOP YOU OFF THE DAMN WALL.

I'LL CHECK THE ENGINE.

UH, CHUCK?

SMASH

BOGEY! WE'VE GOT A BOGEY. KILL HIM! KILL--

THWIP

KILL HIM? WAIT, YOU MEAN THIS ISN'T THE *LOVE BOAT*?!

HURK!

TWONG

DANG, I WAS REALLY HOPING YOU AND CHARO COULD HELP ME REKINDLE MY MARRIAGE...

...AND LO-OVE WON'T HURT ANYONE...

MAN, I REALLY GOT TO UPDATE MY REFERENCES.

WHERE IS IT?!?

SWACK

I...I...

I FLUSHED IT DOWN THE TOILET.

I...I... DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

KA-

CHEK

YOU SAW THE VIDEO... SURELY YOU KEPT IT FOR YOURSELF. SURELY YOU AT LEAST WANTED TO *TRY* IT.

DIDN'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO HAVE ALL YOUR *RAGE*...ALL YOUR *HATRED*...CONVERTED DIRECTLY INTO *POWER?*

TO KEEP KILLING AND KILLING AND KILLING UNTIL ALL OF IT IS EATEN UP.

DIDN'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE, WITHOUT BOUNDARIES? WITHOUT RESTRAINT?

SNAPT

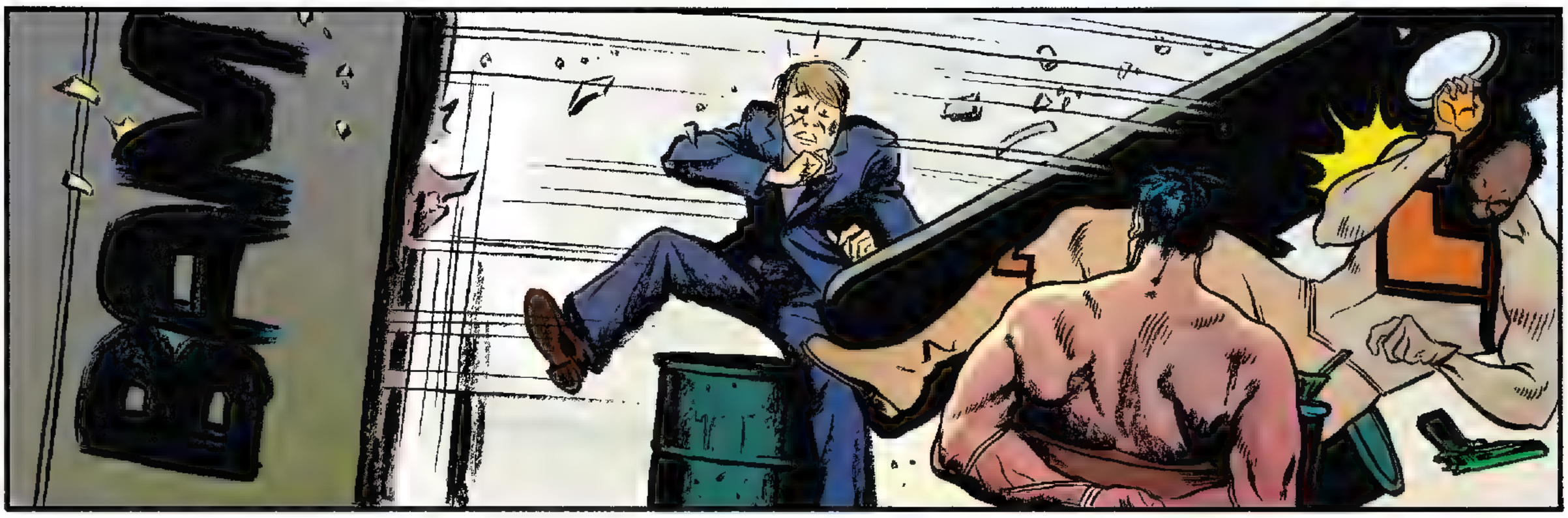
I TOLD YOU. I DESTROYED IT.

NOW LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. I'M TIRED OF YOUR VOICE.

Y-YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, AREN'T YOU?

VERY WELL.

CHEK



I SAW YOUR INFOMERCIAL, MOSES.

DID YOU NOW?

YEAH. NOT A FAN.

WHAM

YOU MURDERING DIRTBAG!

SNAP

YOUR OUTRAGE IS PATHETIC, SPIDER-MAN! WHY IS THE WESTERN MIND SO OFFENDED BY DEATH?!

PEOPLE DIE EVERY DAY!

NRAAH!

NO!

PLAY NICE!

YOINK

HMMM.

YOU'RE QUITE STRONG, SPIDER-MAN... UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU THIS ISN'T A FISTFIGHT.

I MAKE THE EARTH QUAKE WITH MY HANDS! YOU BOTH HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE--

WAIT! WHAT...

CRAK

WE'RE ON A BOAT, YOU MORON.

ALL YOU'RE MAKING IS WAVES.

BAM

CAN I...

NO.

HMMMM.

FWIP

MY SPIDER-SENSE IS STILL TINGLING. YOU HAVE A TRACER, RIGHT?

SWALLOWED ONE.

JEEZ.

AND THE SERUM?

I HAD IT ON ME, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T COME THROUGH...BUT I DESTROYED IT.

WHEN I SHOWED UP MAGNUM WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU IN THE HEAD...HOW DID YOU KNOW I'D GET THERE IN TIME? HOW DID YOU--

MY GOD, YOU REALLY TRUST ME, DON'T YOU? I'M ALMOST FLATTERED. YOU KNEW I'D--

DON'T BE AN IDIOT.

TH-THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU INJECT YOURSELF? YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM ALL OUT LIKE YOU WANTED...

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE OF ME. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

LEAVE IT AT THAT.

OOOOKAY...

I'M TAKING THE SPEEDBOAT.

HEY... YOU KNOW I JUST CAN'T LET YOU--

BLAM

HURK!

YOU... YOU...

I SHOT HIM IN THE STOMACH. GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL WITHIN AN HOUR AND HE'LL LIVE. CHASE ME AND HE WON'T.

I HATE YOU.

GROOOAAAANN...

ARGHHH!

GOOD LUCK PASSING THAT SPIDER-TRACER YOU SON OF A- ARRRGGHH!!!!

COME ON! DON'T DIE ON ME.

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING...

SHUT UP AND TRY NOT TO BLEED!

YOU'RE TRYING TO SAVE ME? HEH...

SHUT UP!

DON'T YOU KNOW THE ONLY WAY TO STOP ME...IS TO KILL ME?

...BUT YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T...

...CAN'T EVEN LET ME DIE...

IT MUST BE SO FRUSTRATING... DOING WHAT YOU DO...

YEAH, WELL...

RUB

RUB

RUB

RUB

...IT BEATS DRIVING A CAB.

The End.

SECRET INVASION: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #1
COVER BY **MIKE MCKONE, ANDY LANNING & RAIN BEREDO**

"STOP RIGHT THERE," YOU SAY! "HOW ON **EARTH** DID MIGHTY MARVEL'S NEWEST COSTUMED HERO **JACKPOT** GET HERSELF INTO THIS **STUPEFYING SITUATION?!** HOW DID THE STAFF OF THE DB, **AND** PETER PARKER'S ROOMMATE END UP IN AN ECONOMY SEDAN, FLEEING FOR THEIR **VERY LIVES?"** BOY, HAVE **YOU** COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! BECAUSE **THIS VERY BOOK** HAS ALL THE ANSWERS FOR **ALL** YOUR QUESTIONS!

SUPER-SKRULL

ANGRY ALIEN WITH THE POWERS OF SIX OF SPIDER-MAN'S GREATEST VILLAINS.

JACKPOT

REGISTERED AS A SUPER HERO (WHO IS NOW REGRETTING IT.)

DEXTER BENNETT

OWNER AND PUBLISHER OF THE DB! REALIZING THAT IF HE SURVIVES, HE IS GOING TO SELL A **LOT** OF NEWSPAPERS.

BETTY BRANT

REPORTER FOR THE DB! NEVER STUDIED THIS SITUATION WHILE EARNING HER JOURNALISM DEGREE.

VIN GONZALES

POLICE OFFICER. PETER PARKER'S ROOMMATE. VERY SAD HE DROPPED HIS GUN.

JOE ROBERTSON

FORMER EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE DB! ONE-TIME STREET RACER. WHICH IS NOT SOMETHING ANYONE KNEW BEFORE TODAY.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN:

BRAND NEW SECRET INVASION

WRITER
BRIAN REED

PENCILS
MARCO SANTUCCI

INKS
MARK PENNINGTON

COLORS
JEROMY COX

LETTERS
JARED K. FLETCHER

ASST. EDITOR
THOMAS BRENNAN

SKRULL QUEEN
STEPHEN WACKER

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

LAST NIGHT...

WEEKS OF TRACKING DOWN WALTER DECLUN'S BUSINESS DEALINGS...

DAYS OF SORTING THROUGH FINANCIAL RECORDS, SHIPPING PATTERNS, TRYING TO PROVE HE WAS UP TO NO GOOD--

AND THIS IS A GUY THAT IS *ALWAYS* UP TO NO GOOD.

BUT I DID MY HOMEWORK, AND *NOW*...

CLICK

...I'VE GOT DECLUN AND HIS GOONS BY THE SHORT HAIRS.

OKAY. EW.

I JUST GROSSED MYSELF OUT WITH THAT *SHORT HAIRS* THING.

NO MORE OF THAT.

ATTENTION!

AS A FULLY DEPUTIZED AND REGISTERED SUPER HERO, I HEREBY PLACE YOU ALL *UNDER ARREST!* I--

I AIN'T DONE *NOTHIN'*, AND I *AIN'T* GOIN' BACK TA JAIL!

GET HER, GUYS! WE CAN TAKE HER OUT EASY!

WHOA!

DUDE, THAT'S *JACKPOT*, SHE'S KINDA TOUGH--

BACK OFF, TIGER!

KRAK

AW, IT DON'T MATTER WHO SHE IS!

SHE JUST KICKED REGGIE, SHE'S GOTTA PAY!

I'M NOT THE ONE WORKING FOR A CROOK LIKE DECLUN!

PAY?!

KRAK

WHAP

I'M SHUTTING THIS PLACE DOWN!

OOOOF!

WHUMP

FAP

GRRAAH!

WHAM

D.V.C.?

DigiVidiCorp.

dvc

I BET YOU GOONS DON'T KNOW THAT DigiVidiCorp. IS A *SHELL COMPANY* USED BY *WALTER DECLUN* TO *LAUNDER MONEY*, AND SHIP *ILLEGAL* THINGS LIKE--

DVD PLAYERS?

Uh-Oh.

THIS MORNING...

THE LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT OF PETER PARKER AND ROOMMATE, OFFICER VIN GONZALES...

PETE?

HEY, PARKER? WHERE YOU AT?

PETER! YOU IN THERE?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

PETER? HEY, MAN. YOU IN THERE OR NOT?

LOOK, I DON'T MEAN TO INVADE YOUR PRIVACY OR ANYTHING, BUT *RENT'S DUE* AND...

*EDITOR'S NOTE

WHERE IS PETER PARKER? HE'S IN SECRET INVASION

ON SALE NOW!

YEAH! RIGHT NOW!

--BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS' ACCOUNTANT

...AND YOU'RE MISSING IN ACTION, AGAIN.

NOOO... THAT'S NOT *SUSPICIOUS* AT ALL.

THE COFFEE BEAN.

JUST OFF ASTOR PLACE.

CARLIE! YOU SEEN PETER THIS MORNING?

HUH? NO.

WHY?

RENT'S DUE AND--

HEY, LILY.

HIYA, VIN.

PETER IS *NOT* SKIPPING OUT ON THE RENT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, VIN.

I DIDN'T SAY HE *WAS.*

BUT YOU *THOUGHT* IT.

I DIDN'T *SAY IT.*

WHO'S SKIPPING OUT ON THEIR RENT?

NOBODY, HARRY.

RIGHT, VIN?

YEAH, YEAH.

HEY, IT'S GETTING LATE. WANT TO WALK WITH ME TO WORK, CARLIE?

SURE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU TWO? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TODAY?

AFTER I WRAP UP WITH THE MORNING RUSH, LILY AND I SHALL CONTINUE OUR RESEARCH INTO JUST WHAT IT IS THE *OBSCENELY RICH* DO TO FILL THEIR DAYS.

YOU TWO COULD HELP US IF YOU WEREN'T SO BUSY *SERVING* AND *PROTECTING.*

SOUNDS WONDERFUL, HARRY. MAYBE TOMORROW?

YOU *ALWAYS* SAY THAT, CARLIE! WHAT IF THERE *IS NO* TOMORROW, HUH?

WHAT IF THE WORLD ENDS TODAY?

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THAT RISK, OSBORN.

THE DB

OSBORN-BUMP? TOP COP'S CROWNE STOP MAKES HOLLISTER'S NUMBERS DROP! D.B. POLL HAS CROWNE AHEAD FIFTEEN POINTS IN RACE FOR MAYOR!

JACKPOT OR CRACKPOT?!

SO-CALLED SUPER HERO RAIDS LEGIT WAREHOUS... BEATS UP INNOCENT H...

by BETTY BRANT

GHG DFJ FGH FJKGH KG FD G...
VFN ASDFE VM ANFU ...
V BYJ NGD GTY NU...
JIU NJU GBD AQ ...
EUYV A ASDFE V... ANFU...
V BYJ NGD O... UNG TB...
GBD AQ P... BVRTE...
ASD FE T... G BV NB...
BVRTE ... UIO A...
FGH ...JKGH K...
ASD...E VM AN...
NGD GTY NU...
GBD AQ P...
A:DFE V...
GHG ...
VNC...
IUN...
P...
VNC...

SON OF A--!

EVER SINCE THE DAILY BUGLE GOT BOUGHT BY ***DEXTER BENNETT***, IT'S EVEN TABLOIDIER THAN IT WAS BEFORE.

TABLOIDIER?

I NEED TO GET THIS ***RETRACTED.*** I CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE BELIEVING I THINK I'M ***ABOVE THE LAW.***

OFFICES OF THE D.B.

OH MY-- YOU'RE *JACKPOT!*

YES. AND I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH--

AA-AA-AAH, JACKPOT! THIS IS WHY *I'M* HERE! YOU LET *ME* DO THE TALKING!

YOU HAVE TO SMACK THESE PRESS PEOPLE UPSIDE THE HEAD *FAST* AND *HARD,* OR THEY *IGNORE* YOU ALL DAY LONG.

I'M HELEN ROGERS, AND I AM THE S.R.A.* UNION REP FOR JACKPOT.

UNION... REP?

YES, AND WE WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOUR *PUBLISHER,* MISTER DEXTER BENNETT, ABOUT HIS ACT OF *LIBEL* AGAINST MY CLIENT.

LIBEL?

*SUPERHUMAN REGISTRATION ACT -STEVE WACKRONYM

ENOUGH OF THIS FRONT DESK *RIFF RAFF!*

I DEMAND TO SPEAK TO *DEXTER BENNETT!*

I DEMAND SATISFACTION FOR MY CLIENT!

MS. ROGERS, WE DON'T HAVE TO--

WE DAMN WELL *DO!*

THE S.R.A. WILL *NOT* STAND IDLY BY WHILE A *TRASHY TABLOID* LIKE THE D.B. DEFAMES ONE OF OUR *PROUD MEMBERS!*

HI...I'M BETTY BRANT. IS THERE SOMETHING--

THE SAME BETTY BRANT THAT COMMITTED THIS *LIBEL?*

I SPOKE WITH *EYEWITNESSES,* AND *POLICE OFFICERS* WHO ALL CONFIRMED JACKPOT'S ACTIONS, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.

MS. BRANT, I'M *SO SORRY.* I--

HEY, COULD YOU *PLEASE* NOT TAKE ANY MORE PICT--

FLASH FLASH

THIS *WASN'T* SUPPOSED TO BE SO CONFRONTATIONAL. I JUST WANTED TO *EXPLAIN MYSELF* AND MAYBE--

DAMN IT, DEXTER--I QUIT THIS CRAP PAPER OF YOURS SO MY NAME WOULDN'T BE ASSOCIATED WITH YOUR UNETHICAL--

COME NOW, JOE. WHAT WOULD THE DB BE WITHOUT THE NAME *JOE ROBERTSON* IN THE MASTHEAD?

YOU WILL GET MY NAME OFF OF THAT MASTHEAD BEFORE TOMORROW'S EDITION, DEXTER, OR I WILL SUE YOU TO HELL AND--

WHY IS THERE A *SUPER HERO* IN MY *NEWSROOM?*

AHH! THERE HE IS! *DEXTER BENNETT!* PUBLISHER OF THE D.B.!

A MAN WITH A *PERSONAL VENDETTA* AGAINST MY CLIENT!

DO I KNOW YOU?

YOU'RE ABOUT TO!

FLASH

DEXTER, IF YOU CAN JUST--

FLASH

SILENCE! NOW I TALK!

THE TERMS OF THE D.B.'S *SURRENDER* WILL BE THE *FIRST* TOPIC!

NO QUARTER WILL BE GIVEN AND NONE *ASKED!*

IF I'D KNOWN THE S.R.A. WAS GOING TO SEND ME A *CRAZY PERSON,* I WOULD HAVE JUST COME OVER HERE BY MYSELF!

FLASH

NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!

I AM ASKING AS *NICELY* AS I KNOW HOW.

O-O-OKAY.

I HAVE CONTROL OF THE SITUATION NOW! JUST LIKE IN BERKELEY, BACK IN '83!

AND JUST LIKE THEN, I WILL *NOT* LEAVE THIS TABLE UNTIL MY *DEMANDS* ARE MET!

MS. BRANT? COULD YOU CALL THE POLICE, PLEASE?

OH, BROTHER...

...THIS IS JUST A BAD BAD DAY.

FLASH

SOHO.
LUNCH?
WHERE?
SOMEWHERE OUT OF THE CITY...
I'D RATHER NOT WASTE TIME GOING AND PICKING UP MY CAR.
HERE. WHAT COLOR DO YOU LIKE? I'LL BUY A NEW RIDE JUST FOR LUNCH.
WHAT IS THAT?
IT'S A DISGUSTING DISPLAY OF MY BOTTOMLESS WEALTH.
NO. HARRY.
THAT!
WHAT IS *THAT?!*
MIDTOWN.
UNIT FOURTEEN BE ADVISED OF 10-50 AT THE D.B. BUILDING.*
10-4, DISPATCH. WE'RE ACTUALLY JUST WALKING BY THERE NOW.
MANHATTAN POLICE CODE FOR **DISORDERLY PERSON --BRIAN "LOOK, MA! I CAN GOOGLE!" REED*
VIN! CHECK IT!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A BUSY SHIFT, PARTNER.
SOMEONE SHOULD BE HERE PRETTY SOON.
APPARENTLY THEY'VE HAD TO PULL THIS WOMAN OFF OTHER TABLES IN THE--
WHAT IN THE WORLD?
OH MY...

HARRY-- C'MON, BABY, WE GOTTA RUN!

LOOK AT IT!

IT'S HUGE! IT'S AMAZING!

FABOOM

AAAAAAHH!

YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE FAST, OSBORN. TIME TO PROVE IT.

DISPATCH, THIS IS UNIT FOURTEEN. WE'VE GOT A...

WHAT'S THE CODE FOR A *GIGANTIC ALIEN SPACESHIP?*

THAT DEPENDS. F-F-4-8 IF **GALACTUS** IS SIGHTED, BUT IF IT IS--

FABOOM

O'NEIL! HELP ANYBODY OUT HERE THAT NEEDS IT!

I'M GOING TO GET UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

OH, OW...

WHAT WAS THAT ALL AB--

YOU!

HELLO.

FLASH

SPIDER-MAN?

WHY ARE YOU--

HUURRRKk!

YOU KNOW THIS ONE. THE FORM I HAVE TAKEN.

TELL ME WHERE HE IS. WE EXPECTED HIM HERE. OR CLOSE BY.

WHUD

SERIOUSLY NOT COOL!

THWACK

SPIDER-MAN?

WHY IS--

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SPIDER-MAN, MISTER BENNETT.

THE FORM I HAVE...

...WHERE IS HE?

OOOF!

SMASH

YOU GUYS MIGHT WANT TO *RUN AWAY* NOW.

EVERYBODY, OUT OF THE BUILDING! *NOW!*

GET *OUT* OF THE BUILDING!

WHERE IS HE? I KNOW HE HAS BEEN HERE! THE BUILDING *SMELLS* OF HIM!

WHUMP

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH SPIDER-MAN?!

AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE HIM?!

THOK

DRESSED? SKRULL WARRIORS ARE SHAPESHIFTERS. WHAT NEED HAVE WE FOR *CLOTHES?*

WAIT... YOU'RE *NAKED?*

FLASH

"HARRY! SLOW DOWN!"

COME ON, LILY! COME ON!

FABOOM

GRRRYAAAGGH!

WE CAN'T SLOW DOWN, LILY!

OH, MY GOD!

HARRY!

WOK

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...

...OR WHY YOU'RE PRETENDING TO BE *SPIDER-MAN!*

THWACK

WHAM

YOU SURE AS HELL ARE *UNDER ARREST!*

KRAK

FAIR ENOUGH, COW!

IF ANY OF YOU WANT TO LIVE...

...BRING ME SPIDER-MAN NOW. IF NOT, I'LL KILL YOU IN SIX PAINFUL WAYS!

WHO'S FIRST?

OKAY, SO MAYBE WE WERE WRONG ON THE FIRST PAGE. IT'S **NEXT MONTH'S** ISSUE THAT HAS ALL THOSE ANSWERS YOU WERE LOOKING FOR! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO CRAM THIS MUCH EXCITEMENT INTO **22 PAGES!** SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO SAY...

TO BE CONTINUED...

SECRET INVASION: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #2

COVER BY **MIKE MCKONE, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME! THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME! *THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!*

I'D *WAY* RATHER BE IN *NEW YORK* THAN HERE IN THE SAVAGE LAND, FIGHTING SKRULLS AND RUNNING FROM DINOSAURS!

OF COURSE, HOME IS SORT OF A *MESS* RIGHT NOW, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THE *SKRULLS* INVADING!

SEE, MISTER T-REX, *JACKPOT* WAS TRYING TO PROVE BILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST *WALTER DECLUN* WAS UP TO NO GOOD, BUT ALL SHE *REALLY* DID WAS PROVE DECLUN MADE *CHINTZY* DVD PLAYERS.

THWACK

SO THEN THE DB, A PAPER SO *TABLOIDY* IT MAKES ME *MISS* THE DAILY BUGLE, RAN AN ARTICLE SAYING JACKPOT WAS CRAZY, AND HAD IT IN FOR DECLUN FOR NO GOOD REASON.

SO JACKPOT WENT TO THE DB TO SEE IF SHE COULD GET THE ARTICLE CORRECTED AND, LUCKY HER, THAT'S *RIGHT* WHEN THE SKRULLS DECIDED TO ATTACK AND, WELL...

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME! THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME! THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER WE PRESENT TO YOU THE MOST STUNNING OF SENSE SHATTERING SPECTACLES: THE STAIRWELL OF THE TERRIFICALLY TABLOIDIAN DB!

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN:

BRAND NEW SECRET INVASION
PART 2

WRITER: BRIAN REED
PENCILS: MARCO SANTUCCI
INKS: MARK PENNINGTON
COLORS: JEROMY COX
LETTERS: JARED K. FLETCHER
COVER: McKONE, LANNING & COX
ASST. EDITOR: THOMAS BRENNAN
SKRULL QUEEN: STEPHEN WACKER
EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE QUESADA
PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY

JACKPOT

REGISTERED SUPER HERO WHO IS IN WAAAAY OVER HER HEAD HERE.

VIN GONZALES

PETER PARKER'S ROOMMATE. TEMPORARILY OFF-BALANCE.

DEXTER BENNETT

OWNER AND PUBLISHER OF THE DB! WONDERING IF INSURANCE WILL COVER THIS.

JOE ROBERTSON

FORMER EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE DAILY BUGLE, VERY MAD THAT DEXTER BENNETT IS USING HIS NAME TO SELL PAPERS.

BETTY BRANT

REPORTER FOR THE DB! CURRENTLY WISHING SHE HAD NOT WORN HEELS TO WORK TODAY.

SUPER-SKRULL

ANGRY ALIEN TRYING TO FIND AND KILL SPIDER-MAN.

GRRRYAAAGGH!

UKKK!

NNRRRYYAAGGH!

I SAID RUN!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

IRRITATING.

YOUR WEAPON IS USELESS!

YAAAAH!

PARDON MY BEING SO FORWARD, OFFICER, BUT WE NEED TO GET AWAY, *FAST!*

MY GUN! I DROPPED MY GUN!

YOUR GUN WASN'T EXACTLY DOING ANYTHING USEFUL, YOU KNOW!

JOE! JOE!

WHAT IS THE *PLAN* HERE?!

EXACTLY, BETTY!

RUNNING AWAY REALLY, *REALLY* FAST?

OHMYGOD OHMYGOD!

WHAT ARE WE DOING ONCE WE RUN AWAY?! I WANT TO HEAR A *PLAN*, DAMMIT!

I DON'T KNOW, MISTER BENNETT!

I SUPPOSE WE'LL FALL BACK TO THE *BROOKLYN EMERGENCY OFFI--WOW!*

BETTY'S RIGHT, THE BROOK-- OH *MY!*

MOVE *FASTER!*

NEARBY...

HARRY! HARRY OSBORN!

HARRY, THEY'RE GONNA KILL US!

LILY! JUST--

KRUNCH

AHHHHH!

GET DOWN!

LILY, HONEY, YOU HAVE GOT TO RUN A LOT FASTER THAN THIS!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!

LOOK FOR A CAR WITH THE KEYS IN THE IGNITION!

THERE! THAT ONE HAS THE KEYS!

GREAT! GET IN! GET IN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL GET US OUT OF HERE!

THAT WAS REALLY DANGEROUS, HARRY!

NOT AS DANGEROUS AS STAYING *BACK THERE* WAS GOING TO BE.

WHERE THE HECK IS SPIDER-MAN WHEN YOU *NEED* HIM?!

WE DON'T NEED SPIDER-MAN, LILY! I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.

LIKE WHERE?! THERE'S ALIENS ALL OVER THE CITY!

THE POLICE STATION! WE'LL SEE IF VIN OR CARLIE KNOWS WHAT THE PLAN IS FOR DEALING WITH AN ALIEN ARMY.

BELOW THE DB BUILDING...

YOU CAN SURVIVE THIS, JACKPOT.

YOU CAN SURVIVE IT *JUST FINE.* YOU JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT *HOW.*

YOU'RE PLENTY TOUGH, BUT THIS GIANT EVIL MULTI-POWERED ALIEN THING FEELS A BIT OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.

NOTHING WRONG WITH ADMITTING THAT, RIGHT?

KRUNCH

KLANG

YEAH. IF SPIDER-MAN BUMPS INTO GALACTUS, HE DOESN'T THROW DOWN WITH THE BIG PURPLE GUY, HE CALLS FOR BACKUP.

YOU SHOULD LET *ME* DRIVE.

I HAD SOME TRAINING IN THE *ACADEMY* AND--

AND I SPENT MY TEENAGE YEARS AS A STREET RACER IN BROOKLYN, *OUTRUNNING* PEOPLE *TRAINED* AT YOUR *ACADEMY.*

YOU--WAIT-- *YOU* WERE *ROCKET ROBERTSON?!*

YEAH. OKAY. *YOU DRIVE!*

MOMENTS LATER...

ATERA

SCREEEEEECH

HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHAT'S THAT?

I'M NOT SAYING I CAN'T HANDLE THIS, I JUST...YOU KNOW... I HIT THAT THING AS ABSOLUTELY HARD AS I COULD AND--

IT'S STILL CHASING US?

YEAH.

SO WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

THE BAXTER BUILDING ISN'T TOO FAR FROM HERE. LET'S GO SEE WHAT THE FANTASTIC FOUR CAN DO.

OH! HANG ON-- BE RIGHT BACK.

SORRY, TRUNK!

TCHK

GRUUNNN!

SKREUNKK

OHHHHH MAN.

THE BAXTER BUILDING DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD.

FFFFF
FFFF
FFF

BETTY! I WANT A STORY ON THIS READY FOR TOMORROW'S EDITION.

LOOKS LIKE THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE BUSY.

JUST BECAUSE THE WORLD IS ENDING IS NO EXCUSE TO SIT DOWN ON THE JOB! IT IS OUR DUTY TO DOCUMENT--

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING?!

"...CAR IS HURTLING TOWARDS THE BAXTER BUILDING WITH A HOPE FOR AID FROM THE FANTAS--"

YOU'VE BEEN *WRITING* ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN IN THE CAR?

YES! THE DB PAID FOR THE BLACKBERRY IN MY POCKET, SO I STARTED TY--

GRRRYAAAGGH!

I CAN SMELL *SPIDER-MAN* ON ALL OF YOU!

GAAHHH!

BACK IN THE CAR! WE HAVE TO GO!

WHERE IS HE?!

WHUMP

UNNNHHH...

WHAM

READY?!

YEAH! JUST GO! GO!

HRRNNN...

UGH MY SKULL

SOMEWHERE ELSE. MAYBE LOWER EAST SIDE? MAYBE UPTOWN? HARRY'S NOT SURE...

HARRY! EITHER *SLOW DOWN*, OR *HANG UP!*

I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE VIN'S POLICE STATION IS!

I THOUGHT YOU'D *BEEN THERE* BEFORE?!

I'VE ALWAYS GOT SOMEONE *DRIVING ME*, YEAH?

BUT EVEN WITH ALL THIS GOING ON, CARLIE SHOULD STILL BE AT THE STATION--

NO SIGNAL?! IN THE MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN, I GET NO SIGNAL?!

HARRY!

LILY! HANG ON!

SCREEEECH

SMASH

OHHHH!

I CAN'T STOP! LILY! HANG ON!

I--YEAH-- HARRY! WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ZO MUZZZ ROZ

BOOOM

LILY!

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

IF THAT THING KILLED LILY...

NO! I CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT!

IT'S GOING TO FIND ME IF I STAY HERE!

BAM

QUIET, YOU!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

STARK TOWER...

THE BAXTER BUILDING IS-- WELL IT'S DOING WHATEVER IT'S DOING.

NOW I SEE STARK TOWER IS LOCKED UP TIGHT, SO THERE'S NO AVENGERS HELP, EITHER.

I'VE FREAKED OUT LONG ENOUGH, I GUESS. TIME TO DEAL WITH THIS THING *MYSELF.*

WHY DOES SPIDER-MAN *HIDE?!* WHY DOES HE NOT *FIGHT?!*

FLAK

ZZZAAAP

AAAAAHHH!

KRUNG

AHHHH!

UH OH.

UH OH INDEED.

AHHHHH!

ONE WAY

ARCADIA

AAHHHFF!

CHICKEN COW

SKRAKKSH

THAT... OW... I...

OH, HEY! ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?

ARE THOSE MONSTERS STILL OUTSIDE?

THE MANAGER *LOCKED* THE DOORS AND SAID TO *HIDE* HERE!

SOUNDS LIKE A *GREAT* IDEA!

YOU KEEP DOING THAT!

THAT WAS JACKPOT. WE'VE SEEN HER ON TV. PRETTY NEAT, HUH?

Y-Y-YEAH?

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CATCH UP WITH THEM?!

I NEED TO BUY A *MOTORCYCLE.*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT IS THAT-- UH OH!

ACK!

YEAH, LISTEN, *MENACE*, I'M A LITTLE BUSY FIGHTING ALIENS TO BE DEALING WITH MY ROGUE'S GALLERY RIGHT NOW!

KILLING THE ALIEN BEASTIES IS FUN, BUT THIS...

KILLING SPIDER-MAN'S GIRLFRIEND IS EVEN BETTER!

GIRLFRIEND?

TRUST ME, I'D NEVER DATE A GUY LIKE *SPIDER-MAN!*

Sheila
the penguin

SPIDER-MAN! SHOW YOURSELF!

HEY, GUYS? JACKPOT'S *GONE!*

GONE?! WHERE DID SHE *GO?!*

I *DON'T KNOW,* BETTY. BUT WE NEED TO COME UP WITH A PLAN, *FAST.*

THIS VEHICLE *SMELLS* OF SPIDER-MAN!

DRIVE *FASTER,* JOE!

IT'S *STANDING ON THE CAR,* DEXTER!

HOW WILL *DRIVING FASTER* HELP US *GET AWAY?!*

WHICH OF YOU IS SPIDER-MAN?! ANSWER QUICKLY, OR I WILL KILL ALL OF YOU!

YOU KNOW HOW IN THESE BIG COMIC BOOK EVENTS, A SECOND OR THIRD TIER CHARACTER ALWAYS DIES? NOT THE HERO OF THE BOOK. NO, THEY'RE THE HERO. BUT THEIR FRIENDS OR FAMILY...THOSE FOLKS ARE ALWAYS AT RISK! KIND OF MAKES YOU WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT ISSUE, DOESN'T IT?!

TO BE CONTINUED...

SECRET INVASION: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #3
COVER BY **MIKE MCKONE, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

SO, LISTEN, WE DON'T NEED ANY LETTERS ABOUT HOW I'M FIGHTING THE SKRULLS IN CENTRAL PARK, WHICH DOESN'T HAPPEN UNTIL *ISSUE #7 & 8* OF *SECRET INVASION*--

(BY THE WAY, SPOILER ALERT)

--EVEN THOUGH THIS WHOLE *JACKPOT STORY* HAPPENS AT THE *SAME TIME* AS *ISSUE #3.*

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

KEERAK

QUIET, YOU.

THE DB PUBLISHED A STORY ABOUT *JACKPOT* THAT SAID SOME NASTY THINGS, LIKE THE FACT THAT SHE WAS INTENTIONALLY HARASSING *WALTER DECLUN,* SO SHE WENT TO THE *DB'S* OFFICES--

BUY THE *LAST TWO ISSUES* IF YOU'RE *THAT* CONFUSED!

JACKPOT?! DB?! WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!

WHAT--?!

KRAKKAK

ALL YOU *NEED* TO KNOW IS THAT JACKPOT IS NOW THE *ONLY THING* STANDING BETWEEN *MY FRIENDS* AND A *SUPER-SKRULL* WITH THE POWERS OF THE *SINISTER SIX!*

SIGH

I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE *WHOLE STORY!* WE ONLY HAVE *FOUR PANELS* LEFT ON THIS PAGE!

ANYWAY, I GOTTA GET BACK TO HELPING SAVE THE WORLD.

I'LL BE BACK IN *17 PAGES* TO WRAP THIS ALL UP!

I ALMOST FORGOT!

PLEASE SHUT UP.

JACKPOT'S *ALSO* GOT TO DEAL WITH MY OLD PAL *MENACE.*

ABOVE NEW YORK CITY...

OKAY, SHOPPING LIST...I NEED A *MOTORCYCLE.*

BUT I ALSO REALLY NEED A JET PACK.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN: PART THREE OF...

BRAND NEW SECRET INVASION

WRITER
BRIAN REED

PENCILS
MARCO SANTUCCI

INKS
PENNINGTON, MEIKIS & OLAZABA

COLORS
COX, SOTO & KALISZ

LETTERS
JARED K. FLETCHER

ASST. EDITOR
THOMAS BRENNAN

SKRULL QUEEN
STEPHEN WACKER

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

MENACE IS GOING TO *KILL* ME!

IF I'VE GOT TO PLAY DIRTY TO SURVIVE...

I'LL PLAY *DIRTY!*

WHOOOMP

IT'S THAT OR FALL THIRTY STORIES DOWN!

MAYBE IF I CAN MESS UP HIS *MASK?* *BLIND* HIM FOR A MOMENT--

I *MIGHT* EVEN FIND OUT WHO HE *REALLY IS!*

AH-HA! ONE GOOD YANK AND WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE UNDER THAT *MASK!*

STUPID THING'S ON *REALLY TIGHT!*

YOU USING SUPER-GLUE UNDER THAT THING?

OR IS THAT REALLY YOUR FA--

AAHHHH!

AIN'T GETTING RID OF ME THAT EASY!

WHAT?! NOOOo!

ENOUGH OF YOU!

Elect
Bill
Hollis

KRR MASH

"I KNOW *ONE* OF YOU IS SPIDER-MAN!"

SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...

INSIDE JOE ROBERTSON'S SPEEDING CAR.

TELL ME NOW WHICH IT IS, OR I KILL YOU ALL!

I'VE *SEEN* JOE AND SPIDER-MAN IN THE SAME ROOM BEFORE, SO IT CAN'T BE JOE.

AND DEXTER'S THE WRONG BUILD.

ATTITUDE.

AGE...

HEY!

WHICH REALLY JUST LEAVES YOU, VIN!

I AM NOT SPIDER-MAN!

I KNOW HOW THAT SICK FREAK WORKS, SETTING UP PEOPLE ALL OVER THE CITY--IT'S MORE LIKELY *YOU'RE* SPIDER-MAN THAN ME!

BETTY, THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO BE A REPORTER!

IS THAT SO?

AAAHHHH!

BETTY!

HELLO, SPIDER-MAN.

DO I LOOK LIKE A SPIDER-MAN TO YOU?!

BETTY!

GET OUT OF HERE, JOE! GO!

AAAHHHH!

SCREEEEECH

YOU UNHAND THAT WOMAN, NOW! SHE IS MY EMPLOYEE, NOT YOUR PLAYTHING!

AAHHHH!

DEXTER! GET BACK IN THE CAR!

I MEAN IT! DROP HER *THIS INSTANT!*

AFTER I PULL SPIDER-MAN'S *ARMS* AND *LEGS* OFF, I WILL DO THE SAME TO *YOU!*

YOU KNOW WHAT BOTHERS ME MORE THAN *ANYTHING* IN LIFE?

UNPROFESSIONALISM!

AND YOU, *SIR,* ARE BEING UNPROFESSIONAL *IN THE EXTREME!*

WHAT EVIDENCE DO YOU HAVE THAT THIS *WOMAN* MASQUERADES AS SPIDER-*MAN?*

I SMELL SPIDER-MAN ON ALL OF YOU!

YOU SMELL SPIDER-MAN?

I-

AROUND HERE, WE LIKE TO *BE DAMN SURE* WE'VE GOT THE *RIGHT PERSON* BEFORE WE START *DISMEMBERING THEM!*

YOU DON'T.

FINE.

SO *KILL* HER.

WHAT?!

WHAT?!

YOU TELL YOUR SUPERIORS *SPIDER-MAN IS DEAD!*

AND THEN, WHEN SPIDER-MAN SHOWS UP AGAIN, *THEN* WHAT WILL YOU DO?!

I SUPPOSE I...

LAND! THING! THIS! NOW!

GET OFF!

YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE US CRASH!

THWAK

MENACE! BUT HOW--

DEXTER, RUN!

YOU'RE *NOT* REALLY SPIDER-MAN, ARE YOU?

NO!

THANK *GOODNESS.*

THAT WAS GOING TO RAISE SO VERY MANY *UNCOMFORTABLE* QUESTIONS.

OHHHHHH...

OW.

OH... *WOW.*

HEY...

YOU GUYS *OKAY?*

YEAH. I...*THINK* SO.

YOU WERE FIGHTING SOMEONE--WASN'T THAT THE GUY THAT *KILLED* COUNCILWOMAN PARFREY?*

YEAH... YEAH IT WAS.

SO... WHERE'D HE GO?

*AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #551, FOLKS!

"I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD HAVE SURVIVED."

LUCKY... TO BE *ALIVE*...

GOT LUCKY...

WE HAD A SCARY MOMENT OR TWO, BUT AT LEAST THE BIG MONSTER'S DEAD, HUH?

I'LL JUST CALL S.H.I.E.L.D. AND--

GUYS?

UM... GUYS?

WHERE ARE YOU--?

OHHHHH, I BET I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

NOW!
EVERY!
BODY!
DIIIIIEEEEESSS!
He's right behind me, isn't he...?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...HE ACTUALLY LOOKS ANGRIER THAN BEFORE.

I WISH I'D PAID ATTENTION TO THE BIT OF THE INITIATIVE TRAINING MANUAL ABOUT *EVASIVE MANEUVERS* INSTEAD OF JUST SKIMMING--

KEEERUNCH

DANG. HE *FINALLY* DID IT.

HE *KILLED* MY CAR.

COME ON, MISTER ROBERTSON! WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE!

YOU GUYS RUN AHEAD! I'LL TRY AND SLOW IT DOWN!

OKAY, SO HOW THE HECK AM I GOING TO SLOW IT DOWN?!

HRRRRNNGRAA!

NO GOOD!

SPOSH

AAAAHHH!

OOOF!

Flannigan Fish Market
a Declun property

LOOKS LIKE WE CAN GET OUT THE BACK WAY.

HURRY!

WHEN TODAY HAVE I *NOT* BEEN HURRYING?!

DIIIIIIIEEE!

CHARGING AT ME RHINO-STYLE?

THEN I'LL JUMP OVER YOU SPIDER-MAN STYLE! HAHA!

KRUNCH

AAHHHH!

WHUMP

FISH...

THE ONLY THING TO TRIP THIS FREAK UP IS *FISH*...

THIS DAY ISN'T GETTING ANY BETTER.

WAIT... FISH...AND *ICE.*

YEAAAAH. ICE!

COME ON, MONSTER BOY!

ZZZAT

CHASE THE PRETTY GIRL!

ZZZAT

WHOA!

YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, CAN'T YOU?

ZZZAT

HAHA! INSULATED DOOR!

ZZZAT

WHAT'S THAT?

WARNING

DEEP FREEZE

EXPOSED FLESH WILL FREEZE IN UNDER ONE MINUTE!

DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT PROTECTIVE OUTER

OH, THAT'S EVEN BETTER THAN I HOPED--

AAHHHH!

THAT'S RIGHT, FREAKO!

WE'RE GOING TO PLAY IN THE FREEZ--

WHOOPS!

THUD

STUPID BOOTS ON AN ICY FLOOR!

HUURRNK!

NYYYAAARR!

THOOM

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BIG GUY.

KICK

WHY DON'T YOU...

GRAAAHHH!

CHILL OUT!

"YOU'RE KIDDING."

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

YOU DID *NOT* TELL A SKRULL YOU LOCKED IN THE FREEZER TO "CHILL OUT."

WHAT? I WAS TIRED AND PRETTY BEAT UP AND--

THAT STILL SO DOES *NOT* EXCUSE "CHILL OUT."

THAT'S SO AMATEUR HOUR.

LIKE *YOU'VE* NEVER HAD A BAD QUIP.

I'M NOT DENYING A *FEW* CLUNKERS IN MY DAY.

SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL...

"EVERYBODY WORKED TOGETHER."

KLANG

"AND HE JUST FROZE SOLID?!"

YEAH, AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO.

HEY, I FOUND IT!

THE DB'S APOLOGY FOR BESMIRCHING YOUR NAME.*

*SEE ISSUE #1
-SW

COOL. JUST LIKE THEY PROMISED.

YEP, RIGHT HERE ON THE COMICS PAGE, UNDER *LI'L FRANKLIN*...

1) FF Leader
3) Ex supermodel turned soap starlet
5) Colbert's Arctophobia is this fear
6) Registered hero DB hereby issues apology t.
8) Mythical flying horse. Also a Project.
11) Color of Grimm's ever-lovin' eyes
14) Initials of former publisher who almi
this paper into the ground
17)NPR puzzle guest and crossword editor: Will

DOWN:

1) Author Jones of Sidekick
2) Slott's favorite flavor of ice cream
4) Fictional news anchor who Rosemann sounds
6) Brennan's new job (abbrev)
8) Bogart is a bionic one
10) Current invading aliens
12) Previous invadi

SEE? SIX ACROSS.

GREAT. GLAD TO SEE MY TRIP TO THE DB WASN'T A *COMPLETE* WASTE OF TIME.

IT'S MORE THAN I EVER GOT FROM THE DAILY BUGLE.

OH, HEY--

DID YA SEE THE COVER?

THE DB

FLANNIGAN STREET FISH MARKET, OWNED BY WALTER DECLUN, SAVED THE DAY FOR DB PUBLISHER DEXTER BENNETT AND STAFF.

DB STAFFERS SAVED BY DECLUN!

HERE, YOU PROBABLY WANT TO GET THIS FRAMED.

WHY DO I TALK TO YOU?

BECAUSE I LIKE RED-HEADS?

I--WHAT DID YOU--?

I ANSWERED THAT QUESTION BACKWARDS.

THWIP

YEAH. Um.

I REALLY OUGHT TO BE GETTING OUT OF HERE.

OKAY*BYE!*

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

Since 1962

C'MON, VIN, YOU'RE KIDDING RIGHT?

NO, *SERIOUSLY*, IN THE LAST TWO DAYS I'VE GONE ON THREE CALLS WHERE LITTLE OLD LADIES CLAIMED THEIR CAT WAS A SKRULL.

I JUST WANT TO GET OUT OF THE CITY FOR A FEW YEARS UNTIL EVERYBODY CALMS DOWN.

HOLLISTER FOR MAYOR

I DID THAT, LILY. IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.

I SWEAR, *EVERY SUMMER* IT'S ONE BIG EVENT OR ANOTHER GOING ON AROUND HERE.

OF COURSE, IF I *WERE* TO LEAVE TOWN, I'M NOT SURE ANYONE WOULD NOTICE.

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME A COFFEE SHOP WAS *THIS EMPTY* ON A SATURDAY MORNING?

RELAX, HARRY. BUSINESS WILL PICK UP SOON--

PETER!

UM... HI?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?! NOBODY'S SEEN YOU SINCE BEFORE THE WHOLE SKRULL THING STARTED!

I WAS...IN... *QUEENS.*

YOU KNOW HOW *THE TRAINS* AND *THE PHONES* AND THE...

ALL OF THE...

I MEAN... *EVERYTHING* THAT WOULD LET ME *POSSIBLY* TALK TO *ANY* OF YOU...

HAVE BEEN...

WHAT'S THE QUESTION?

SERIOUSLY, MAN. I WAS WORRIED YOU'D GOTTEN *HURT!*

NO, I'M FINE, BUT YOU--WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HEAD?

THIS? OH, MAN, I DON'T EVEN REMEMB--

APPARANTLY, MR. OSBORN *TRIPPED* OVER HIS OWN TWO FEET ON THE SIDEWALK THE DAY *AFTER* THE AVENGERS WON THEIR FIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK.

AH, *WHO CARES* ABOUT A BUMP ON MY HEAD ANYWAY? PETER'S HERE!

THE GANG'S *BACK TOGETHER,* AND WE SHOULD *CELEBRATE!*

COFFEE AND PUMPKIN SQUARES ALL AROUND!

SO...WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU GUYS?

WELL, PETE, YOU EVER HEAR OF THAT HERO, JACKPOT?

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK...

RIIING RIIING RII- KLIK

HEY THERE TIGER...

(OR TIGRESS AS THE CASE MAY BE)

...I'M NOT IN RIGHT NOW, SOOOO LEAVE A MESSAGE.

bleep

IT'S SARA. PICK UP.

COME ON, I *KNOW* YOU'RE THERE.

GO AWAY! I'M NOT HERE IF THE ANSWERING MACHINE *SAYS* I'M NOT!

FINE. SCREEN MY CALL.

I WILL.

I SAW WHAT YOU DID FOR THOSE PEOPLE FROM THE DB... AND...

I'M NOT GETTING OUT OF THIS BATHTUB, NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU PAUSE.

PRAISE OR *DAMNATION,* ONE OR THE OTHER, SARA!

AND I WANTED TO SAY *GOOD JOB.*

YOU'VE GOTTEN REALLY *GREAT* AT THE WHOLE HERO THING LATELY...

I *KNOW,* HUH?

BUT IF *YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING YOUR PHONE I WON'T SAY ANY OF THESE THINGS!*

SO *NYAAHH!*

KEEP IT UP, HERO. THE WORLD NEEDS MORE LIKE YOU.

TALK TO YOU LATER.

JACKPOT'S STORY CONTINUES IN ***AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #35.*** ON SALE NEXT WEEK.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #1

COVER BY **MIKE MCKONE, ANDY LANNING & JEROMY COX**

THE DB! SPECIAL EDITION!

THE DB

OCTOBER 29, 2008 • WEDNESDAY

BILL HOLLISTER' SUPER-VILLAIN SUPPORTER? 'WILD' BILL WAS ON THE SAME BOARD OF ADVISORS FOR HAIDORFER/JAMMET DEFENSE TECHNOLOGY COMMITTEE AS DR. OTTO OCTAVIUS. WHY IS THE MAYORAL CANDIDATE HIDING HIS SUPER-VILLAIN FRIENDS? SEE PAGE P23

WHO IS JACKPOT?

Jackpot, a mysterious new hero assigned by the Initiative to monitor New York City's street level crimes, has frequently crossed paths with the Amazing Spider-Man. She's tough and resourceful, but green at the job, clearly needing a little more experience. At the first debate for Mayor between businessman Randall Crowne and then-council-woman Lisa Parfrey, Jackpot's brash behavior left Parfrey dead at the hands of Menace. But she's gotten over her hump, recently playing a small but pivotal role in defending New York during the Skrull invasion. She's also closed in on proving the criminal activity of billionaire Walter Declun. As her fame grows, everyone, even Spidey, can't help but ask: who is Jackpot really?

POLICE TIE SPIDER-MAN TO RECENT MURDERS!

EXCLUSIVE TO THE DB!

In off-the-record conversations with DB staffers, police have confirmed that Spider-Man is the key suspect in the string of recent murders that has shocked this city. Although police have been reluctant to discuss the specifics of the murders, so-called "Spider Tracers" have definitely been found on each victim, leaving no doubt as to the involvement of Spider-Man. Spider-Man is already wanted for violations of...

CONTINUED P11

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS VILLAIN KNOWN AS BLINDSIDE?! (A NEW SUPER-BADDIE CREATED AND CONCEIVED IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!)

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS SUPER-HEROINE KNOWN AS JACKPOT?! (HINT: SHE'S NOT WHO YOU THINK SHE IS!)

AND INTRODUCING THE MOST DANGEROUS MARVEL VILLAIN SINCE THE KINGPIN, THE MOGUL! (ACTUALLY IT'S A GUY NAMED WALTER DECLUN, BUT LEGAL NEEDED SOMETHING TO TRADEMARK! HE'S A NASTY PIECE OF WORK, THOUGH!)

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN A TALE OF TWO JACKPOTS

MARC GUGGENHEIM WRITER	MIKE McKONE PENCILS	ANDY LANNING INKS	JEROMY COX W/SOTOCOLOR COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR	STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT & WELLS SPIDEY'S BRAINTRUST

Chapter One. The Past As Prologue!

OUR STORY BEGINS SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, WHEN NEW YORK WAS ROCKED BY THE LATEST CRAZY CREATION TO EMERGE FROM THE HOUSE OF IDEAS...

JACKPOT!

EVEN IF YOU COULD IGNORE THE, UM, RESEMBLANCE JACKPOT HAS TO A CERTAIN RED-HAIRED MODEL...

YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN COULDN'T.

SO WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ANYWAY? YOUR REAL ONE.

EXCUSE ME?

YOU REMIND ME OF... SOMEONE.

ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME *YOUR* NAME?

FLASH THOMPSON.

YOUR TURN.

...

SARA EHRET.

SO NOT "MARY JANE."

"NOT SO MUCH, NO."

EXCEPT WHEN SPIDEY WENT TO PAY A VISIT ON "SARA EHRET"...

...HE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE."

TAP TAP TAP

--THE HELL--?

YOU'RE NOT EXPERIENCING DÉJÀ VÙ, TRUE BELIEVER. THIS SEQUENCE ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN ISSUE #551. WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T THE MIGHTY MARVEL AGE OF THE FLASHBACK? -- SOLIPSISTIC STEVE

I WAS GONNA SEND FLOWERS, BUT NOBODY HAS A "SUPER-HERO-MADE-ROOKIE-MISTAKE" BOUQUET.

SO YOU WEAR A WIG AS PART OF YOUR WHOLE COSTUME THING, HUH?

?

HELLO? JACKPOT? IT'S ME. I THOUGHT YOU COULD PROBABLY USE SOME CHEERING UP.

WHO...?

IT'S ME. *SPIDER-MAN.* YOU DON'T HAVE TO PLAY ALL COY. YOU TOLD ME YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, REMEMBER?

I DON'T HAVE A SECRET IDENTITY. I JUST HAVE MY IDENTITY.

SARA EHRET.

YEAH.

SARA, NO "H," EHRET, E-H-R-E-T.

OKAY, YOU'RE STARTING TO WEIRD ME OUT HERE A LITTLE BIT.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, LADY...

OKAY, LOOK...I KNOW THIS IS GONNA SOUND WEIRD, BUT... AREN'T YOU *JACKPOT?*

THE SUPER HERO?

YEAH. AS IN "*THE SUPER HERO WHO TOLD ME HER SECRET IDENTITY WAS YOU.*"

SHE DID?

SHE DID.

I'M SORRY BUT...YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP OUT OF THIS.

WHAT DOES THAT--

THWIP

--MEAN?

DAMMIT!

HELLO?

ALANA...

WE HAVE TO TALK, TIGER. THE USUAL PLACE. TEN TONIGHT.

Chapter Two.
Blindsided by Blindside!

TODAY

CHAK!

GOOD MORNING.

SORRY IF THAT KICK TO THE JAW WAS A LITTLE TOO ROUGH. I'M REALLY SNIPPY BEFORE I GET MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE.

HEY!

BLINDSIDE IS MY SUPER-VILLAIN!

OH, *GREAT*. AND HERE I WAS JUST THINKING HOW MUCH I MISSED YOU AND YOUR CLICHÉS.

FIRST, BLINDSIDE IS A MEMBER OF MY ROGUE'S, GALLERY. AND SECOND, I DO *NOT* TALK IN CLICHÉS.

I ADMIRE HOW YOU CAN SAY "ROGUE'S GALLERY" WITHOUT IRONY, I'LL GIVE YOU *THAT*.

BAH! STAND STILL, YA FREAK!

WHY IS HE CALLED "*BLINDSIDE*", ANYWAY?

TAK

WHAT ARE YOU, *DENSE?* LOOK AROUND.

NONE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE BANK CAN SEE. IF BLINDSIDE TOUCHES YOU...

...YOU GO *BLIND.*

OH. I GET IT NOW. "BLINDSIDE." CLEVER.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA "GET IT," ALRIGHT...

SKZZAMM

SPIDEY! ARE YOU OKAY?!

UNGH...

EASY...

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY...

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

YOU'RE LETTING HIM GET AWAY, AREN'T YOU?

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU...

YOU LET HIM GET AWAY!

THIS IS NOT GRATITUDE.

YOU LET THE BAD GUY GET AWAY. AND HE TOOK THE MONEY FROM THE BANK, DIDN'T HE?

WEEEEEE-OOOO

WELL, I--

POLICE SIRENS. MY MORNING'S COMPLETE.

WEEEEEE-OOOOO-WEEEE-OOOO-WEEE-OOOO

C'MON.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

SAVING YOU.

PLEASE DON'T.

WEEEEEEE-OOOOO-WEEEEE-OOOO-WEEE-OOOO

I'M SURE THE BLINDNESS IS TEMPORARY, AND I'M JUST AS SURE IT *WON'T* GO AWAY *BEFORE* THE COPS SHOW UP.

MY LUCK, THIS IS PROBABLY TRUE.

AND SINCE I'M GUESSING YOU HAVEN'T *REGISTERED YET--*

GOOD GUESS.

--I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE.

EEEEEEE-OOOOO-WEEEEE

GETTING SAVED BY JACKPOT. I'D BE BETTER OFF LETTING THE COPS ARREST ME.

FUNNY.

I TRY.

Later.

Y'KNOW, SPIDEY, LIFE WOULD BE A LOT EASIER FOR YOU IF YOU'D JUST REGISTER WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

REGISTER. YOU MEAN, REGISTER LIKE *YOU* DID?

THIP

TAK

YES. REGISTER LIKE I DID.

UNDER THE NAME SARA EHRET?

...YES.

SEE, THAT'S FUNNY, 'CAUSE I CHECKED IN ON SARA EHRET.

SHE WASN'T YOU.

WELL, I CHECKED THE SECRET IDENTITY *YOU* GAVE *ME*. FLASH THOMPSON'S SERVING A TOUR IN IRAQ.

SURPRISE.

YEAH, I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

I THOUGHT BEING REGISTERED WOULD GIVE ME *LEGITIMACY*, BUT THAT HASN'T STOPPED THE LOCAL PRESS FROM DRAGGING MY NAME THROUGH THE PROVERBIAL MUD LATELY.

AH, MY VERY OWN FIELD OF EXPERTISE.

IT'S NOT THE SAME AS YOUR... SITUATION.

AFTER WHAT... HAPPENED WITH MENACE, I THOUGHT MAYBE I SHOULD KEEP MY SUPER HEROING AWAY FROM *SUPER-VILLAINS.** Y'KNOW, GO AFTER REGULAR BAD GUYS...

AND I FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS ONE NAMED WALTER DECLUN. HE NEVER BREAKS A LAW, BUT HE FIGURES OUT WAYS TO CAUSE TROUBLE ALL THE SAME.

AND I'LL BET MY COSTUME REPAIR BILL AGAINST YOURS THAT HE'S GOT TIES TO BLINDSIDE AND ANY OTHER SUPER-BADS WHO'VE POPPED UP RECENTLY.

UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S GOT A LOT OF INFLUENCE IN THE MEDIA AND HE'S BEEN USING HIS CONNECTIONS TO SMEAR ME.

HE'S EVEN GOT THE DB! TO DO A HATCHET JOB ON ME RECENTLY.

TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO'S *NEVER* HAD THAT HIGH A "Q RATING," IT'S NOT SOME GRAND CONSPIRACY. SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T LIKE CAPES AND/OR TIGHTS.

I'M NOT THAT FOND OF *YOU*, FOR EXAMPLE.

CUTE.

SO WHO *ARE* YOU ANYWAY?

HOW ABOUT YOU *REGISTER* AND FIND OUT, MAYBE?

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA...

*JACKPOT BLAMES HERSELF FOR A DEATH CAUSED BY SPIDEY-VILLAIN MENACE BACK IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #551.
--STEVE & TOM*

Chapter Three. This Plot Thickens!

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK, REED?

The Baxter Building.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR.

SPONTANEOUS TACTILE-INITIATED VISION LOSS? THERE COULD BE ANY NUMBER OF CAUSES...

IF HIS POWER IS BASED ON A *GENETIC* MUTATION OR THE SIDE-EFFECT OF RADIOACTIVITY, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DEVISE A MEANS OF *TRACKING* THE ENERGY SIGNATURE.

THIS IS WHAT I'M HOPING.

ON THE OTHER HAND, BLINDSIDE'S *"POWER"* COULD BE A FOCUSED FORM OF TELEPATHY, WHERE HE SIMPLY MAKES YOU *THINK* YOU CAN'T SEE.

OR HE'S INITIATING A SUBTLE, FOCUSED INTER-DIMENSIONAL PHASE SHIFT WHICH *MIMICS* BLINDNESS.

HOWEVER, I BELIEVE THE DIAGNOSTIC AXIOM REGARDING HOOFBEATS WOULD APPLY IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE.

I WAS WITH YOU RIGHT UP UNTIL *"HOOFBEATS."*

"WHEN YOU HEAR HOOFBEATS, THINK HORSES, NOT ZEBRAS."

THE MOST LIKELY EXPLANATION IS MOST LIKELY THE EXPLANATION?

PRECISELY...

IN THIS CASE, SOME FORM OF *NEUROTOXIN.*

THERE ARE STILL RESIDUAL TRACES OF IT IN YOUR SYSTEM.

GREAT, SO I KNOW HOW HIS POWERS *WORK*-- BY POISONING PEOPLE, BASICALLY--BUT NOT HOW TO *TRACK* HIM DOWN.

YOU KNOW, APART FROM "*TRACKING BLINDSIDE DOWN*" BEING ILLEGAL...

...IT COULD BE QUITE DANGEROUS, GIVEN HIS POWERS.

"*DANGER*" IS MY MIDDLE NAME. OR IT WOULD'VE BEEN IF MY AUNT HAD LET ME CHANGE IT WHEN I WAS TEN.

I SAID, "GIVEN HIS POWERS." BUT IF YOU HAD A WAY OF NEUTRALIZING THEM, SAY, WITH AN ***ANTIDOTE*** THAT COUNTERACTS THE EFFECTS OF THE TOXIN...

BEEP

YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MAN, YOU KNOW THAT?

HMM.

HMM?

ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER, THE CHEMICAL COMPOUND OF THE NEUROTOXIN HAS A COMMERCIAL NAME--

OEDIPUS. YOU HAVE TO APPRECIATE THE IRONY.

MOREOVER, OEDIPUS IS ***PATENTED.***

BY WHO?

"BY ***WHOM.***"

OEDIPUS IS A FICTIONAL CHARACTER INFAMOUS FOR CLAWING HIS OWN EYES OUT (AND SLEEPING WITH HIS MOM, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S RELEVANT.)
--STEPHEN WACKER P.H.D.

DECLUN INTERNATIONAL.

"DECLUN WHAT?"

COFFEE BEAN
EST. 1962

IT'S A COMPANY FORMED A FEW MONTHS AGO BY A GUY NAMED WALKER DECLUN.

WALTER DECLUN.

AH, SO YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, BETTY.

YEAH, READING THINGS LIKE NEWSPAPERS IS KIND OF A PREREQUISITE FOR BEING A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

THAT INCLUDES THE COMPETITION'S PAPERS, TOO.

HE OWNS A *NEWSPAPER?*

AND THREE NEW MEDIA COMPANIES *AND* HE'S APPLYING TO BUY A RADIO STATION.

BUT EVEN IF HE WASN'T A RISING STAR IN THE MEDIA GAME, I'D *STILL* KNOW THE GUY'S NAME.

WELL, I'M ONLY A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER--SO I ONLY HAVE TO LOOK AT THE COMPETITION'S *PHOTOS*, AND...

PLUS, THERE WAS THIS LITTLE THING WHEN HE TOOK ON WOLVERINE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MANHATTAN STREET CROWDED WITH PEOPLE.

YOU MEAN HE'S GOT SUPER-POWERS?

NO, WHICH MADE IT A LITTLE *GAUCHE* FOR WOLVERINE TO STAB HIM THROUGH THE EYEBALLS.

SO HE'S DEAD?

NO. HE SURVIVED SOMEHOW.

WOLVERINE, VOL. 3, ISSUE 47. --WOLVIE WACKER

WELL, AREN'T YOU CURIOUS HOW HE SURVIVED? I MEAN, DON'T YOU THINK THAT WOULD MAKE A GOOD STORY FOR YOUR PAPER?

AND SINCE IT MOST CERTAINLY *WOULD* MAKE A GOOD STORY, YOU'D NEED SOME ART TO GO ALONG WITH IT. *PHOTOGRAPHS.*

WHICH MEANS YOU NEED A *PHOTOGRAPHER* AND I JUST HAPPEN TO BE--

YOU NEVER STOP TALKING, DO YOU?

COLBERT '08

BE STRAIGHT WITH ME.

HEY, I WAS *ALWAYS* STRAIGHT WITH YOU. WE BROKE UP FOR REASONS HAVING *NOTHING* TO DO WITH SEXUAL ORIENTATION.

SERIOUSLY, WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN THIS GUY?

DO ME A FAVOR AND DON'T ASK.

AND THIS FAVOR WOULD BE *ON TOP OF* THE FAVOR OF DOING AN *INVESTIGATIVE* PIECE ON DECLUN.

AND ON TOP OF ONE MORE FAVOR--

WE'RE UP TO THREE NOW.

RIGHT. HERE.

WHAT, YOU WANT A REFILL?

ACTUALLY, I WAS KINDA HOPING, YOU BEING AN *INVESTIGATIVE* REPORTER AND ALL, THAT YOU WOULD... Y'KNOW...

KNOW A GUY WHO COULD RUN A FINGERPRINT FOR ME.

"RUN A FINGERPRINT"? WHEN DID YOU BECOME MR. C.S.I.?

CAN YOU FIND OUT WHO THOSE PRINTS BELONG TO FOR ME?

I HAVE A FRIEND AT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WHO COULD RUN IT THROUGH AFIS...

A-WHAT NOW?

"AY-FIS." *A-F-I-S*. ADVANCED FINGERPRINT IDENTIFICATION SYSTEM.

YOU'RE A LITTLE OUTSIDE YOUR WHEELHOUSE HERE. YOU KNOW THIS, RIGHT?

CAN YOU HELP ME?

"SO HOW CAN I HELP YOU?"

LET'S START WITH THE OBVIOUS, MISTER DECLUN: THERE ARE REPORTS THAT YOU WERE KILLED BY WOLVERINE.

WELL, MY BEING HERE, VERY MUCH ALIVE, WOULD SEEM TO DISCOUNT THOSE "*REPORTS*," MISS BRANT.

DID YOU SEE THIS ON THE NEWS OR READ ABOUT IT SOMEWHERE? I MIGHT HAVE A DEFAMATION CLAIM...

KLK

INTERESTINGLY, THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY MAINSTREAM MEDIA ACCOUNTS...

WELL, THERE YOU GO. THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA COULDN'T COVER A BOOK.

...BUT THERE ARE SOME EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS.

EYEWITNESSES CLAIMING THEY SAW WHAT?

WELL...

BETTY--CAN I CALL YOU BETTY? --BETTY, NEW YORK IS A CITY OF URBAN LEGENDS.

"THE TRUTH IS, YES, I WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BY A *MUTANT* WITH WELL-DOCUMENTED HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES."

AS A RESULT, YES, I HAD TO ENDURE EXTENSIVE RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY--INCLUDING CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS IN BOTH EYES.

BUT I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT DEAD.

I THINK THE POINT IS, WOLVERINE MUST'VE BEEN AFTER YOU FOR A *REASON.*

PETER--

KLK

NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'D LIKE TO ANSWER.

FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THIS "*WOLVERINE*" DOESN'T *NEED* A REASON. HE'S A STONE-COLD AND UNCONTROLLED *KILLER.*

I JUST HAPPENED TO GET IN HIS WAY.

AND THE CLOUD UNDER WHICH YOU LEFT DAMAGE CONTROL...?

THEY PAID ME $100 MILLION IN SEVERANCE. IF THAT'S A CLOUD, IT'S ONE WITH A *PLATINUM* LINING.

AND NOW THIS *NEW* VENTURE OF YOURS?

WE'RE GETTING INTO SEVERAL DIFFERENT FIELDS. *MEDIA* IS ONE.

AS YOUR QUESTIONS DEMONSTRATE, NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN I HOW... IRRESPONSIBLE SOME NEWS ACCOUNTS CAN BE.

WHAT ABOUT BIOCHEMISTRY?

PETER!

SORRY.

I THINK ONE OF OUR RECENT ACQUISITIONS DOES RESEARCH IN THAT FIELD.

RESEARCH? LIKE INTO NEUROTOXINS--?

I REALLY COULDN'T SAY. AS I MENTIONED, IT'S A FAIRLY *RECENT* ACQUISITION.

I WOULDN'T EXPECT TWO FIELD REPORTERS TO UNDERSTAND HIGH FINANCE.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS *THAT*?"

I SAID I WAS SORRY...

PETER, I COULD CARE LESS WHETHER YOU OFFENDED DECLUN WITH YOUR BUTT-INSKI QUESTIONS. THE GUY'S A MAJOR LEAGUE CREEP.

BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT *YOU.* IF YOU'RE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING--

I'M SOOOO NOT.

THEN WHY DO YOU HAVE ME ID'ING FINGERPRINTS FOR YOU?

WHAT HAPPENED TO FAVOR NUMBER TWO?

PETER--

BETTY, DID YOU GET SOMETHING ON THE PRINTS OR NOT?

...

I DID. THE PRINTS BELONG TO AN *ALANA JOBSON.* SHE WAS IN THE SYSTEM OFF OF A DUI ARREST THREE YEARS AGO.

ALANA JOBSON, THANKS BETTY. THAT'S ALL I NEEDED.

Chapter Four. The Secret Of The Secret identity!

WHAT THE HECK AM I DOING?

I MEAN, ONE MINUTE I'M PLAYING INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER, THE NEXT I'M BREAKING AND ENTERING.

CHAK

BUT WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S KINDA HER FAULT FOR LYING TO ME ABOUT HER SECRET IDENTITY IN THE FIRST PLACE.

YEAH...THAT DIDN'T TAKE. THERE'S NO AVOIDING IT...

...I SUCK.

I'M TOTALLY INVADING SOME POOR WOMAN'S PERSONAL SPACE FOR ABSOLUTELY...

...NO REASON.

DAMN, JACKPOT.

WHAT ARE YOU INTO HERE?

UH-OH. SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING...

QUIET, NOW...

PLEASE DON'T LOOK UP. PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE...

THIS IS WRONG ON MORE THAN A FEW LEVELS...

HOLY--

LOOK AT YOUR BACK!

WHAT THE HELL--?

OOPS.

SORRY, I WAS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--?!

WELL, I--

THWAK!

OKAY, I DESERVED THAT...

I SHOULD *KILL* YOU.

DON'T THINK YOU'D GET VERY FAR. I COME BY MY SUPER-POWERS NATURALLY.

UNLIKE SOME OTHER PEOPLE, APPARENTLY.

GET OUT OF MY HOME!

NOT UNTIL YOU START BEING STRAIGHT WITH ME.

YOU BREAKING INTO MY *HOME* DOESN'T EXACTLY PUT ME IN A SHARING MOOD.

I'M CONTACTING S.H.I.E.L.D.

WHAT ABOUT THE THREAT OF EXPOSURE? ARREST? I MEAN, I'M NO EXPERT, BUT THESE LOOK LIKE SOME FAIRLY ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF WITH THIS CRAP?

BEING A HERO.

LIKE YOU.

I DON'T TURN MYSELF INTO A HUMAN PINCUSHION AND SHOOT MYSELF UP WITH--WHAT *IS* THIS STUFF?

HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE, MUTANT GROWTH HORMONE, ANABOLIC STEROIDS, AMPHETAMINES, EPINEPHRINE, PARACETAMOL AND A COX-2 INHIBITOR--

JEEZ...

ALL MY LIFE, I WANTED TO BE SPECIAL. I WANTED TO BE A HERO.

AND WHEN THE SUPERHUMAN REGISTRATION ACT WAS PASSED, WHEN ***REGULAR PEOPLE*** COULD REGISTER AND BECOME HEROES--

NO, ***NOT*** REGULAR PEOPLE. SUPER-POWERED PEOPLE. THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE ***SUPERHUMAN*** REGISTRATION AC--

BECAUSE OF THE S.R.A., THE GOVERNMENT WOULD GIVE YOU AN IDENTITY, A COSTUME, ***LEGITIMACY***--

DO THEY KNOW YOUR POWERS ARE ALL *PHARMACEUTICAL?*

NO. THEY THINK I GOT MY POWERS FROM A GENETIC ENHANCEMENT EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY. THEY THINK...

THEY THINK YOU'RE SARA EHRET.

I *BOUGHT* HER S.R.A. LICENSE, HER JACKPOT IDENTITY.

YOU *BOUGHT* IT...

SHE ENROLLED IN THE INITIATIVE, GOT THE TRAINING, BUT... CHANGED HER MIND. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A HERO AFTER ALL.

I DID.

GIVE ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT ON DECLUN.

NO, THAT'S MY CASE--

YOU DON'T *HAVE* A CASE. YOU'RE OUT OF THE BUSINESS AS OF RIGHT NOW.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT--

YOU'D NEVER--

WATCH ME. THANKS TO DECLUN, YOUR REP'S ALREADY GOT PROBLEMS. HOW DO YOU THINK THINGS WILL GO ONCE I OUT YOU TO S.H.I.E.L.D.?

TRY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE?

KEEP YOU FROM BEING IN OVER YOUR HEAD?

KEEP YOU FROM GETTING *KILLED?*

HOW ABOUT YOU TAKE EVERYTHING YOU'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT ME OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS AND THINK AGAIN?

FINE. HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

HERE.

THANK YOU.

I JUST...

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

YOU WANT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

GO VOLUNTEER AT F.E.A.S.T.

JACKPOT, ALANA, WHOEVER... FRAUD OR NOT, SHE DID SOME GOOD WORK HERE...

DECLUN'S A GREEDY LITTLE GUY.

AND BUSY.

HE'S INTO EVERYTHING. BIG MEDIA--MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, TV STATIONS, INTERNET...

REAL ESTATE--MAKING A KILLING ON THE SUB-PRIME MORTGAGE CRISIS, PUTTING PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR HOMES...

BIOTECH--SELLING SUSPECT PHARMACEUTICALS TO THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES. INCLUDING...

YUP. HERE IT IS.

OEDIPUS. SYNTHETIC NEUROTOXIN...TEMPORARY BLINDNESS... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...

"APPARENTLY STOLEN."

BINGO.

THE LEAD SUSPECT WAS *NICK CHERNIN*, THE DECLUN SCIENTIST WHO INVENTED IT.

EITHER THE CHARGES DIDN'T STICK OR DECLUN DIDN'T TRY TO MAKE 'EM STICK.

BUT WOULD'JA LOOK AT THAT? MR. CHERNIN'S IN THE PHONE BOOK.

Chapter Five: A Hero Falls!

PORT WASHINGTON NEW YORK

NICE HOUSE.

YOU GOTTA ADMIRE A SUPER-VILLAIN WHO COMMUTES FROM THE SUBURBS. GOOD WORK ETHIC.

DING DONG DING DONG

COMING... WAITASEC...

HIYA BLINDSIDE! THIS A BAD TIME?

THIS IS A FIRST FOR ME, MEETING A SUPER-VILLAIN AT HIS HOUSE.

...

BUT I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, IT'S ONLY 'CAUSE I NEVER HAD A SUPER-VILLAIN'S HOME ADDRESS BEFORE.

WELL...OTHER THAN 1445 GIANT CASTLE LANE, DOOMSTADT, LATVERIA.

NONO NO!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT GONNA INVITE ME IN?

OH, I SEE. YOU'RE GOING TO FIX ME A DRINK...

I'LL TAKE A GIN AND TONIC. HOLD THE GIN, THOUGH. I GOTTA DRIVE THE SPIDEY-MOBILE HOME.

NOT A DRINK EXACTLY...

TAK

TOO BAD. I COULD USE A DRINK. THIRSTY.

YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'M NOT BLIND, AREN'T YOU? C'MON, ADMIT IT. YOU'RE A LITTLE CURIOUS.

IT'S CALLED AN ANTIDOTE, JERKWAD!

THWAK!

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING OFF TO NOW?

IT'S CALLED A *GUN*, "JERKWAD."

I GUESS YOU FIGURED I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY *PROTECTION* HERE, RIGHT?

CHAKCHAKCHAKCHAK CHAKCHAKCHAKCHAK CLICK

NOPE. JUST KNEW I COULD DODGE ANY "*PROTECTION*" EASILY.

THIS IS A NICE HOUSE. I DIDN'T KNOW SUPER-VILLAINS LIVED THIS NICE, TRUTH BE TOLD.

SHAME YA GOTTA SHOOT IT UP.

HEH. HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT SUPER-VILLAINS...

...WE DATE.

YOU KNOW, YOU RUINED A PERFECTLY *LOVELY* EVENING.

COMMANDA. BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW HER AND HER SUPER-POWERED ARMOR. I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S HIS GIRLFRIEND.

I REALLY GOTTA FIND A GIRL WITH SUPER-POWERS.

SORRY. I CAN COME BACK LATER, IF--

YAAAH!

THWIP!

MY LIFE JUST REALLY SUCKS SOMETIMES.

KILL HIM, SWEETIE.

Mmm... DO I GET A VOTE ON THIS?

NO.

WHAT ABOUT ME?

'CAUSE I'M VOTING WITH MY FEET!

WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT STAYING OUT OF THE SUPER HERO BUSINESS?

YOU'RE COMPLAINING?!

YES, THIS IS ME *COMPLAINING.*

YOU *FOLLOWED* ME HERE, DIDN'T YOU?

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF!

NO, I THOUGHT I'D BUST BLINDSIDE MYSELF AND GET BACK IN YOUR GOOD GRACES.

TAK

SAY GOODNIGHT, RED!

THWIP

DON'T BE INSULTED, BUT I GOTTA MAKE THIS QUICK...

...GOTTA TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING.

NO. OH NO...

CRAK

STAY CALM.

SWALLOW THIS.

WHAT? SHE'S NOT--! SHE SHOULD BE BLIND.

ANTIDOTE. THIS SUCKS PRETTY BAD FOR YOU, DOESN'T IT?

Moments Later...

THAT WASN'T SO BAD.

WHAT WASN'T?

YUP.

YOU'RE REALLY GONNA MAKE ME SAY IT?

YOU'RE NOT SO BAD.

BUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO YOURSELF...ALL THE DRUGS, THE PILLS... IT'S NOT *WORTH* IT.

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. YOU...YOU...THAT'S STRANGE.

WHAT'S STRA--

JACKPOT!

AGGH!

WHAT'S-- WHAT'S HAPPENING... TO...OH, GOD...

ALANA...

...NNGH...

...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'M GOING TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL, ALRIGHT?

I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE...

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS... WAS TO BE A HERO...

YEAH, WELL, THAT'S HOW THEY'LL TREAT YOU AT THE *HOSPITAL*, I PROMISE. JUST HOLD ON...

DON'T THINK I...

TELL ME.

THIS WASN'T YOUR FAULT.

JUST TELL ME.

CAUSE OF DEATH WAS MYOCARDIAL INFARCTION, THE RESULT OF A FATAL COMBINATION OF ALL THE DRUGS IN HER SYSTEM.

THE DRUGS IN HER SYSTEM *COMBINED* WITH A NEW ONE, YOU MEAN.

SO TELL ME...WAS IT THE ANTIDOTE TO BLINDSIDE'S POWER I GAVE HER?

NO. IT WAS THE OEDIPUS NEUROTOXIN.

THIS WASN'T YOUR FAULT.

"THIS WAS YOUR FAULT."

Park Slope, Brooklyn.
SARA EHRET'S HOME

YOU CAN'T BLAME *ME* FOR ALANA'S DEATH, SPIDER-MAN.

FUNNY. I THOUGHT I JUST DID.

SHE KNEW THE RISKS. SHE--

YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE TRAINING. *YOU'RE* THE ONE WITH THE POWERS.

YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE *RESPONSIBILITY.*

I DIDN'T WANT IT. I DID THIS BECAUSE...

THE LIFE YOU HAVE... I DIDN'T WANT IT. ALANA DID.

WELL, NOW SHE DOESN'T HAVE *ANY* LIFE.

YOU SAY YOU DON'T WANT THE RESPONSIBILITY? GUESS WHAT? PEOPLE LIKE US...

...WE DON'T GET A CHOICE.

THE END?

THE AMAZING RETURN OF JOHN ROMITA JR.!

By Dugan Trodglen

The Modern Master Of Spider-Man Art Comes Back With "NEW WAYS TO DIE"

Although he would scoff at the very idea, John Romita Jr.'s work with Spider-Man has become nearly as character-defining as his famous father's. He's been drawing the character on and off for nearly thirty years since his nondescript art chores on a 6-page backup in an *Amazing Spider-Man Annual*. He was last on *ASM* alongside J. Michael Straczynski at the beginning of the writer's seminal run, including *ASM* #36, the classic issue featuring Spider-Man's reaction to the September 11 attack on New York City. Despite acclaimed work since then on big event books like *Wolverine* ("Enemy of the State" with Mark Millar), Neil Gaiman's new take on the *Eternals*, and *World War Hulk*, fans have been chomping at the bit for him to get back to Spider-Man. And so has John!

Ever since seeing his father draw Spider-Man decades ago, John has closely identified with the character and loves to draw Spidey above all else. Now at last he is back on *Amazing Spider-Man* and drawing a major chapter in the Brand New Day era of Spider-Man, the "New Ways To Die" arc that is being written by Dan Slott. *Marvel Spotlight* caught up with the ever-busy John to talk about Spider-Man, then and now.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JRJR: John's first published art appeared in a six-page backup story in 1978's *Amazing Spider-Man Annual #11*.

SPOTLIGHT: Let's start by talking about your father. We know you idolize him, and rightfully so. What made his work on Spider-Man so essential?

JRJr: He made the book believable. It was realistic as opposed to the stylizing of Steve Ditko. Stan was always preaching that you have to balance the fantasy and the realism so well that the reader desires both. Even if the realism is at, say, twenty percent, you can make that realism so good that it worked and still created a balance. And Stan provided a lot of melodrama in the book and my father totally brought that out. He still does. He could do it again in a second if he had the ambition to come back.

He made the realism so beautiful and so melodic that when you saw *Spider-Man* or *Daredevil* or whatever he was working on, it stuck out because you were in a real world. There was a real city; there were people on the street wearing clothes that look like real clothes; there was traffic in the background. It helped the fantasy aspects really stand out as fantasy. That's what separated him from everyone else. I call him the prototypical 2-way player, to use a basketball analogy. He can do it all. He's not the greatest offensive player in the sport, or the greatest defensive player, but he is the most important player on the court because he still does both really, really well.

SPOTLIGHT: Of that which you described, what have you specifically applied to your work on Spider-Man?

JRJr: Everything. He just sets the example. I don't know if he ever expressed in words to me what I just described but I understood it. I saw the realism, the accuracy – and the amount of work he put into the accuracy. You don't cheat on storytelling or on details and I think that set me up for what I expect out of myself.

SPOTLIGHT: Was his run on the book part of the reason you became closely identified with the character as well?

JRJr: Absolutely. I definitely had an affinity. I grew up with it watching my dad. And the fact that he was a kid from Queens, and that's what I was too, it didn't hurt. There was so much as an impressionable kid that stuck with me. It's like when you see a movie as a kid and it captures you and you think it's the greatest thing in the world. Then you watch it on the classic movie channel and you can see the cheesy special effects. You

"HE COULD DO IT AGAIN IN A SECOND IF HE HAD THE AMBITION TO COME BACK."

– ROMITA JR. ON THE TALENTS OF HIS DAD.

POWER AND MASS: Spidey's battle with Juggernaut in *ASM #229* was a breakthrough moment in JRJR's art career.

CAPTURING THE SPIDER: Elements of JRJR's amazing ability at capturing Peter Parker's spidery essence are evident in this panel from *ASM (Vol. 2) #30*.

can look back on the old issues of *Amazing Spider-Man* and see the lousy printing or the faded colors. But it remains a priceless part of your childhood.

SPOTLIGHT: The last time you drew *Amazing Spider-Man* you helped welcome J. Michael Straczynski to the book. Did that feel like it was the start of a new, significant era in the Spider-Man mythos?

JRJr: Of course. It was obvious. A new vision, a fresh take.

SPOTLIGHT: And shortly after that, in the landmark *Amazing Spider-Man* #36, you and JMS dealt with the aftermath of September 11, 2001. That had to be difficult. What did that bring out of you?

JRJr: Oh, boy. It was gut-wrenching. Not the act of drawing, of course, but the subject matter. I was stuck in California and couldn't get back to my home in New York City. That was my personal story, but drawing that issue was masochism! I couldn't believe I was drawing the very thing that had destroyed the lives of so many people. I thought it was a bad idea at first. My father and I both thought it was too sensitive a subject, but then here we go! I had to get on it and it ended up being a beautiful sensitive piece of work.

SPOTLIGHT: Now I think everyone is really excited to have you back on *Amazing Spider-Man*. In the past several years you have worked on big event after big event. Now it seems like just having you drawing Spider-Man again makes this a big event.

JRJr: I try not to think it's a big event because it's me. I try not to see it that way. To me it's a big event because of how much I love to draw this comic. Unfortunately the six issues I do will be boom, boom, boom, over in two months! Then I'm off the stands again for a while.

SPOTLIGHT: How does that schedule affect your output?

JRJr: I didn't like it at first but I like it now because I can work on side projects and creator-owned stuff like *Kick-*%#*.

SPOTLIGHT: *Kick-*%#* (with writer Mark Millar) is really awesome by the way!

JRJr: Thanks a lot!

SPOTLIGHT: Dan Slott is writing the "New Ways To Die" arc. How has collaborating with him been? Has he been giving you plenty of room for storytelling (panel and page layouts/angles)?

JRJr: It's not so much that he's writing toward my style. He's writing what he wants to write and I draw it as I see fit. It's hard to describe, but I can say that when I work with writers, if I change anything it's never a subtraction. It would always be an addition in some way. Adding panels or rearranging things for pacing. I don't ever take away from the editorial content. The writers would be okay with allowing me to do more, I think, but I want their brilliance to come across. I just play with the choreography and the pacing. It's their story and I spread it on the bread with my butter knife.

SPOTLIGHT: You've been working on Spider-Man comics on and off for well over twenty years now. Are you able to compare your work now to your earlier days?

JRJr: I'm better now because of repetition. You can't help but do something regularly for twenty years and not improve.

SPOTLIGHT: Did you have less leeway back then when it came to storytelling?

JRJr: Sure. Not knowing as much you don't have as much freedom, because you don't know what you can do.

SPOTLIGHT: What are some of your most memorable stories you've done in *Amazing Spider-Man*?

JRJr: The Juggernaut fight I did with Roger Stern (*Amazing Spider-Man* #229-230). And memorable for the wrong reasons is *Amazing Spider-Man* (Vol. 2) #36, again the 9/11 issue. The whole run with JMS was great to be a part of, but that issue will always stay with me because of how painful it was.

SPOTLIGHT: What makes the Juggernaut story stand out?

JRJr: That story really taught me about power and mass. I remember Roger Stern giving me an example of the disparity in size of the two characters, Spidey and Juggernaut. These were his words: "Do you remember Daffy Duck trying to arrest the big cowboy outlaw in the cartoon? Daffy Duck is pulling and pulling on this character and he can't move him! It's like a fly on a bull. Just imagine Spider-Man in the same sort of image." I did a multi-image shot of Spider-Man attacking the Juggernaut.

AN ARTIST'S RESPECTS: Native New Yorker JRJR's toughest assignment was capturing the mood right after 9/11 in a comic book context. (Art from *ASM Vol. 2 #36*.)

"I JUST PLAY WITH THE CHOREOGRAPHY AND THE PACING. IT'S THEIR STORY AND I SPREAD IT ON THE BREAD WITH MY BUTTER KNIFE."

– ROMITA JR. ON WORKING WITH WRITERS.

Juggernaut does not get fazed. I remember suddenly having this great feeling, thinking, "Wow, the Juggernaut is really…heavy. He's really planted there."

From then on I would try to recapture that feeling when dealing with other large, powerful characters. My father told me one of the great things about Jack Kirby was that he always had the characters' weight in there. They were on the ground; they could leave a divot on the ground. When I was working on the two issues with the Juggernaut, I wanted to show that weight and that mass. It kind of perpetuated that in my work when dealing with Hulk, or larger characters in *Spider-Man*. Spidey is a tiny character compared to some of the people he fights. To make that power and weight clear was a real challenge, and now I'm told that it has become a forte of mine.

SPOTLIGHT: It certainly is. Your *Thor* run and your *Hulk* work especially come to mind. The way you draw the larger characters gives the stories an epic feel, and it sounds like that aspect of your work can be traced right back to Spider-Man's battle with Juggernaut.

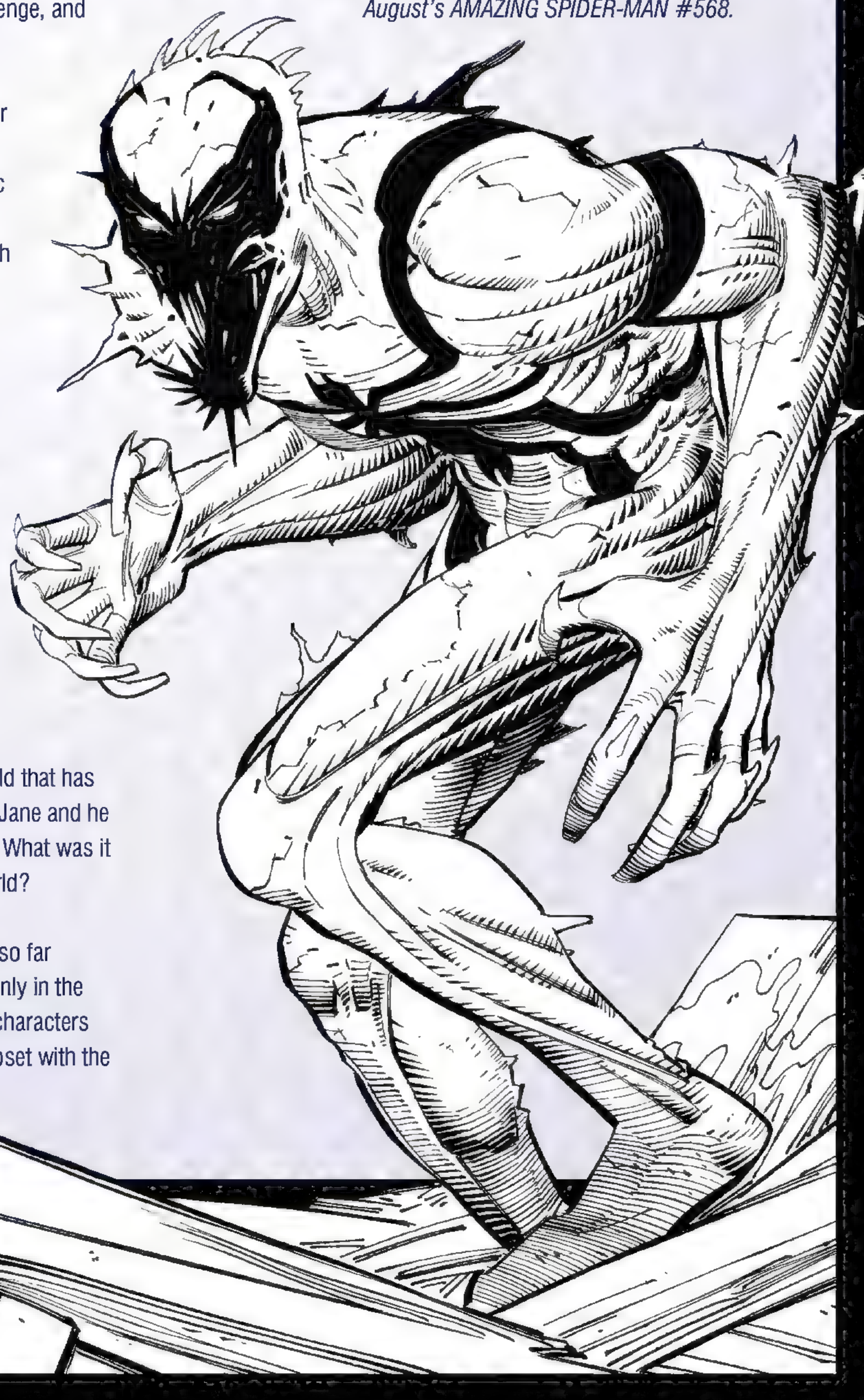
JRJr: And I credit Roger Stern with triggering it. My dad and Marvel always tried to pound that in artists' heads: "Look at what Kirby does and what Buscema and Romita do and see how these characters are on the ground and planted there. There's weight and that helps things look three-dimensional." The art doesn't ring true until two things happen: you develop your ability well enough to be able to pull it off, and the light bulb goes on over your head that this is how you do it.

SPOTLIGHT: You're returning to a Spider-Man world that has been turned on its head: he's not married to Mary Jane and he has a new supporting cast and a new status quo. What was it like having so much changed in Peter Parker's world?

JRJr: I was a little disappointed at first that it was so far removed from what I had worked on before. But only in the melodrama and soap opera aspects of where the characters were; it didn't affect the actual drawing. I'm not upset with the storyline or any people involved but there is a difference and I didn't think there would be a difference. It was almost like I'm dealing with a cousin instead of a brother until I got used to it.

But we have to make people buy the premise so they'll buy the comic. The trick is to build people's confidence in what we're doing, and the people on the book will pull it off. Remember, this is the title that came back from the Clone Saga mess! [*Laughter*.] If it can come back from the clone mess it can easily handle this. This is actually a quality idea considering what's happened in the past.

What more seal of approval do you need? Be on the lookout for "New Ways To Die" and John's six-issue run, beginning in August's AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568.



ANTI-VENOM: The mystery of who this new villain is will be unraveled in future issues of *ASM*…but for now feast your eyes on these black and white preview inks of JRJR art from *ASM #569*!

MORE JRJR BLACK AND WHITE PREVIEW INKS!
John brings his kinetically charged style to the battle between Venom and Anti-Venom in *ASM #570*!

NEW WAYS TO DIE:

INSIDE THE SPIDER-OFFICE

Spotlight Chats With Spidey Editor Stephen Wacker On The Chaos That Is The 'No-Fun' Zone!

By Dugan Trogglen

Like a third base coach in baseball, an editor is usually only noticed when there is a problem or something goes wrong. Steve Wacker bucks this trend by being the high-profile editor of Spider-Man's Brand New Day. With its thrice-monthly schedule, Steve has to have a very hands-on approach keeping the wheels greased when it comes to both the writers and the artists. It's even more difficult than it sounds, and Steve is not only handling it well, he's adding a bit of his own witty style to the mix via editorial asides and a free-wheeling letter page bursting with Steve's personality. Now that Brand New Day is several months in, we thought we'd check in with Steve on how things are going with one of the boldest comic book concepts in years.

SPOTLIGHT: Several months in, have you more or less settled into a routine on juggling the thrice-monthly schedule?

STEVE: On some things we're set in a pretty solid routine. For instance, I know down to the last second when I can deliver a particular letter column, driving the bullpen insane. In most aspects though, each issue is its own adventure and we've certainly been down to the wire a few times. In fact, last week I thought we were going to ship our first late issue, but my colorists saved my butt...as colorists often do.

Here's what I've whittled the process down to:

Monday-Wednesday: Tom Brennan, my assistant editor, worries and frets and tells me there's no way we can do this. I do nothing.

Thursday: Brennan worries. I pretend to be working and "calling people."

Friday: Everything comes in. I look like a genius.

SPOTLIGHT: How many storylines are you dealing with at any given time?

STEVE: Upwards of seven or eight. You have to keep the art team and the writers working or you could really fall into a pit. A week without a script, or a day without a page of art is a worrisome one.

SPOTLIGHT: The writer rotation is obviously not going in the exact order in which it began. How is this managed?

STEVE: The guys each pitch their stories individually to each other (as well as me, Executive Editor Tom Brevoort, and Brennan) and through conversation they generally fall into a particular order just based on what's happening in them.

SPOTLIGHT: Is managing the visions of the various writers still fairly fluid, as it seemed to be when BND launched? Does

FIGHTING THE FREAK! Before the Spidey brainwashing ushers in the old villains, Spidey had to tangle with the new: the frightful Freak battled our hero in *ASM* #538. (Art by Barry Kitson.)

"...if I have a chance to get issues of *Amazing Spider-Man* written by Mark Waid and Joe Kelly, I'd be a fool editor not to take it."

— Editor Steve Wacker on increasing the Spidey braintrust

the "braintrust" still interact at the same level as they did in the beginning?

STEVE: We haven't had the need for weekly conference calls in a while because we've been planned out for so long. However, once a month or so we'll still get together and touch base and see if anyone's had any bright ideas. In fact, we just had one where we invited Mark Waid and Joe Kelly along to talk through the next eight months issue by issue. The only disappointing thing about that was that Bob Gale had to miss it since he had gone to a car show celebrating — I kid you not — the history of the DeLorean. [*Need we mention again that ol' Bob is responsible for Back To The Future? No? Okay. –Ed.*]

SPOTLIGHT: A couple of storylines in, what have the individual writers brought to the table and how does that compare with your expectations on hiring them?

STEVE: For Brand New Day, I was really looking for a combination of appreciation for the classic "feel" for Spidey as well as writers who wouldn't feel locked into the way things have always been done, and I think they've all delivered on that front to different degrees.

If it were a scale, I'd probably have Bob's stories on the end of feeling most like a classic issue of *Amazing* and Zeb on the end of feeling most like a Quesada-era Marvel comic. There's a lot of room to maneuver within that and it gives you an absolute breadth of options to play with

SPOTLIGHT: With four writers already, why was it necessary to bring in Mark Waid and Joe Kelly?

STEVE: I don't know that it was "necessary," but if I have a chance to get issues of *Amazing Spider-Man* written by Mark Waid and Joe Kelly, I'd be a fool editor not to take it. Bob had promised six issues and Zeb had some other commitments that we had to make room for. Bob still managed to contribute to our jam issue and Zeb is working on an upcoming issue featuring the Punisher, so neither of them has been kicked out the door or anything. This book is just a huge commitment with so many scripts to read and comment on as well as write that I was always prepared for the eventuality that you'd have to bring in some new blood once in awhile. The fact that I could make the new writers two of my favorites is just icing on the cake.

SPOTLIGHT: What has been the biggest challenge to remaining on schedule? (Besides the notoriously late Dan Slott!)

STEVE: No other book at Marvel runs like this one does, so

BRAND NEW KRAVEN: The Hunter is now a femme fatale with Daredevil in her sights! (Inked black and white art by Phil Jimenez.)

UPCOMING SPIDEY TITLES

Web-spinning out of Editor Steve Wacker's Spider-Office comes three books starring Brand New Day Spidey!

Amazing Spider-Man: Extra! One Shot

By Joe Kelly, Marc Guggenheim, Zeb Wells, Chris Bachalo and others

Out now!

Amazing Spider-Man Family #1

By J.M DeMatteis, Tom DeFalco, Ron Frenz and Alex Cal

First issue out in August!

Secret Invasion – The Amazing Spider-Man #1 Featuring Jackpot!

By Brian Reed and Marco Santucci

First issue out in August!

we've had a bit of a learning curve getting the internal Marvel schedules to bend and make sense of what we're doing. We have John Romita Jr. doing six issues being published over eight weeks, so on a sheet it looks like he has two months work, when in actuality he has five or six. That kind of dull stuff has probably been the biggest hurdle.

SPOTLIGHT: You have several other BND-related projects coming out: the limited series *Secret Invasion – The Amazing Spider-Man*, an *Extra!* one-shot, and the quarterly *Amazing Spider-Man Family*. How can you also handle all of these extras?

STEVE: Tom Brennan is one of the best assistants in the biz and helps keep me aimed at things that need doing. He's a huge reason that this book has stayed on schedule.

SPOTLIGHT: What is *Amazing Spider-Man Family* and how does it differ from the previous quarterly *Spider-Man Family*?

STEVE: Moving that book into the main Spidey office will help us create stories that reflect the regular continuity of *Amazing*, which will in turn help us give some time to elements of Peter's world we just don't have room to cover in 66 pages of *Amazing* every month. It will also serve as a home for "Mr. And Mrs. Spider-Man" featuring stories of a married Peter and Mary Jane. Alongside that, the relaunch gives me a chance to introduce some new features I've been itching to try like "Aunt May: Agent of F.E.A.S.T." and "The Private Life Of Peter Parker," as well as bringing back "Untold Tales of Spider-Man" and renaming the reprints "Told Tales of Spider-Man"…and if I can convince Chris Giarusso, you'll see the debut of MAXI-MARVELS!

SPOTLIGHT: What makes the *Extra!* one-shot an "Extra"?

BRING ON THE BULLSEYE! This baddie can bring plenty of "New Ways To Die" to the party! (Cover art to *ASM #572* by JRJr.)

STEVE: We have three stories important to the ongoing stories in *Amazing*, but that didn't warrant complete issues themselves:

In the first story: Joe Kelly and Chris Bachalo bring you up-to-date with the violent beginnings of Hammerhead preparing for his return in *Amazing Spider-Man* #575 this October.

Story #2 by Marc Guggenheim and Marcos Martin has Spidey enlisting the services of Matt Murdock to help confront the lawsuit filed against Spidey back in February. The story takes place several weeks from now continuity-wise, so you'll see some hints at Marc's next big storyline, too. Primarily though, this story is a chance to get some more Marcos Martin artwork in front of fans. The fan reaction to his three-parter back in May has been bigger than we even imagined, so we're working hard to keep him busy in Spidey's world.

And story #3 is a glimpse into the relationship between Harry Osborn and Peter Parker by Zeb Wells and Patrick Olliffe. Going back to issue #546, and our first Brand New Day issue, I think Zeb's take on Harry just hits the right tone and, along with one of the best Spidey artists in Olliffe, this story has become a personal favorite of mine.

SPOTLIGHT: When we interviewed the writers upon the launch of BND, they mentioned that "fun" was to be treated like its own "f-word"; they were forbidden from using it when discussing the new direction of the book. What's the deal?!? This book *is* fun!

STEVE: It's nice of you to say, but I think "fun" only gets you so far. The best Spidey stories tear the heart out of Peter Parker and make you feel intensely for him and what he sacrifices; you sweat as he makes mistakes. At the same time, the book has always had a good amount of humor in it and I think that's an element we've worked towards bringing back into the book, but it's a spice, it's not the whole meal. People have this view of Spidey as a "fun" book that I've never understood. Going back to the beginning, this character is built on tragedy and drama and that's what we're aiming for, just like Stan did, just like Gerry Conway did, just like Len Wein did, just like Roger Stern did, just like Tom DeFalco did, just like J.M. DeMatteis did, just like JMS did (to name a few). Those guys all hit the mark and hopefully we can too.

SPOTLIGHT: Speaking of fun, the editorial asides and letters pages in each issue give the book a distinct personality. How did you know it was the right time and place for such irreverence?

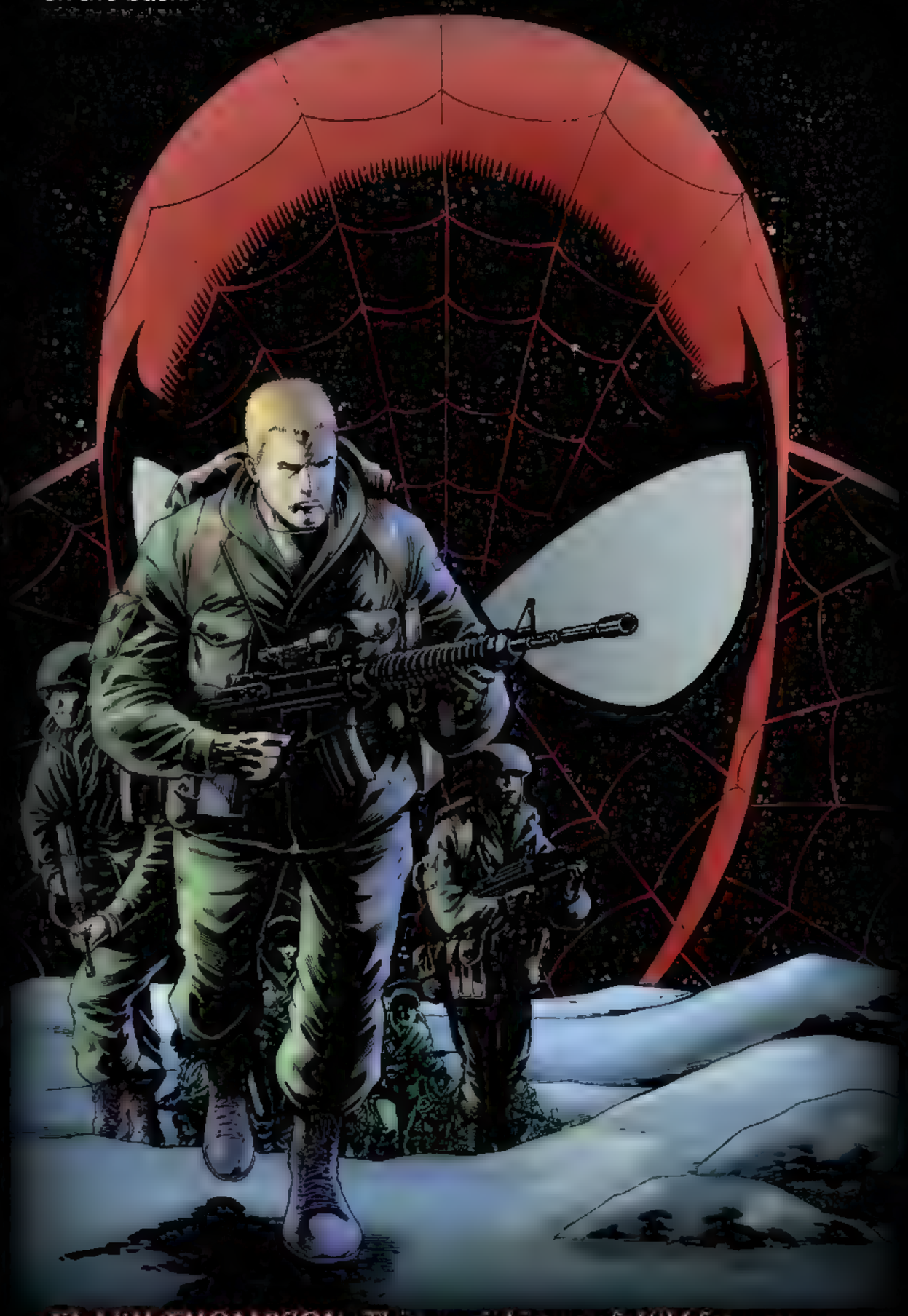
STEVE: A lot of it is inherited by Stan and a lot of it is just my own sense of humor and the humor of the writers. I think on a couple occasions I've pulled back an in-story box because I thought it hurt the mood, but it's really case-by-case.

The letter columns are the way they are because when I was reading comics I was always more interested in what clues the editor was dropping in his answers than in the content of the letters. So just running letters with no responses or context seems just flat out dull. You can get that on the internet. To me, each issue of *Amazing Spider-Man* feels like we're putting on a show and we've got to make sure it's worth $2.99 each time from front cover to back cover.

SPOTLIGHT: The book seems to have more breathing room now that the status quo and supporting cast have been sufficiently introduced. Was that something you knew going in would take a little while to settle into?

STEVE: 100%. And I don't think we're there yet. We knew the new status quo was going to take a while to accept and that all of us on Brand New Day were potentially going to pay for stories we didn't work on. It's completely fair and understandable. We knew the job when we took it. But one thing everyone at Marvel's been great about is patience. Giving us some time to clear the earth and devote pages to some of our new players. It's not always easy because there's a certain faction that wants to see Spidey fighting Green Goblin and Doctor Octopus every month, but it's not sustainable and you need to bring new blood in every once in a while to keep things fresh. The massive spotlight of One More Day allowed us to do that, and as more of our new cast integrates into the Marvel Universe proper, it will hopefully start to pay off.

So far so, good, Steve. For all the hard work you put in on Amazing Spider-Man every month you deserve a big rai…er, pat on the back!



FLASH THOMPSON: This special issue of *ASM* focuses on Flash Thompson. (Cover art to *ASM #574* by Barry Kitson.)

THE SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

OLD WAYS TO DIE: *Kraven's Last Hunt* and *Death of the Stacys*

By Alex Lear

THE "KRAVEN'S LAST HUNT" AND "DEATH OF THE STACYS" story arcs have a few similarities. Both saw classic Spider-Man villains become that much more sinister. Both showed Spidey himself pushed to the brink of near insanity by the actions of those villains. And both are milestone tales that have been reprinted in the *Marvel Premiere Classic* series.

I was eight when I first read the "Kraven's Last Hunt" storyline, having pored over the shocking multi-title crossover from *Web of Spider-Man*, *Amazing Spider-Man* and *Spectacular Spider-Man* upon its release in the summer of 1987. This wasn't the clean-cut, only *slightly* violently eccentric Kraven the Hunter I knew from the *Marvel Tales* reprints of the '60s. No, this guy was completely deranged, and yet writer J.M. DeMatteis gave him a faded nobility that made you pity him as much as despise him. Never had I seen a super hero shot, seemingly killed, buried, and then claw his way out of his coffin after two weeks underground. And never had I seen a villain put a rifle in his own mouth and pull the trigger.

Clearly these weren't Archie or Mickey Mouse comics.

The same probably went for the readers of the "Death of Gwen Stacy" story in 1973's *ASM #121-122*. Here again was a well-known villain, the original Green Goblin, who years before managed to discover Spider-Man's secret identity of Peter Parker and evolve from another would-be crime boss to a serious complication in Peter's personal life. At the very end, though, writer Gerry Conway took the Goblin to new depths, having him capture Peter's girlfriend Gwen, carry her to the top of the George Washington Bridge and cause her death in issue #121. The Goblin died the following issue.

Spider-Man: Death of the Stacys collects *Amazing Spider-Man* #88-92 and #121-122
Writers: Stan Lee & Gerry Conway
Artists: John Romita Sr. & Gil Kane

Spider-Man: Kraven's Last Hunt collects *Amazing Spider-Man #393-394, Web of Spider-Man #32-33,* and *Spectacular Spider-Man #131-132*
Writer: J.M. DeMatteis **Artist: Mike Zeck**

It wasn't the first time the Stacys had experienced death. In 1970 *ASM #88-92* saw a classic bout with Doctor Octopus and, ultimately, the death of Gwen's father, retired police captain George Stacy. Ock is playing for keeps when he hijacks a 747 en route from Chicago to New York with a Chinese general onboard, and he threatens to kill all passengers if he encounters any interference upon landing and doesn't get the $10 million he's demanding.

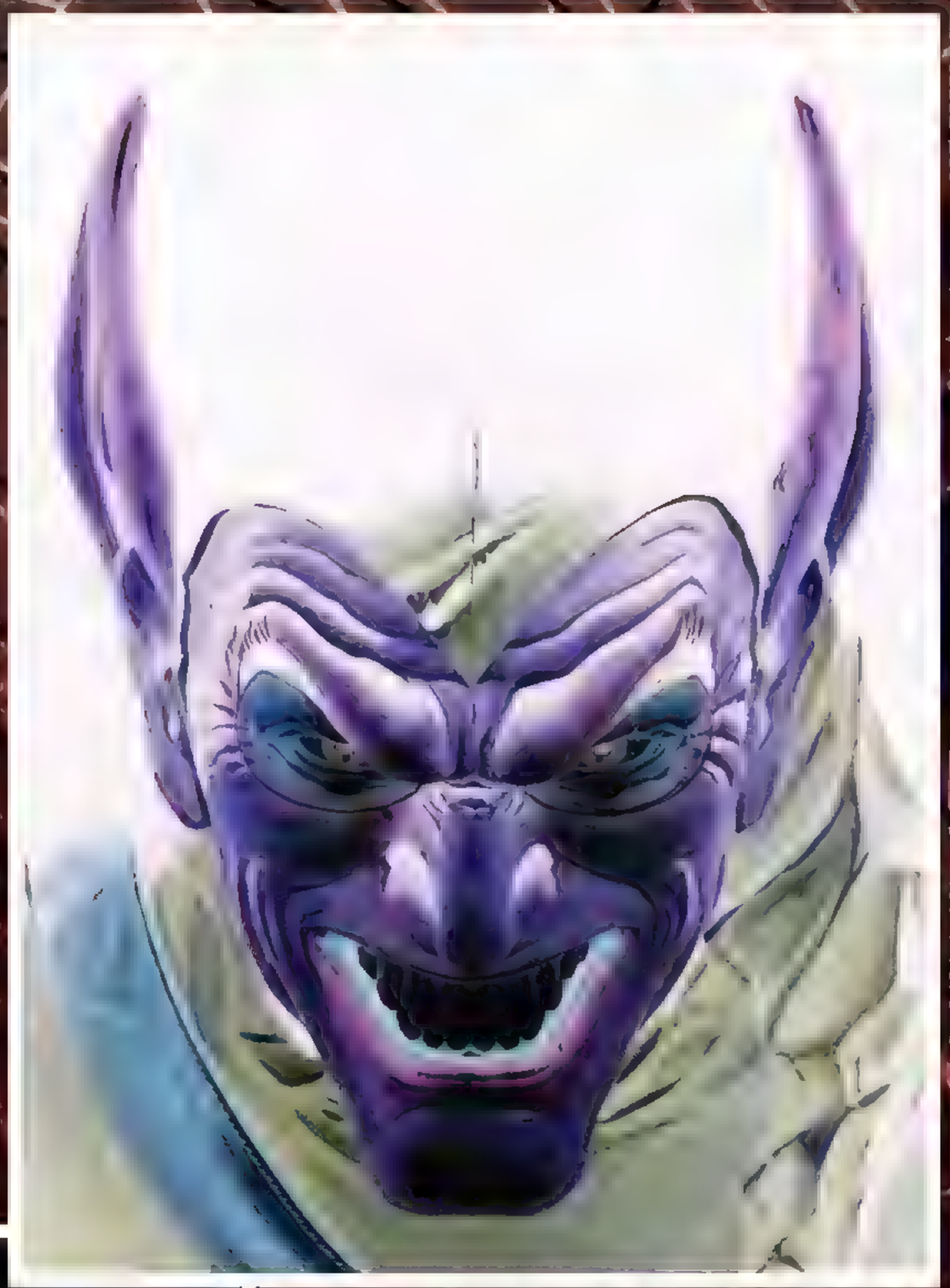
The deaths of the Stacys are similar to that of Peter's Uncle Ben: Spider-Man might accidentally have contributed to all three. As he could have stopped the escaping burglar who later killed Ben, the Web-Slinger used a chemical to cause Ock's arms to go awry in *ASM #90*, which led one arm to inadvertently smash a chimney, the bricks of which crushed Stacy. When the Goblin knocked Gwen off the bridge, Spidey snagged her leg with a web line to stop her plummet, and the quiet "snap!" from her neck raised the question of whether it was our hero himself who accidentally killed her — a classic guilt complex in the extreme.

Unlike the "Death of the Stacys" arcs, though, "Kraven's Last Hunt" ends on an optimistic note. Having escaped his grave and turning Vermin — a sewer-dwelling creature tormented by Kraven — into helpful hands, Peter returns to his newly married wife, Mary Jane. We saw a seed of their relationship at the end of #122, and with their reunion at the end of the Kraven arc comes the first sight of sunshine in the entire storyline. For once, there's some hope in the often tortured life of Spider-Man.

SPIDER-MAN: DEATH OF THE STACYS and SPIDER-MAN: KRAVEN'S LAST HUNT are two timeless tales in Marvel's new line of hardcover reprints, Marvel Premiere Edition Classics. And Kraven's Last Hunt is now back in print in softcover trade!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568 VARIANT
COVER BY **JOHN ROMITA SR.**

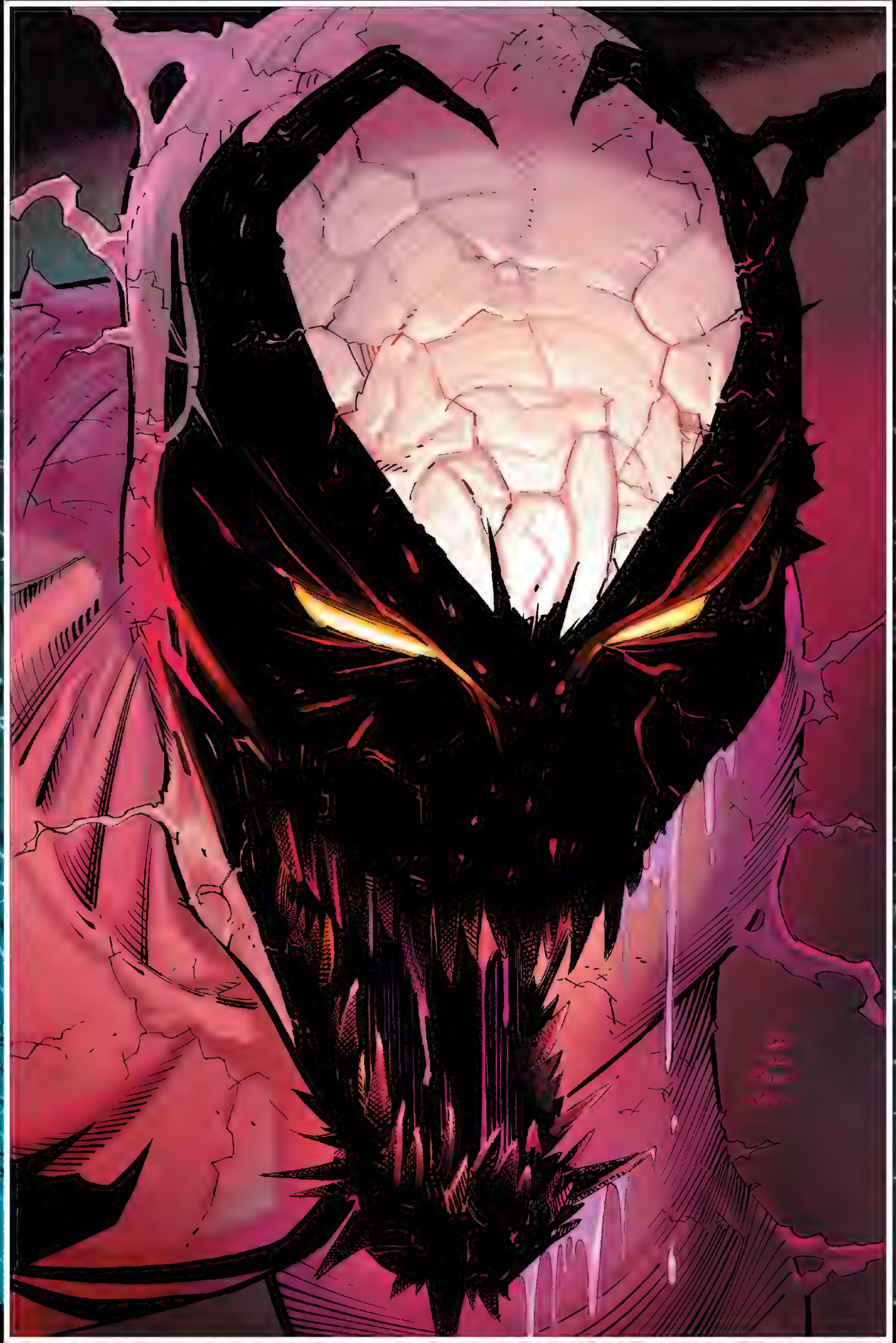
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568
DYNAMIC FORCES VARIANT
BY ALEX ROSS



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #568 VARIANT
BY ALEX ROSS

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #569 VARIANT
BY ADI GRANOV

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #570 VARIANT
BY LUKE ROSS



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #571 VARIANT
BY **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON & DEAN WHITE**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #572 VARIANT
BY **DAVID FINCH, DANNY MIKI & MORRY HOLLOWELL**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #573 VARIANT
BY **KEVIN MAGUIRE & DEAN WHITE**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #573 ZOMBIE VARIANT
BY **MARKO DJURDJEVIC**

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #577 VARIANT
BY SAL BUSCEMA & DEAN WHITE

WILL SPIDER-MAN'S BRAND NEW DAY BE RUINED BY FOES OLD OR NEW — OR A COMBINATION OF THE TWO?

First, Spidey must survive Kraven's First Hunt — but this isn't the Kravinoff he knew. In fact, she might be even more lethal! Then, Spidey will face a Norman Osborn who has changed, too — because this time, Osborn has the force of the law behind him. And Osborn's dark version of order is maintained by the twisted Thunderbolts! Another classic foe, Hammerhead, has been revived by Spidey's newest nemesis, the nihilistic Mister Negative. The two unite in a rampage of crime — but as the bullets fly, the Punisher joins the fray! Plus: Jackpot faces a Skrull Secret Invasion!

Collecting *Amazing Spider-Man (1963) #565-577*, *Amazing Spider-Man Annual (2008) #1*, *Secret Invasion: The Amazing Spider-Man #1-3* and material from *Amazing Spider-Man: Extra! #1* — written by Marc Guggenheim, Dan Slott, Mark Waid, Joe Kelly, Zeb Wells and Brian Reed; and illustrated by Phil Jimenez, John Romita Jr., Adi Granov, Barry Kitson, Chris Bachalo, Paolo Rivera, Mike McKone, Marco Santucci and Pat Olliffe.

T+

MARVEL

ZONE